February 11, 1939

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

arthur crouch

"UNWANTED"

A Reporter's look at
Persecution in Germany

BY QUENTIN R

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FEB. 11, 1939

WHO SAID FIJI IS UNCIVILIZED?

"I suppose most of you Americans still think of the Fijis as populated by side-show head-hunters," a prominent British official writes.

"But what would you think if I told you that one of the fearsome-looking natives who guided us on our semi-annual inspection tour had a genuine talent for the finer things? Yes, he did—he knew at just what trading post we would be able to pick up a bottle of Canadian Club!

"I guess you're absolutely right when you say in your ads that Canadian Club's mellow flavor appeals to everyone."

Why so many Americans have changed to this imported whisky . . .

Fiji, Canada, and the U.S.A. aren't alone in appreciating Canadian Club. **In 87 lands it is a favorite.** In London itself, and throughout the British Isles the biggest-selling imported whisky is Canadian Club. No other whisky has won such acclaim.

Of Interest to You

But of much more interest to *you* is the fact that many *Americans* who formerly preferred Scotch, bourbon, or rye, have changed to Canadian Club. Today, twice as many Americans regularly ask for Canadian Club as did two years ago!

Taste for yourself why Canadian Club has achieved this record of success equalled by no other whisky. Try it, as many others have, in a "show-me" mood. The instant you experience Canadian Club's distinctive mellowness, rich in flavor yet light in body, you'll see why we can say that **there is only one Canadian Club**...only *one* rare, imported whisky with this unique, appealing flavor all its own.

And—remember this—you can stick to this same whisky from start to finish. In Manhattan or Old-Fashioned before dinner, or in a highball or two after . . . enjoy Canadian Club today.

Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

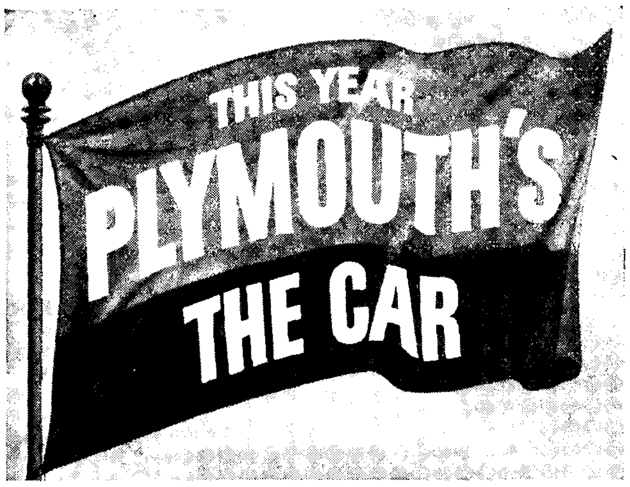
IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

1932
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

"Best Buy" in the Low-Price Field



YOU GET MORE CAR FOR LESS MONEY

HERE'S an achievement unique in automobile history! A low-priced car *lowers prices*, yet *adds* all this extra quality.

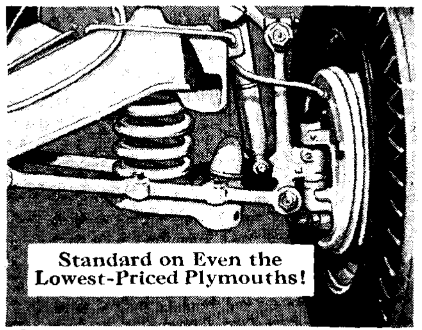
That's Plymouth's story for 1939!

Plymouth is bigger, with exciting new High-Torque engine performance and new economy. You'll thrill to Plymouth's smooth new ride, new safety and ease of control!

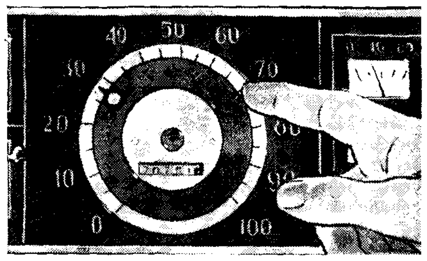
Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price... balance in low monthly instalments.

NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission. Much easier.



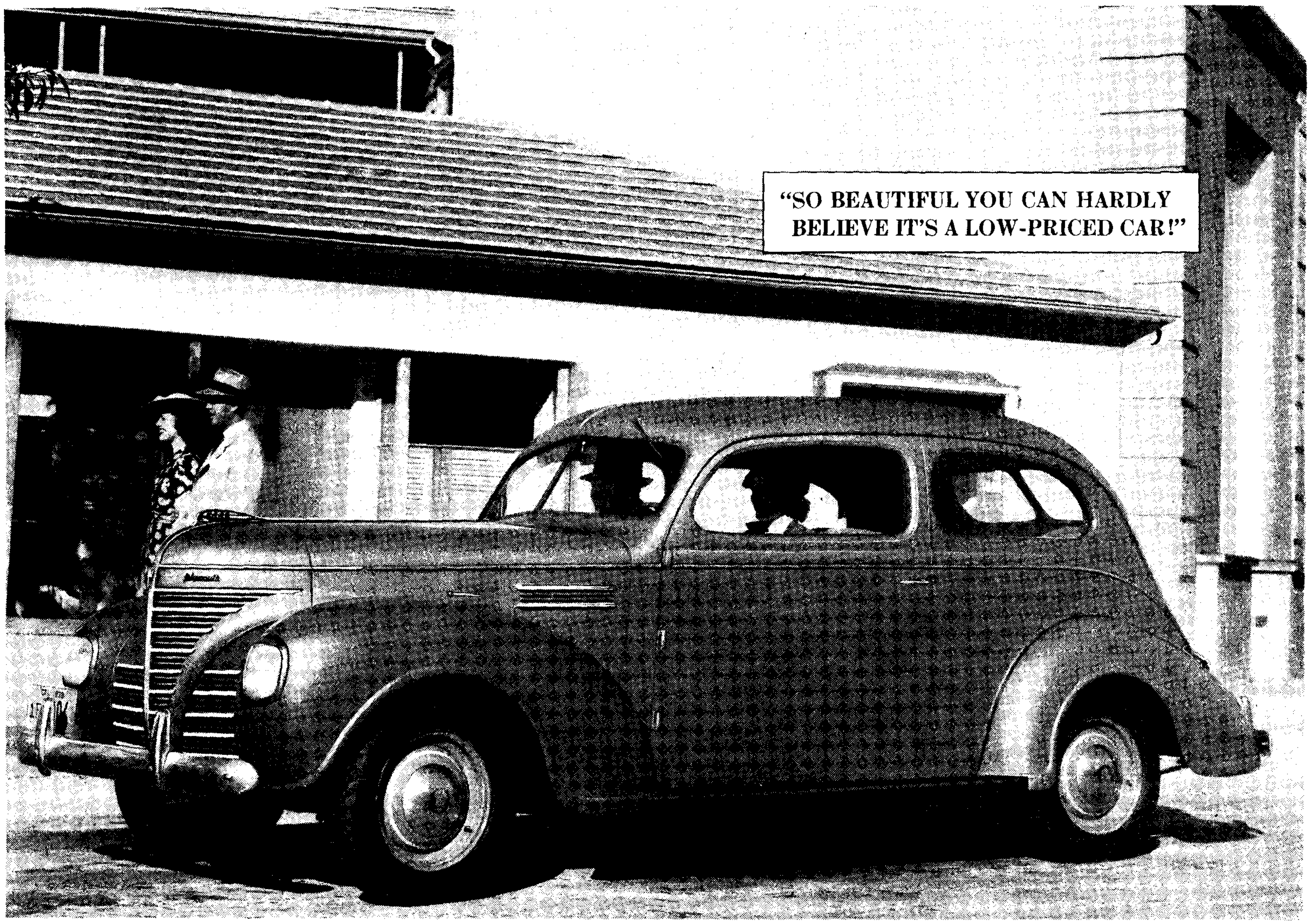
NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs, finest design in the industry, give a wonderful new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" Speedometer has indicator light on dial that shows green, amber or a warning red, according to speed. Helps you drive safely.

Plymouth is the Only Low-Priced Car that has ALL These Features!

1. Functional Design—the new trend in streamline styling—gives Plymouth its glamorous beauty.
2. New Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting.
3. New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.
4. New Coil Springs of special Amola Steel.
5. New Streamlined Safety Headlamps.
6. Revolutionary "Safety Signal" Speedometer.
7. New True-Steady Steering...easier handling.
8. Time-Proven, Double-Action Hydraulic Brakes.
9. Of the three leading low-priced cars, the new Plymouth is 5 inches longer than one, 6 inches longer than the other.
10. All models have the same big, 82-h. p. "L-head" engine, giving full power *and* economy.


"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE BEAUTIFUL 1939 PLYMOUTH. Both "Roadking" and "De Luxe" models have completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel bodies.

COUPES START AT **$645**

SEDANS START AT **$685**

DELIVERED IN DETROIT—including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

February 11, 1939

●

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

BECAUSE he had never seen the girl before and was sure he would never see her again William Boone was a trifle thoughtless in what he said. He told her that he was about to embark upon a melodramatic adventure that might land him in jail and he told her that for the twenty-two minutes he had known her he had been madly in love with her. He had no way of knowing that before the day was over both of them would be involved in the most sensational murder of the year.

You will meet this unexpected and energetic pair together with the sinister "Green Angel" in a new serial by George F. Worts, beginning next week.

HAROLD L. ICKES, Secretary of the Interior, has detected a new trend in government, "Mail Order Government." By this he means the discovery of "the tremendous potentialities of the radio, combined with a concentrated newspaper attack, for devil-brewing a turbulent mob spirit that will express itself in an unprecedented flood of communications directed at a particular point." This, Mr. Ickes deplores. He deplores it in rafter-ringing tones.

THE day before the ski race down Mount Ugo the people at the hotel began turning some of the rooms into a temporary hospital. It was this part of the picture that didn't appeal to Laney Morriston. She liked skiing but she hated "The Thunderbirds" and said so. D. K. Findlay tells you how she made a bet with one of them and won and lost it.

THE story probably isn't true. It tells how the Golden Gate International Exposition was started to help out a reporter who had thought it up in a quiet moment and published a piece about it. Anyhow, the start doesn't matter; the fair is on in all its Arabian Nights magnificence. Jim Marshall takes you around.

YOU might be pleased if you picked up a gold nugget in a barnyard. It's nothing to the way Bill Carey felt when he stumbled across Bobby. Bobby was a perfect Airedale puppy —compared to which nuggets are a drug on the market. The only hitch was the girl who owned him insisted on selling him "Dirt Cheap." But that's just the start of the story. It is told by Moran Tudury.

YOU will find in addition stories and articles by Paul Schubert, Laurence G. Blochman, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

WALTER DURANTY
The Run in Her Stocking. The love story of an absent-minded poisoner. Page 9

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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A SHORT SHORT STORY
When the Stars Crashed, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 54

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The Resounding Skies. *The fourth of ten parts.* Conversation at midnight. Page 15

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Strange Honeymoon. Conclusion. Escape and reunion. Page 19

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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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C. M. BLACK
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●

FRELING FOSTER
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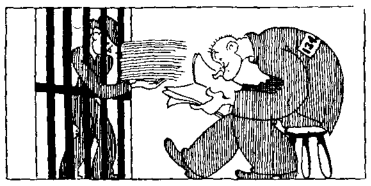
EDITORIAL
The Answer is Yes, Mr. Eccles. Page 58

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

THIS one is going to take tact. Mr. M. J. Gallant of Portland, Maine, a subscriber whom we should particularly hate to lose, is debating within himself the advisability of renewing. But Mr. Gallant has his rockbound conscience to contend with. "Why is it," demands he, "that Collier's is so commonly read by lawbreakers? I have a friend who is laid up in our county jail for a spell. Recently I took him a batch of reading matter, including a few recent issues of Collier's. He looked it all over, discarding Collier's. Said he: 'Gosh I've read them three times. That's one magazine I think everyone in here reads first.'"

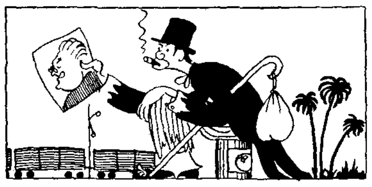


WE'VE decided to let Mr. Gallant work it out alone, hoping, of course, for the best. In the meantime something tells us that this would be an appropriate place to mention that Mr. L. M. Noyes of Kansas City, Missouri, "would like to hang reprints of your editorial 'Is the Crying Jag Over?' in every home, public place and office in the country."

AND speaking, as we're somewhat loath to do, of ourselves, Mr. B. A. Hughes of Cutler, California, informs us that he's a night watchman in a winery. It is his duty to appear at the winery in the evening and, making himself as comfortable as possible amid two million gallons of fermented beverages, open his favorite magazine (which oddly enough happens to be this one), and see to it that no one makes off with the wine. Recently Mr. Hughes took a few minutes off from his night-watching to tell us about it. "Your magazine," writes he, "is the bracing sparkle of sherry, the distinctive flavor of muscatel, the delicacy of angelica, the kick of a sound port, the wallop of grape brandy. This place is full of the same."

THUS fortified, we yearn to do something about a problem that is making life none too fragrant for Mrs. Herman Brexeus of Wilmington, Delaware. "Investigate and find out," says she, "if a man can be a dictator and a gentleman at one and the same time." This question bothered a little gathering of Mrs. Brexeus' friends, some of whom claimed, she says, that "you can't blame Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler for not being gentlemen because no matter how hard they tried they couldn't do it because no gentleman would do the things a dictator has to do." Mrs. Brexeus gives complete directions about how to go about this survey, saying: "Send a woman to find out, not a man, because only a woman knows whether a man is a gentleman or not. No man could find out because all are dictators at heart and would be so if they could get away with it, so send a woman or lady."

WHILE we're about that we may look into something that's been bothering Mr. Joseph D. Lilly of Troy, New York. "How many mediocrities," he asks, "are using the Roosevelt administration as their excuse? I know a lot of guys who would be flops even if allowed to write their own rules as they went along. There must be millions of chronic failures who are hollering that they'd be doing fine if it weren't for Roosevelt's policies. History will rate him as the poor man's President and the punk's alibi."



THINK of the Honorable Bible Bill Aberhart, Premier of Alberta, Canada. Recently, according to Miss Eugenia Carncross of Calgary, Mr. Aberhart took a good look at his provincial treasury and found it full of echoes. Owing $157,000,000 and a part of that public debt about to fall due, Mr. Aberhart took off for Ottawa seeking a loan. But before he went, writes Miss Carncross: "Bill grabbed a pencil and by the simplest kind of home-made arithmetic figured that Alberta's wealth was actually $230,921,608,659. That being about ten times the estimated wealth of all Canada, Bill made the mistake of showing his figures to Ottawa. And Ottawa took one look and tried to borrow from Bill. When Bill got back to Alberta, empty-handed, imagine his chagrin when he found that one of our university professors had made a piker of him. The professor, taking his cue from Bill, had figured that the provincial clays alone were worth $79,152,357,830,100. Also a banker had stolen Bill's stuff, exhibiting a balance sheet saying that they'd both overlooked the climate which would bring Alberta's wealth up to $731,999,268,529,001. So you see all we need is a little money."

WHO doesn't? W. D.

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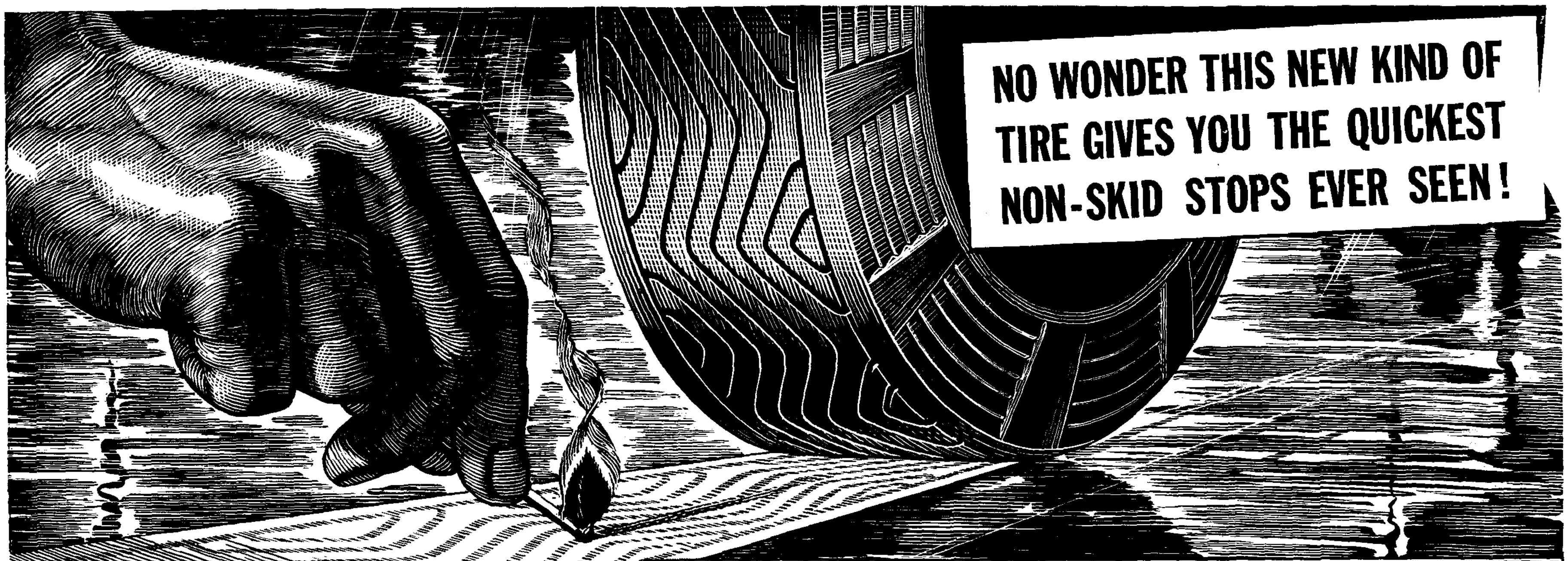
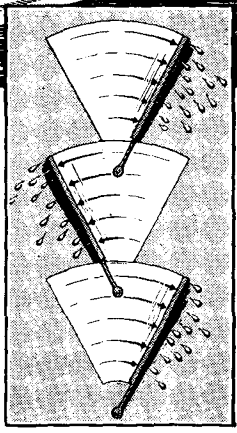
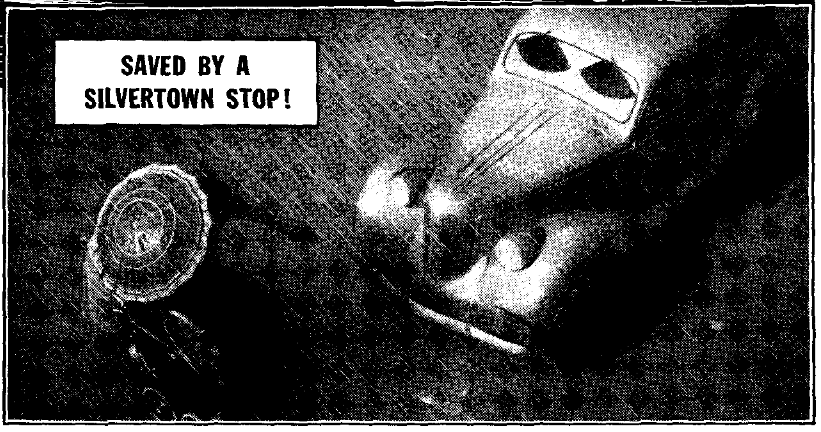
NEW TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS SO *DRY* YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK


NO WONDER THIS NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES YOU THE QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS EVER SEEN!

NEW-TYPE TREAD ACTS LIKE RAPID-FIRE BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS!





● Sensational? You bet! For here at last is a tire that *automatically* sweeps wet roads dry—so dry, in fact, that after a quick stop you can actually *light matches on its track*—convincing proof that the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

And here's the secret of this tire's amazing road-drying ability: As the never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread roll over a dangerous film of water, they act like a *rapid-fire* battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip. And the very first time you've experienced a SILVERTOWN STOP on a wet slippery pavement you'll realize that you have found a *new kind of protection.*

Two series of non-skid tests made by Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, largest independent testing laboratory in the country, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, proved that *no tire tested* came up to this new tire in non-skid action. The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread not only gave greater skid resistance than the old established tires of these manufacturers—listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions.

Double Protection

And whether roads are wet *or* dry, Silvertowns AT ALL TIMES give you that other great life-saving protection—the famous Golden Ply. By resisting internal tire heat, this *exclusive* Golden Ply invention provides you with scientific protection against high-speed blow-out dangers.

But remember, to protect yourself against a possible skid or blow-out *tomorrow*, you must act *today*. See your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store about these life-saving Silvertowns now. *There is no extra cost!*

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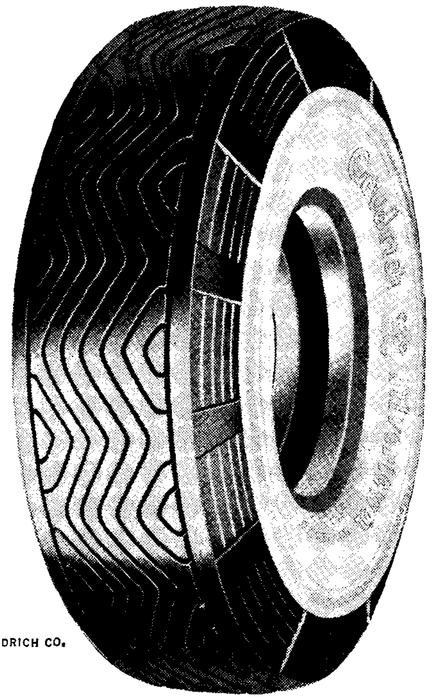

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The Way to a Woman's Heart!

Through all the pages of Romance, nothing is truer than this... "A woman never forgets the man who remembers."

Valentine's Day is next Tuesday. And the appreciative way to honor the day is with Whitman's—the chocolates she knows are so fine—the happily decorated gift that says "I remembered" in a way that is right to the heart.

Valentine's Day February 14th

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

HEARTS—Each filled with Whitman's fine Chocolates... a great variety at 25c to $5.

The SAMPLER—(Valentine decorated) Most famous box of candy in the world, 17-oz., $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5-lb. Samplers.

The FAIRHILL—(Valentine decorated) Outstanding box of candy at $1 lb Also 25c, 50c, $2, $3 and $5 Fairhills.

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES

IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!

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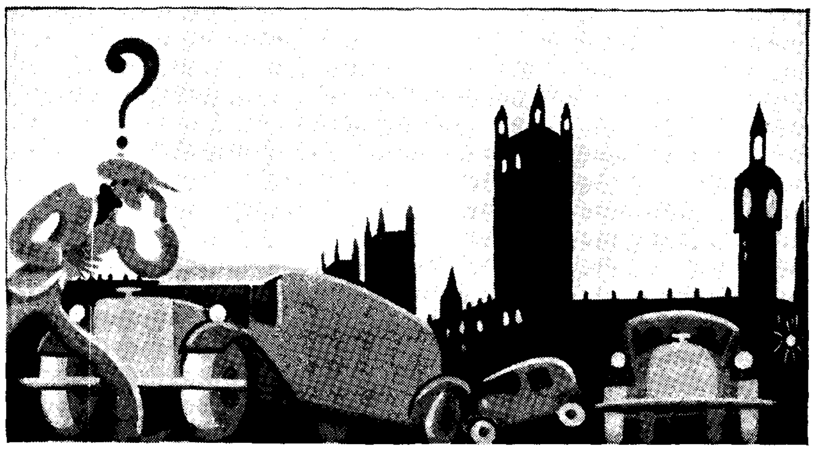


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Unlike large American cities, London disguises many of its police radio cars, particularly those operating at night, so that they appear to be milk wagons, newspaper delivery trucks and similar "night" vehicles. The officers in them wear plain clothes and receive their instructions in code.—*By Marguerite Downer, Astoria, New York.*

A cubic mile of ordinary fog, which consists of tiny drops of moisture like fine spray, contains less than a gallon of water.—*By Marion Hamilton Dillar, Norwalk, Connecticut.*

The most famous book on the art of eating and drinking is "The Physiology of Taste," which was written in 1825 by Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (1755-1826), the French judge, author and gastronomist. It includes historical data, unusual recipes and comprehensive descriptions of the pleasures and effects of dining.—*By Marie Bordenave, Paris, France.*

The famous church of St. John the Evangelist in Smith Square, London, once rented its large basement vaults, for a period of eighty years, to a brewer who used them for the storage of beer.

Gold has been mined in a greater variety of sizes than any other metal. Some nuggets have weighed more than a hundred pounds, while some particles have not weighed as much as one ten-billionth of an ounce.

Many spiritualist mediums "communicate" with the spirits of departed pet animals for their patrons. One such medium had no trouble in getting in touch with parrots, while another specializes in messages sent to and from poodles in paradise.

An injunction issued in a Pennsylvania town a short time ago restrained striking coal miners from singing hymns in their church, on the pretext that the music might disturb those working in the mine about one third of a mile away.

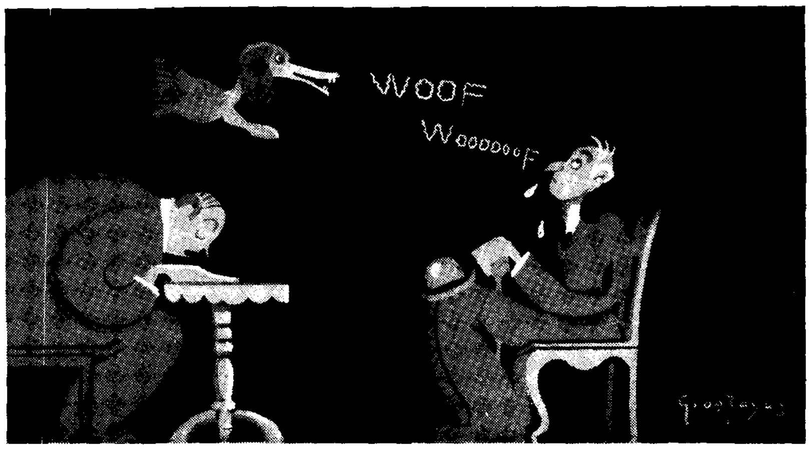
Officers and enlisted men of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps are no longer permitted to accept medals and other decorations from foreign governments unless authorized by a special act of Congress.—*By J. F. Etheridge, Columbus, Georgia.*

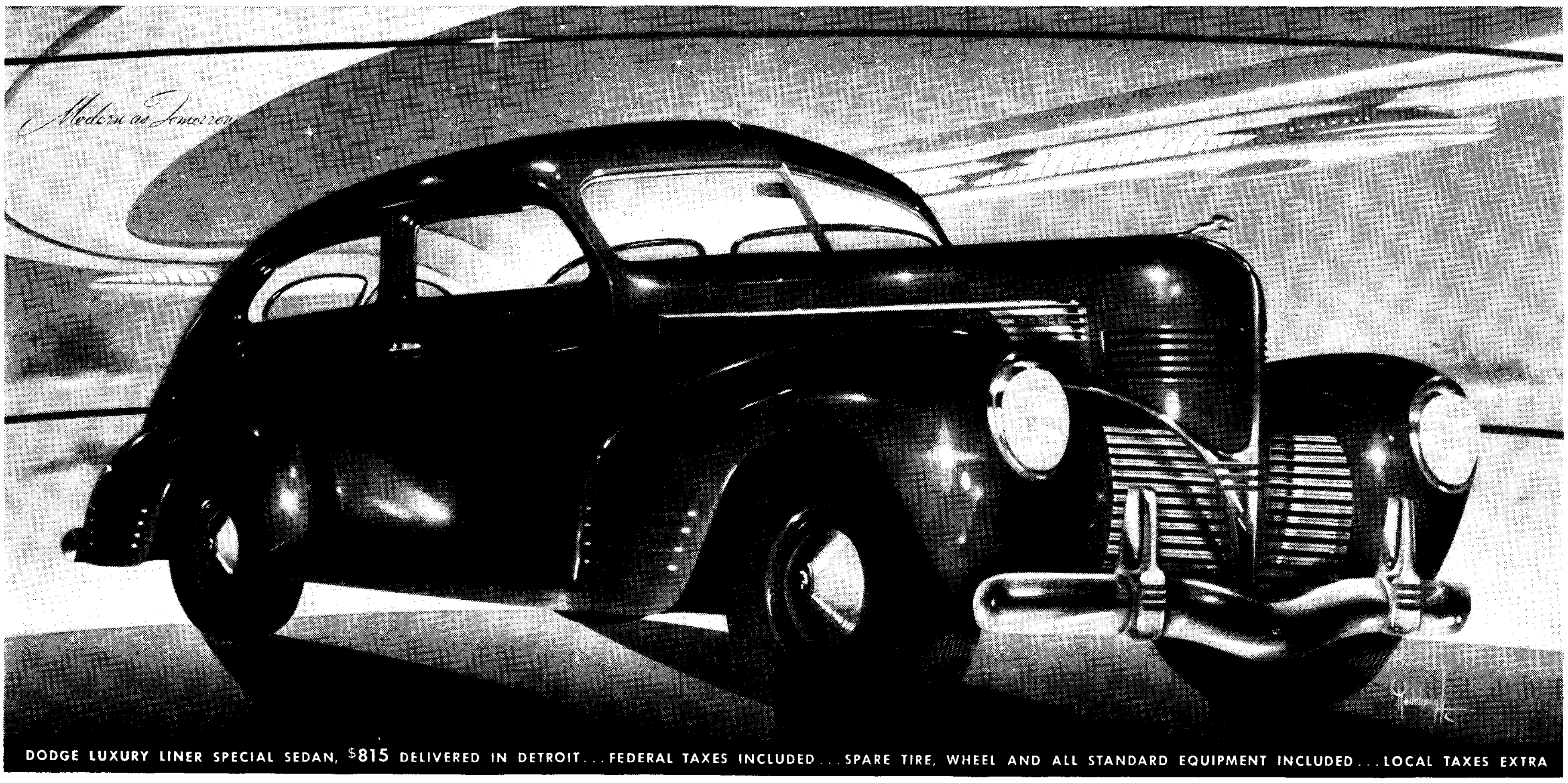
An analysis of several "Who's Who" directories shows that the word "engineer" is employed in more than 2,500 different titles, including such classifications as bank-management engineer, college engineer and export engineer.

Parmesan cheese is believed to be the only manufactured food whose maturity is determined by sound alone. Experts ascertain the degree of ripeness by the tone produced when they tap the cheese with a little silver hammer.—*By Alice Townsend Barlow, Urbana, Illinois.*

The lamas in the Choni Monastery in Tibet are sometimes called upon to give spiritual solace to a sick man through reading the 108 large volumes of the Kandjur, the Tibetan classics. If the gentleman can pay $200 and wants quick results, the biggest hall is opened and five hundred lamas, chanting together, complete the work in a day.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher





DODGE LUXURY LINER SPECIAL SEDAN, $815 DELIVERED IN DETROIT... FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED... SPARE TIRE, WHEEL AND ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDED... LOCAL TAXES EXTRA

WHAT 1939 CAR IS PACKED WITH *New Ideas?*

TAKE A LOOK
—that's all Dodge asks!

THIS year they all "went to town!" Practically all the new 1939 cars boast new ideas, new design, new refinements. Yet this year, as in every year, one car stands out above the others. And motorists are asking: "What 1939 car *is* the standout...what car gives *most* for the money...*most* in new ideas?"

We believe we know the answer. But we're going to let *you* decide. So we simply say: "Take a look...that's all Dodge asks!"

Before you decide on any car, go to your Dodge dealer and take a look at the new Luxury Liner in every exciting detail. Take a look at the new handy gearshift near the steering wheel—yours at no extra cost!...the new headlights for safer night driving!...the new "Safety Signal" speedometer!

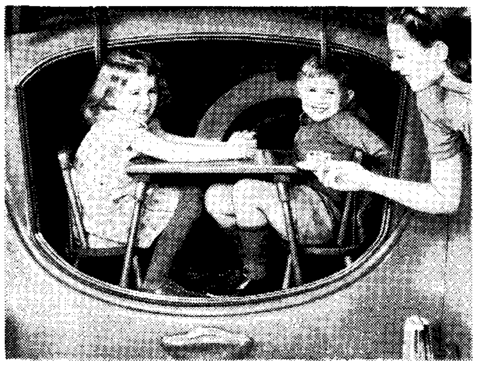
Take a look, too, at the new *invisible* luggage compartment, 27% larger!...new V-type windshield with 23% more safety glass area! Take a look at these and many other brilliant new ideas that will excite you as no previous Dodge ever has!

And last, but not least, take a look at the price tag! Here's where you'll get your greatest thrill—for this big Luxury Liner is priced *even lower than last year's Dodge!*

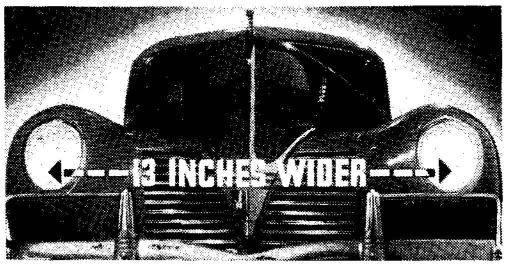
Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

NEW GEARSHIFT AT STEERING WHEEL —NO EXTRA COST

TAKE A LOOK! New handy gearshift near the steering wheel—yours at no extra cost! You shift in the standard "H" pattern—nothing new to learn! Not an "attachment" but an integral part of car. Floor is clear for real comfort for three in front!



TAKE A LOOK! New Dodge luggage compartment, 27% larger! Unlike old "trunk style" compartments, it's *completely concealed* beneath windstreamed rear ensemble!



TAKE A LOOK! New headlights, wider apart, closer to road, for safer night driving! Greater visibility in rain, fog and snow! Radiator grille guards, pictured above, at slight extra cost.

NEW LOW PRICES!

Coupes $756 and up Sedans $815 and up

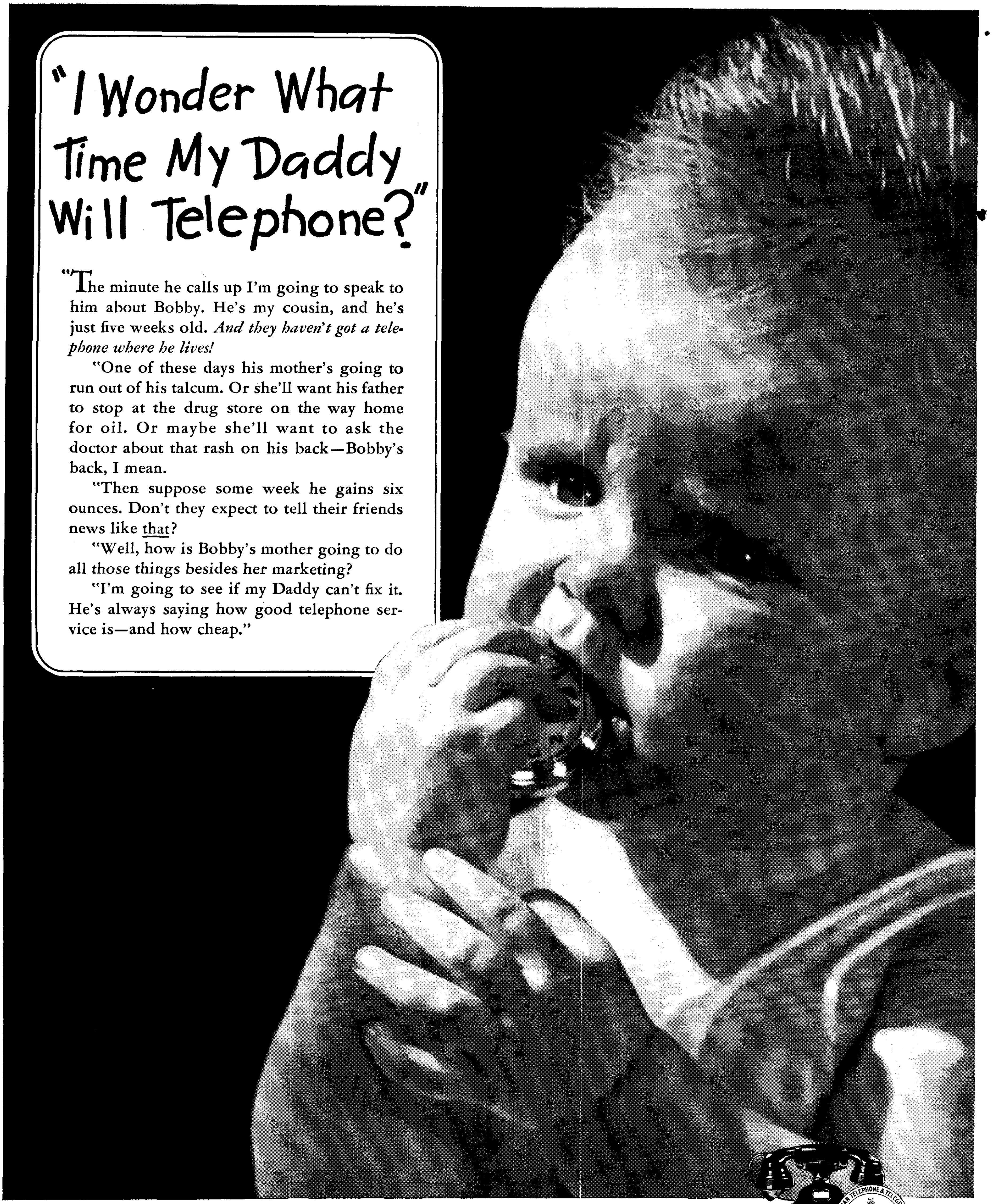
ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED

These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, safety glass, fenders and sheet metal painted to match standard body color. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra.

VISIT YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR DELIVERED PRICES IN YOUR LOCALITY

New 1939 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

GOOD NEWS FOR USED CAR BUYERS! Now you can get a Dodge *used* car which, in many ways, is just as modern as many competitive-make 1939 *new* cars—*and get it for only a fraction of the cost!* Here's why: there's such a great demand for the new 1939 Dodge that buyers are actually turning in fine, late model Dodge cars 'way ahead of time! And these cars, still "youngsters" in mileage and looks, are being sold by Dodge dealers at amazingly low prices! What's more, the demand for the new 1939 Dodge by owners of other makes of cars is giving your Dodge dealer one of the finest assortments of all makes and models of used cars in your locality! See him today!



"I Wonder What Time My Daddy Will Telephone?"

"The minute he calls up I'm going to speak to him about Bobby. He's my cousin, and he's just five weeks old. *And they haven't got a telephone where he lives!*

"One of these days his mother's going to run out of his talcum. Or she'll want his father to stop at the drug store on the way home for oil. Or maybe she'll want to ask the doctor about that rash on his back—Bobby's back, I mean.

"Then suppose some week he gains six ounces. Don't they expect to tell their friends news like that?

"Well, how is Bobby's mother going to do all those things besides her marketing?

"I'm going to see if my Daddy can't fix it. He's always saying how good telephone service is—and how cheap."

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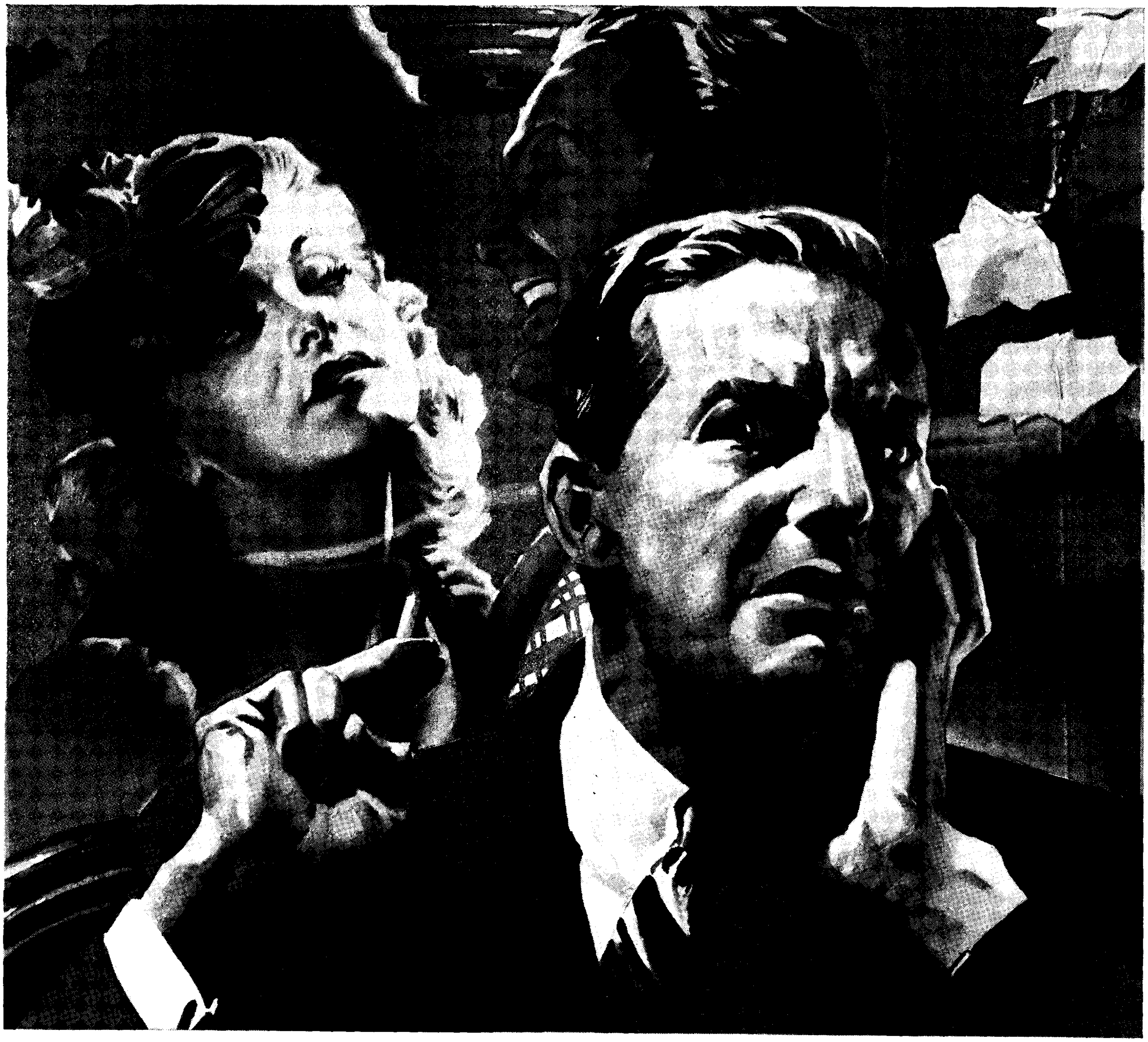
Collier's The National Weekly for February 11, 1939



He sat back scowling and a flood of memories rose to swell his suspicion

The Run in Her Stocking

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Characteristic behavior of a jealous husband—when he happens to be a Viennese

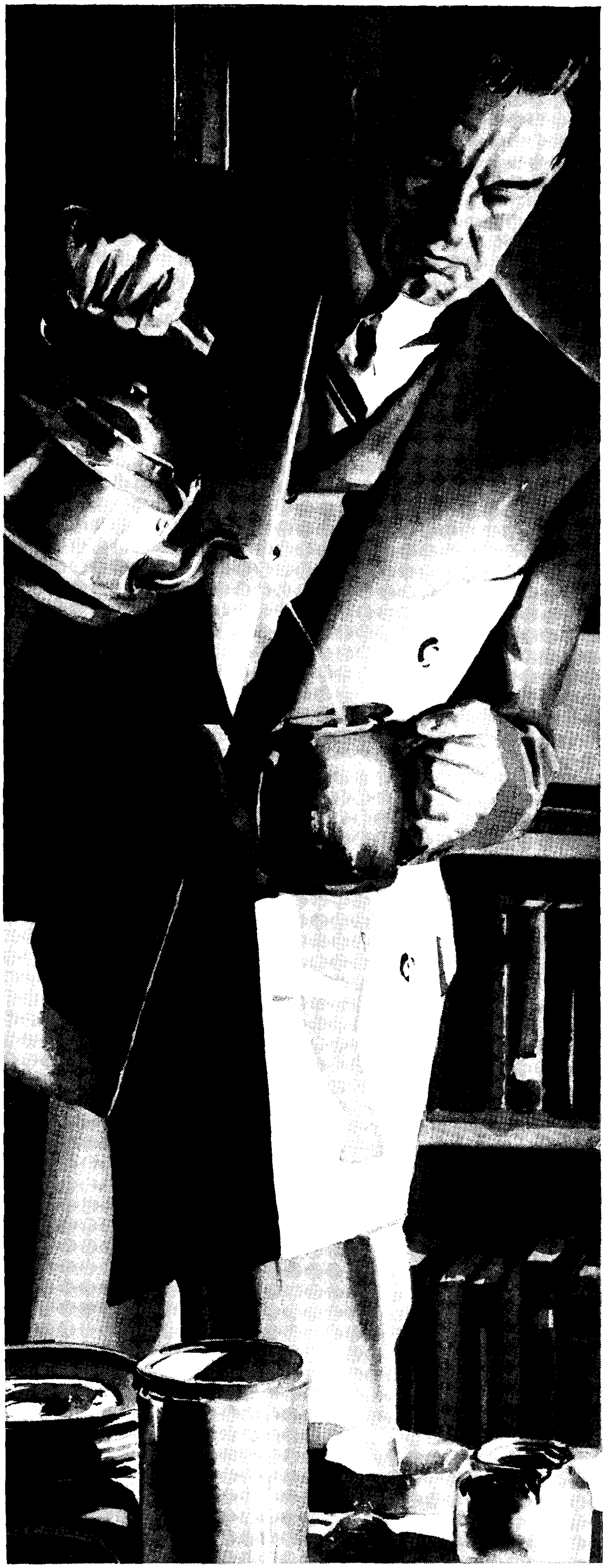
IT'S the most Viennese of words—and perhaps not the least Viennese of characteristics. My friend John Gunther gives *schlamperei* two paragraphs in his "Inside Europe" and even then you aren't quite sure what it means. It's a combination of Viennese indolence and muddle and carelessness and the fuzzy-headed lightness of mind and texture that makes the Austrians so much more charming than their German cousins: brothers, fellow citizens—or masters, I suppose I now should say.

Even in the old days, before the late lamented Anschluss, the Viennese were inclined to envy the hard practical efficiency of *reichs-deutschers,* and you'd hear them say, "Of course the Germans aren't always pleasant, or tactful, but they *do* get things done; it's a pity Austria couldn't long ago have taken a leaf from the German book."

Well, now they've got it all, not a leaf or leaves, or chapters, but the whole book as Hitler wrote it—perhaps you can guess its name—and they find it difficult reading, but that's a tale of today and yesterday, whereas I'm writing about last winter, when Austria was still free.

Florian von Kindermann was an admirer of German methods. He used them in his business—he was the chemical expert of a small perfumery firm—and he introduced them to his home. He showed me an example the first time I lunched at his apartment to meet his wife Sophie, a gay, dainty little creature, Danish I think she was, or Norwegian.

After lunch Florian took me into the passage between their bedroom and the bathroom and pointed to a large white chest. For laundry," he said proudly. "I'm going to patent it one of these days." On the top



He made tea in the two compartments of the Chinese teapot

of the chest were four open chutes like a mailbox, only bigger, and above each of them a neatly printed card: "Table Linen, Bath Towels, Bed Linen, Personal Wear."

I thought it was quite ingenious, to save trouble in sorting and counting, and said so, which pleased him very much.

At that moment the telephone bell rang and Florian bustled off to answer it, leaving me with Madame. "It is a good idea," I said. "I wonder if one *can* patent a thing like that."

She looked at me with eyes like a kitten's. "Open it," she murmured.

I opened the big door of the chest and behold, there were no compartments, just a single receptacle where everything fell together as it passed the chutes.

"*Schlamperei*," she giggled, and the word was apt.

SHE was as pretty as a picture, this Sophie, like a Greuze or a Dresden statuette. And Greuze's favorite model, unless my memory betrays me, was a naughty little piece who led her husband no end of a dance.

He was always so serious, poor Florian, and a worrier, if you know what I mean. He worried about the past because his father had lost the family property and all their money in the postwar slump, and he worried about the present although he had a better job than most, as things went in Vienna, and was interested in his work. He worried about Austria's future, with good reason, as events showed later. But most of all he worried about his wife, perhaps with reason, too, except that it wasn't much use with a girl like Sophie.

A smack and a kiss was what she needed, not too many smacks and lots of kisses, and flowers and candy and frequent small attentions given gladly to make her happy. But Florian was too serious for her, like a beetle with a butterfly. He used to sit and watch her with a puzzled look while she fluttered round him, all quick movement and rapid speech that he didn't seem to follow. She was fond of him in a way, I was sure of that, but she could not resist tormenting him and she loved to dance and flirt, and wear nice clothes, and never worry about anything.

He told me all this one evening in a burst of confidence although there was nothing I could do about it or would have done if I could, because I've had enough trouble with girls on my own account not to interfere in other people's affairs or even give advice.

Florian was cross as he had been working late that Saturday at the laboratory, and when he got home there was no dinner, just a note from Sophie saying that she had gone to spend the week end in the country with his aunt. "It was quite true," he added meanly, "because I telephoned to make sure, but I wanted to talk to her particularly; she might have known that I wouldn't work all Saturday unless it was something important. But I remembered you often dined here at the Drei Husaren, so I came along at once. I'm so glad to find you here alone." It didn't sound like a compliment but I guessed he really had something to talk about, and sure enough he had.

"I didn't mean to tell anyone yet," he cried excitedly, "but I know you will respect my confidence. It's extraordinary how things happen; in fact, that is the way Pasteur discovered microbes when he was looking for something that made beer go sour. I mean I was trying to find a compound that would *fix* scent more strongly, just two or three drops of it per bottle, to fix the scent. You see, these synthetic perfumes aren't like the natural oils; the smell fades away much more quickly on exposure to the air. I've been looking for something to slow down this fading process and this afternoon I found it, just a pale liquid without any taste or odor of its own, but after a lot of experiments I was convinced that it did serve to retain the scent appreciably longer. I went off to get one of my colleagues from the perfume department and left the compound in a saucer on my table."

He paused impressively and took off his pince-nez and pinched the bridge of his nose with nervous fingers.

"And—will you believe it?—" he continued, "when I got back—I couldn't find the man but I'd only been away ten minutes—the mouse was as dead as a doornail."

"What mouse?" I said, bewildered. "I thought you were talking about perfume."

"So I was," said Florian, "I was trying to find a fixer, as I told you, but the point is that I found something else that is infinitely more important—an instantaneous rodent killer that does not have to be mixed with anything. They drink it as it is and it kills them on the spot. You know that laboratory of mine is full of mice, they are scampering about all the time, but I hate cats and the poison I used seemed to do no good. Well, when I got back there was a mouse on the table by the saucer, dead as Moses. He'd just sipped it, I suppose, perhaps for him there was a taste that he liked; anyway it had killed him like a bullet. So I put the saucer on the floor under the radiator and went out again for half an hour. This time there were three dead mice. I tell you it's simply marvelous.

"Have you any idea of the damage done by rodents? Why, in New York, or maybe it's London, rats do damage up to fifty million dollars every year, or pounds maybe, let alone carrying plague and cholera and God knows what other diseases. I tell you, my friend, this discovery is colossal, it means a colossal fortune. I hurried home to tell Sophie about it, and that soon she'd be able to buy the Cartier necklace—you know that one in the window next to the Bristol—and the sable coat she was raving about the other day. To find her gone off for the week end, just because I had promised to be home early and take her to see the new American film. When I have been working my head off to discover something that meant millions for us both! I do think she could be more considerate."

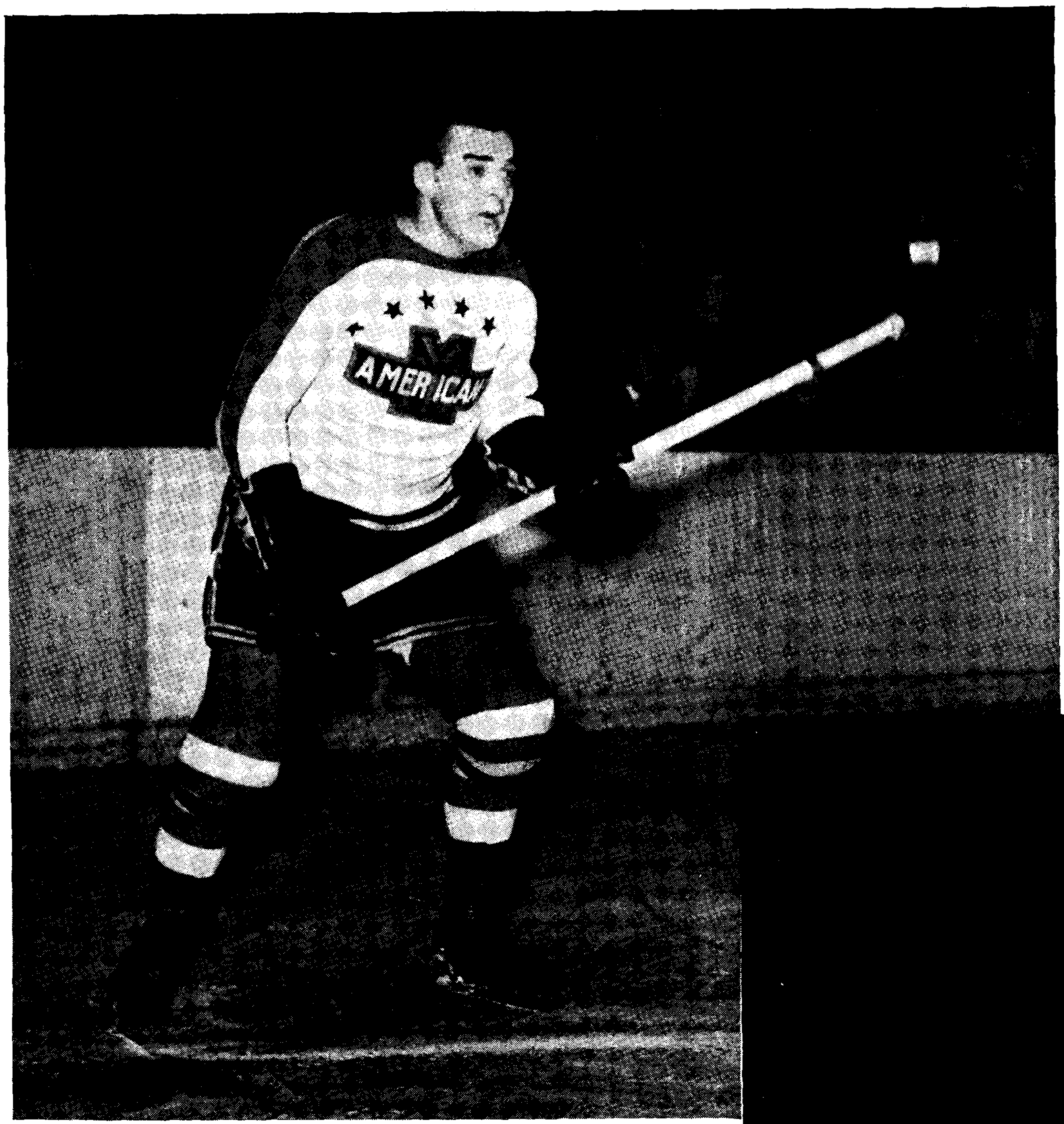
I did not bother to point out that she hadn't heard of his scientific research and its phenomenal, if unexpected, results, but I was interested because a sure-fire rat poison really would be a money-maker, and I knew that Florian was a pretty good chemist and careful in his experiments.

THERE is nothing so annoying as to prepare a treat or party for some friends and then have them fail to appear to receive your bounty. There was the rich man in the Bible, you remember, who made ready a plenteous feast, and when his guests failed to arrive he was so cross that he sent out his servants into the "highways and byways" to collect a flock of beggars to come and eat his food.

Florian von Kindermann felt just the same way that Monday afternoon. He had arranged to have the afternoon free and he had booked a private box for the American film and he had a bottle of his new rodent killer, with four mice in a cage as destined victims to its potency. All this for his wife Sophie, and after the movie they would go, he planned, to look at the sable coat in the Kärtnerstrasse and the diamond necklace in the window near the Bristol.

He had planned it all, and then when he got home after lunch she said, "Oh,

(Continued on page 48)



IFOR THOMAS

Homicide and high scoring go hand in hand with "Old Poison," who is Nels Stewart of the New York Americans. Twenty years of the toughest kind of hockey have left him unmarked and uninjured, with enviable scoring records and an apparently endless future

THE king of ice hockey, Nels Stewart, is in a strange spot for modern royalty. He would like nothing better than to be uncrowned and sent to work, but the ice people won't throw out a steady scorer and Nels can't persuade himself to abdicate.

At thirty-seven he is the big league's oldest player, its champion goal-getter and point-scorer, and the last of the famed Montreal Maroons' Men of Mayhem who won all the hockey honors of 1925-26. Fresh young players have no respect for his age, and the increasing torture of training his giant frame down to 200 pounds each year makes involuntary retirement a perennial mirage.

But he can't quit easy money, made so by the marshmallow quality of present-day hockey as compared with the bruise-fests and bloodlettings of his past. Through today's wide-open play, with body contact minimized, Stewart enjoys excellent health and maintains such a standard of play that he qualifies each year as a prime asset to his team, the New York Americans.

"This game is such a soft touch," he confesses seriously, "that I couldn't quit with a clear conscience. I have a standing offer of a good job with a big oil company in Canada. Each year I say this will be my last. I'll go up there for keeps. But what happens?"

What happens is that Nelson Stewart, named for Lord Nelson, continues with all the devastation of Trafalgar's hero. All his big-league opponents of fourteen years ago have glided from the scene, but once again Nels has driven the harassed goalies into a diet of aspirin, and it looks as though the oil company must wait another year.

"Hockey money today," he confides, "is like picking it off trees, and I can't pass it up. It's not like the top dough I got from the Maroons ten years ago, but the work is different. Today you just push a puck past some dozing goalie about every third game, turn in an assist now and then, and you are a terrific personal success. Why, you don't have to take a bruising—or give any, either!"

The last thought came with retrospective sighs as Stewart transported himself back into the lurid past when hockey players were colorful without the aid of chin whiskers and simulated fisticuffs; when skill of stick and skate came first, and nobody thought of color until the puck was in the goal.

The steady trend from this old-style hockey is what really makes the oil job so attractive to "Old Poison," as Canada knows him. No more does a player bludgeon enough opponents of an evening to spend fifteen or twenty minutes of a game in the penalty jug—long enough to enjoy a board of cribbage with the timekeeper. During his first ten years as a big-leaguer, Nels averaged an hour and fifteen minutes of each season in the penalty box. This figure dropped to a mere forty-five minutes, and of late he hasn't transgressed enough to total a scant half-hour of penance in a full year of play. Yet, there has been no appreciable change in his point-scoring.

"First thing you know," he complains, "they'll be tossing me that Lady Byng trophy for good behavior!"

That would be a slap indeed for one who set the pace for the original Montreal Maroons' dead-end boys, the famed Three-S line of "Hooley" Smith, Stewart and Babe Siebert. That was a hockey club that usually had one man hustling into the rinkside calaboose while an incarcerated teammate was being sprung. On very rough nights that Montreal team presented a housing problem. They were listed on the program under such disarming names as Nelson Stewart, Reginald Smith, Albert Siebert, Mervyn Dutton, Archibald Wilcox, Reginald Noble, Duncan Munro, and the like. None could match the suggestion of passive quality in Lionel Pretoria Conacher, but they were easily as tough as "Old Moose," especially when operating as a gang.

Nels would forget all about that oil job for a brief return of those swashbuckling days with the Maroons, or even another whack at the amateur hockey in Cleveland where he starred in the old Central Hockey League. During four profitable years as an amateur in that circuit, Stewart reveled in some two-fisted brawls that made later professional bruisings seem tame.

There was the time, for instance, when the Cleveland Indians, playing an important game in the big St. Paul Auditorium, where the trip to the dressing room was just shy of marathon distance, used a "trouble starter," to protect the Cleveland interests and a slim lead. The trouble starter, a kid named Wilkie, went out late in the game and exercised his redheaded temper with riotous effect. He may have overdone it by swinging a savage stick and nullifying the St. Paul star, Conroy, but the fans figured that Nels Stewart had committed the damage. After the defeat, they formed a long gantlet from the rink to the dressing room and gave Stewart the works. He was slugged, tripped and given the "boot" every time he struggled to regain his skate-shod feet.

The locker room offered only a brief haven. A fan climbed the grillwork outside and poked his head into the window to yell a final invective at Stewart. Wilkie swung another accurate

(Continued on page 27)

UNWANTED

By Quentin Reynolds

"Things in Germany can't be as bad as we hear." Germany is a long way off; it's natural to suspect exaggeration. But what are the facts? How bad is the plight of the Jews? How big is the refugee problem? Collier's wanted to find out and sent Quentin Reynolds to London and Berlin to get the answers at first hand. He talked to people who had suddenly found themselves changed from citizens into hunted animals. He gives you the complete picture, with all its meaning for the future

JOSEPH couldn't bring his violin. You see, the children from Germany who are being brought to England are allowed to bring with them only what they can carry. Joseph is a very small boy and he could carry only a handbag containing one change of clothing. He had to leave his violin behind.

"But I am going to get another violin," Joseph said, his large brown eyes full of calm confidence. "I am going to take lessons and be a real musician like my father."

Joseph is eight and when I talked to him he had been in England just one hour. He was one of three hundred children who had arrived at Dovercourt, which is near Harwich on the Channel. He was one of three hundred children who were beginning a new life in England. Joseph and the others will be taken in by English families. In most cases they are families that are not too well-off financially, and so it is doubtful if Joseph will ever get another violin; it is doubtful if there will be money enough for music lessons. But at least Joseph can enjoy something of a normal childhood. Of course, he doesn't know where his parents are. One day they just disappeared and then someone came for Joseph and took him to an orphan asylum. That is the story of nearly all of the three hundred children who arrived in England that sunny morning a month ago.

Dovercourt is the place where the children live until arrangements are made for them to go to homes. It is a holiday camp with a huge common dining room and with long rows of wooden living quarters. There is grass everywhere. The children were told that the freedom of the place was theirs.

One girl of ten asked timidly, "May we walk on the grass?"

They were told that they could. For a moment they looked incredulous. In Germany they hadn't been allowed to walk on the grass. In the parks there were signs saying, "*Juden unerwuenscht*," and the children knew that meant "Jews unwanted" and they knew that it was forbidden to go near the grass. And so when they heard the incredible news that no "*Verboten*" signs existed at Dovercourt they gave happy cries and rushed out onto the acres of pasture land that are theirs at Dovercourt. They sat on the grass and rolled in it like kittens rolling in catnip. They tore tufts of it and pressed it against their cheeks. This was the first freedom any of them had ever known.

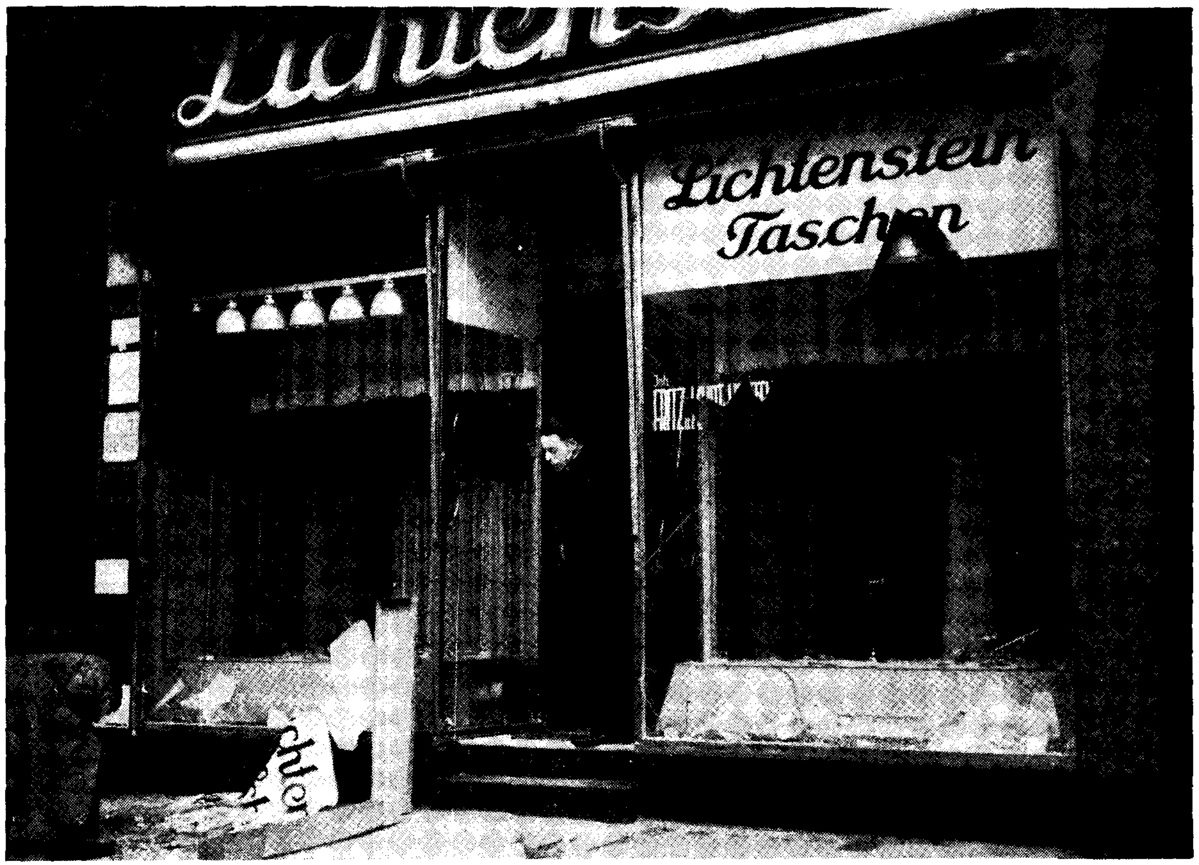
These are children who have never been able to enjoy what certainly is the one universal heritage—a normal childhood. They have not been able to attend schools like other children, or play on the streets or attend picnics. They were unwanted and, although they didn't quite understand it all, they sensed the fact that they were outcasts and this showed in the eyes of many of them at Dovercourt, although most of them were so rapturous that there was no room in their eyes for anything but sheer joy. Here they were most decidedly wanted.

The Long-Awaited Excuse

It is impossible to say what will be the eventual solution of the problem of the Jewish refugee. At present the intergovernmental committee, of which Myron C. Taylor is the vice-chairman, is considering a dozen places with the thought of establishing colonies. The committee has sent men to investigate the places that have been offered. Mere land isn't enough. A place must be found where the refugees can eventually become economic units supporting themselves and any parts of their families that have survived.

Meanwhile, the plague of hate that has swept over Germany like a pestilence continues without abatement, growing in intensity each day. There are those in England and in America who shrug complacent shoulders and who say: "Oh, things can't be as bad as we hear." The plight of the Jew in Germany is actually much worse than we have heard. Ever since the early morning of last November 10th, the Jew in Germany has been a hunted, miserable animal, whose constant companions are fear and despair.

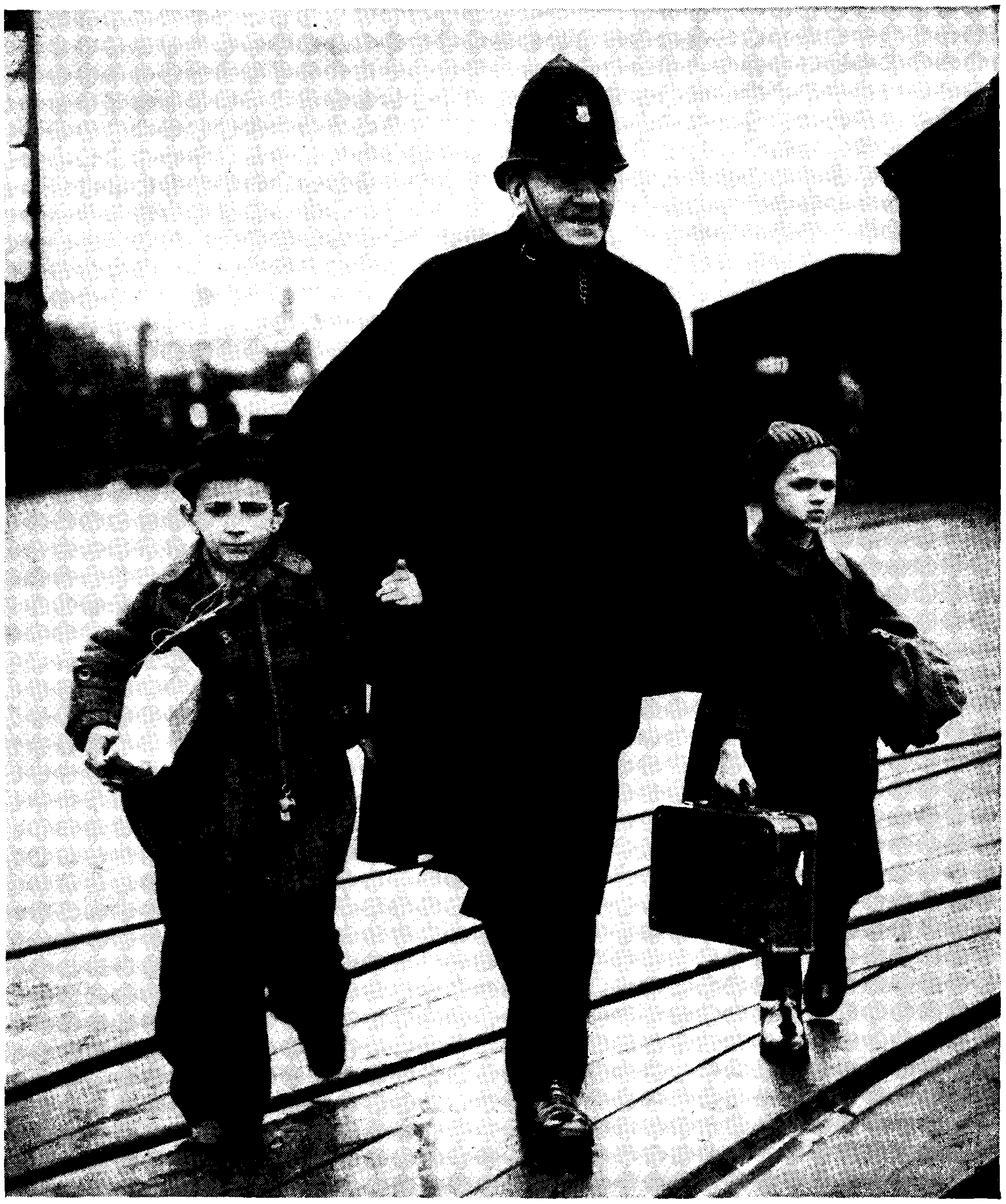
The November 10th outbreak was, of course, the severest organized blow so far to be aimed at German Jews. That it was organized there is no doubt.



EUROPEAN

WIDE WORLD

Above, a wrecked and looted haberdashery store, one of the many Jewish shops destroyed by mob violence in the November 10th rioting in Berlin's Kurfuerstendamm district. Below, Jewish refugee children from Germany, few of whom know what has happened to their parents, are fed in an orphanage near Amsterdam after admission to Holland



WIDE WORLD

ACME

It will be recalled that Ernst vom Rath, third secretary to the German Embassy in Paris, died on November 8th. American and English newspapermen stationed in Berlin were sure that this would be the signal for concerted action against the Jews, for it would give an excuse that had long been awaited. However, November 9th was the anniversary of the beer-cellar putsch in Munich, so the day passed in quiet interrupted only by parades and speeches.

About midnight on November 9th, newspapermen in Berlin began to be phoned by "tipsters." News is difficult to gather in Berlin. There is only one German news service available and that gives only routine official news to foreign journalists. The result is that every American and English newspaper and news service employs "tipsters." These men, some of whom are Storm Troopers and party members, will for a weekly stipend make occasional phone calls telling when something is going to break. They began to phone about midnight, suggesting that something was going to happen in the Friedrich Street shopping district and also in the Kurfuerstendamm.

Sure enough, about 2 A. M. automobiles drew up in front of Jewish shops and men armed with crowbars hopped out. Many wore overcoats, and newspaper observers noted heavy boots, the type worn by the Storm Troopers, peeping from under the coats.

Crowds, apathetic at first, began to gather, but they refused at the beginning to join in the violence. The leaders of the rioting thought of a bright idea. They smashed a clothing store on the Kurfuerstendamm to bits and threw armfuls of clothing into the crowd. Many in the crowd were poor. They grabbed the clothing eagerly—and then the looting began. There were no police about.

When Human Life Was Cheap

Then began the firing of synagogues. Twelve in Berlin were fired. Storm Troopers stood near fire boxes to prevent anyone from turning in fire alarms. Two days later at a press conference "Little Joe" Goebbels angrily denied this. He insisted that fire brigades did come out and did control the fires.

That is partly correct. A large synagogue on Fasanen Street, just a block from Kurfuerstendamm, was burning brightly and some of the sparks flew to a neighboring apartment house. The fire brigade did come out to protect the apartment house. This was true in several other cases but no eyewitness has yet reported that a single stream of water was directed against any synagogue in flames.

How many Jews lost their lives that night no one knows. Typical of the difficulty in getting such information is this story that an American living in Berlin told me. He watched them set fire to the Princeregent Street synagogue. Someone cried out: "The porter and his family live upstairs."

"Let the Jewish sows roast," the leader of the rioters yelled and the cry was taken up by others. The fire burned merrily and gutted the synagogue. The porter, his wife and child were upstairs asleep. What happened to them? Newspapermen made inquiry of the Propaganda Ministry. "The wife is all right, the child's arm was burned and the father is in the hospital."

"What hospital?"

"He is too ill to be seen and we cannot divulge the name of the hospital," was the suave answer.

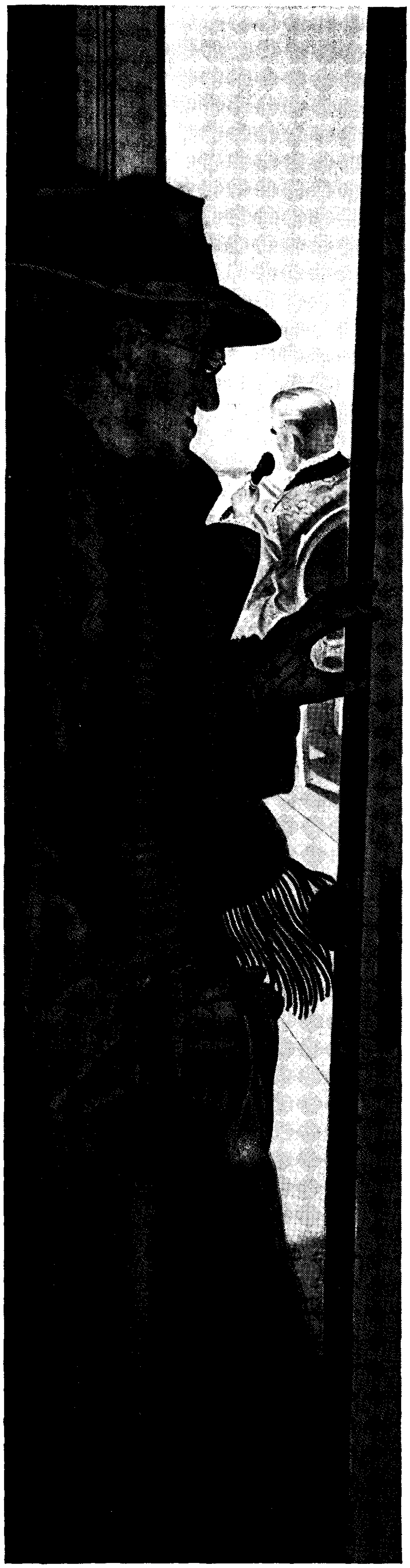
Where are they now, this little family of three?

Today the Kurfuerstendamm and the other streets where the riots took place are quiet and filled with laughing Germans doing their shopping. Here and there a shop is boarded up and the sign displayed "*In Arisierung*" (in the process of being Aryanized). There are dozens of stores where you can still see the traces of the damage done and see signs saying proudly, "*Jetzt Arisches Unternehmen*" ("Now an Aryan enterprise"). And all over one sees the inevitable legend, "*Juden unerwuenscht.*"

One night a group of us were sitting in the Tavern, gathering place for Berlin newspapermen. Hermann Kind, who is one of Goering's press representatives, dropped in. I asked him if the *Juden unerwuenscht* signs were put up by order of the government.

"Of course not," he said *(Continued on page 28)*

Two tiny refugees, chins up despite their forlorn plight, march confidently beside an English bobby after leaving ship at Dovercourt, England. They are part of a boatload of 500 Jewish child refugees from Vienna, for whom homes will be found in England. Below, older children of the same group receive parcels of food on the Dovercourt dock



Noiselessly he pushed the door open. He laughed softly

No Alibi

By Hugh Mac Nair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IT WAS a wicked drive up Hogback, seven steep-tilted miles of timber track, of frozen ruts and outcropping shale. The car crawled, while an arctic wind knifed through Murdock's overcoat and numbed his fur-gloved fingers.

Behind his muffler, though, he grinned at the jolts and the wind. He'd built his scheme on them. Ahead and above he saw the lighted windows of the camp, winking between naked trees. Almost there, now—almost—

The car stopped. The driver jerked out a silver watch and held it to the dash lamp. He chuckled thinly.

"Made it! Two minutes to ten! Fork over that there sawbuck!"

"Cheap at the price, Luddy." Murdock fished a wadded bill out of his change pocket. "Worth double fare to get a quick ride, weather like this!"

He lifted his kit bag out of the tonneau. Luddy turned the car and started back down the road. Murdock climbed the pathway toward the camp, still grinning. That extra five dollars had made sure that he'd be driven up that hill as fast as any other car could cover it tonight. It had bought him a witness who could swear to the very minute of his arrival. It would be a long time before he got any better value for his money.

His money! The words made a warm place in his mind as he went around to the back of the camp. They didn't mean much now, but in another minute, if everything kept on going right . . .

There was no car in the log garage. Murdock had counted on that—Waring always let his manservant drive down to Sparta to spend Saturday night with his family—but it didn't pay to guess when you could make sure.

He opened the kit bag and took out of it a slim canvas bag, sausage-shaped, loosely filled with sand. He slipped this into his pocket before he tried the door. It wasn't locked. He shut it soundlessly. The hall was dark; he felt his way to the old-fashioned telephone on the wall. He lifted the receiver and waited till he heard the operator's voice. He hung up without answering, his grin widening. Not many men would have thought of making sure, beforehand, that the telephone was working.

He tiptoed toward the door into the living room. Beyond it he could hear the sound of faraway violins coming over the radio, and Waring's voice, dust-dry, talking a tone or two above the music. Murdock's lips twisted. Waring always kept the radio going while he dictated his dull stuff into that recording machine. It helped him think, he claimed. Think! As if a man who was capable of thought would bury himself alive up here, living like a hermit, writing books nobody read, sitting, like a dog in a manger, on money he had no use for, keeping that money out of Murdock's hands, hands that were sick with waiting for it.

NOISELESSLY Murdock pushed the door open. He laughed softly. He'd even guessed right about finding Waring in bathrobe and slippers. He took three swift steps. Three times, savagely, his hand rose and fell. Once would have been enough.

He ran back to the telephone and rattled its hook.

"Get me the sheriff. Quick. There's been a murder!"

He heard the girl's gasp. It seemed like a long minute before the sheriff's up-country voice answered him. He knew exactly what he was going to say. He yelled it, breathlessly:

"It's Murdock. I'm up at Waring's. Just this minute got here and found him on the floor, dead. He—what's that? . . . Of course I'm sure. Whole back of his head's bashed in. . . . What? No. Nobody here but me. Don't worry. I know that much. You'll find everything just the way it is."

He hung up. It was queer, not feeling scared, being able to keep on laughing, under his breath, even when he had to lift Waring's body. It wasn't heavy. He took the bathrobe off it before he carried it out to the porch. The sheriff couldn't possibly get here inside of an hour, and by then . . . those medical books in the library said it only took three or four hours for a dead body to cool down to ordinary room temperature. Out here, in those thin pajamas, with that wind blowing, it couldn't take anything like that long.

Murdock emptied the sand bag, scattering the sand on the dry leaves in front of the porch. He burned the bag and powdered its ashes in the embers under the blazing logs. He'd have to tell the sheriff that he'd found the fire almost out and put more wood on it before he remembered that he wasn't supposed to touch anything. He'd take pains to point out that he hadn't touched anything else.

Nothing to do now except wait. And think—thinking about how wise he'd been to see that, inevitably a suspect, the surest way for him to seem innocent was *to be where no guilty man would be.*

Not elsewhere. Here.

THREE times he went out on the porch and felt of Waring's body. When he caught his first glimpse of the headlights, still far down the hill, he carried it in, reclothed it in the bathrobe, laid it just where it had fallen, beside the dictating machine. He was in the doorway when the sheriff came up the path, Doc Avery a step behind him. Their faces reassured him—country faces, weatherbeaten, with a comforting suggestion of simplicity below their soberness. They answered Murdock's greeting in lowered voices. He stood back beside the sheriff, fighting a desire to grin as Doc Avery felt of the body, flexed wrist and knee and elbow, wagged his head.

"Been dead three hours at the inside, Sheriff. Might be four or five."

The sheriff nodded. He stood still, only his sleepy-looking eyes moving.

"Things just like this when you found him?"

"Just like this. I had to put wood on the fire, but I haven't touched anything else except the telephone. I'd have liked to shut off that radio, though, and stop that dictating machine, if you hadn't warned me to let everything alone. They—they sort of gave me the creeps, keeping right on going with Waring lying there." He smiled wryly.

The sheriff looked sympathetic. He moved closer to the machine and stood looking down at it.

"He was talking into it when it happened, seems as though." He rubbed his chin. "Any way to work it backward so we can hear what he was saying?"

Murdock switched off the radio and fiddled expertly with the mechanism of the dictating machine. He managed not to laugh as the thin, dry crackle of Waring's voice came from the mouthpiece. He handed the tube to the sheriff who held it to his ear, nodding.

"Hum. Had the radio going, sure enough. I can hear it playing, kind of underneath his talk."

He lowered the tube. His glance traveled slowly from the dead man at his feet to Murdock, to the doctor standing by the fire, to the door.

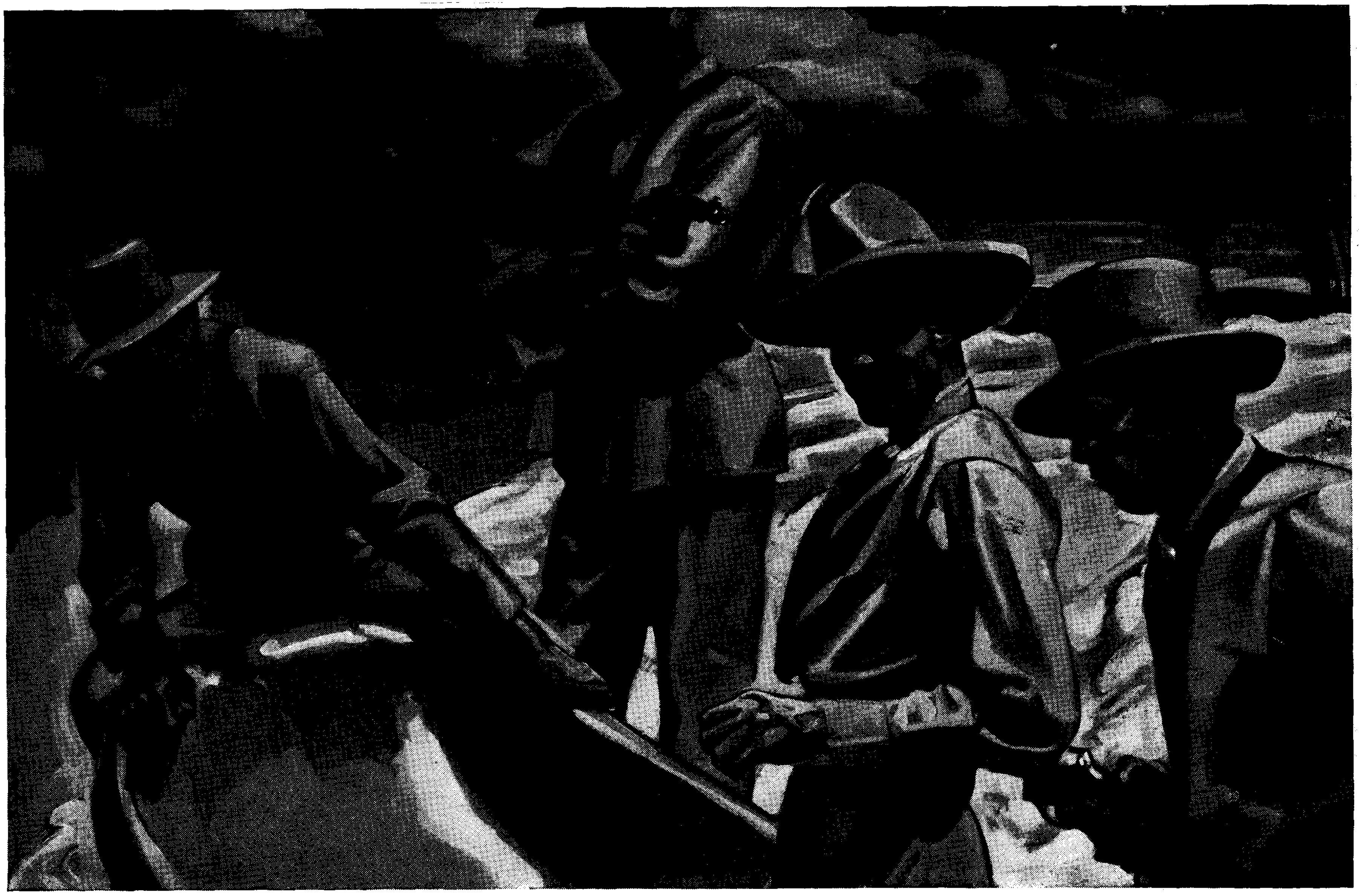
"Look, Doc, supposing Waring had been laying outdoors 'stead of in here 'side of that fire? Wouldn't need to've been dead much over an hour, would he, weather like this?"

Murdock hardly heard Avery's answer. It seemed to come from very far away. Almost as far away as the four chiming notes that whispered out of the mouthpiece as the sheriff set the needle back a little, almost as far away but no more deadly than the other voice, that slid into a pause in Waring's dictation:

"WBZQ—New York. Ten o'clock P. M., Tolliver Watch Time!"

Murdock's eyes flicked desperately toward the door but the rest of him was helpless, frozen. Even his mind felt paralyzed, so that it didn't seem to be listening to Waring's voice, coming faintly out of that tube, but to another, just as slow and cold and measured, a voice with death in it:

"Alive, Waring was, at ten o'clock. Two minutes after you got here, Murdock, and a few seconds 'fore you called me up and told me he was dead! Hold out them hands!"



The gun was again prodded into Lane's back. He stepped over the gunwales and waded ashore

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

RADIO propaganda of German origin is being broadcast over tropical America, and interference waves are seriously hampering the work of North American stations. Sent from Washington to investigate the situation, Bill Bossert secures a job as a timekeeper for the Caribbean Fruit Company. He dies, and an autopsy reveals that he had been poisoned!

Walter Lane, another operative, succeeds him. He devotes much time to a study of a near-by group of Germans—ostensibly coffee planters—who take orders from one Adolf von Graulitz. . . . Among those with whom Lane is frequently thrown are: Dave Perry, manager of the Puerto Musa division; Muriel Monroe, Perry's attractive secretary; Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent; Henry Alcott, a company accountant, *and Adolf von Graulitz.*

All but Muriel Monroe regard Lane with suspicion; Muriel, at first "distant," presently becomes his friend. . . . Gerald Stilton, the company's agent in the Capital, arrives on the scene. He puts a hundred thousand dollars in the company's safe, in Perry's office.

Preparing for an evening swim with Lane, Muriel locks his pocketbook and his passport in the safe in Perry's office. Later, they return. No one has molested Lane's property. *But there is blood on the floor.* And when Lane, who is still in his bathing suit, leaves the room with Muriel, his footprints are on the floor. . . . Perry, Alcott, Coronel Blanco (the comandante) and one or two others enter the room, find the body of Gerald Stilton. Stilton has been murdered. And the hundred thousand dollars has disappeared. . .

Lane has a long talk with Bill Roland, U. S. vice-consul at Puerto Musa. As he leaves, an armed man intercepts him. Muriel hastens to notify Cecil Holliday of the murder. She finds him in a cantina.

IV

"YOU must protect yourself," Muriel said. "They're bound to find out about you and Stilton. And when they know why you had so good a reason to hate Stilton—"

"But I don't hate Stilton, my dear," Holliday said. "After all he was only a green reserve captain, and I was an experienced soldier. I was the instructor, and I knew what happens to hand grenades when one doesn't treat them with the utmost respect, not to say fastidious care and deference. I should have exercised infinitely more caution in a training camp, my dear. Besides, Stilton has more than paid for his slight error. . . ."

Holliday saw the girl staring at the crippled grip of his right hand on the marimba stick. He put his hand behind him.

"There are tears in your eyes, my dear," he said. "Why?"

"Those are raindrops." The girl tried to laugh.

"You needn't be ashamed of them," said Holliday, gently putting his arm around her. "You needn't be ashamed of good, honest emotion, of natural excitement, of youth—"

"What are you talking about, Cecil?"

"You've just left that young chap Lane," said Holliday. "I like him. He's a good boy. If it can't be poor old Holliday, I'm happy it's Lane. I'm glad for you, Muriel dear."

"Don't be ridiculous. . . ."

"I liked the way you stood up for him against Perry yesterday. It wasn't so much what you said, but the way you said it. And I was watching the pair of you tonight."

"Cecil, I came here to talk to you seriously. . . ."

"Yes, of course. Stilton. You want me to invent an alibi. I—"

The brown ballerinas of Mi Sueno, impatient of the long, musicless pause, were crowding around the marimba, clamoring for music.

"Play *Mi Viejo Amor,* Maestro."

A big-bosomed mestiza girl in blue threw her arms around Holliday, kissed him squarely on one cheek. "Play *Mi Viejo Amor,*" she repeated.

Holliday seemed to emerge from a trance. He was suddenly very gay, much too gay, Muriel thought.

"By all means, Chiquita, music," he said. "And Bach shouldn't be intruding on payday night at Mi Sueno." He poised the wooden hammers as though he were the conductor of a great symphony orchestra, waiting with upraised baton for his audience to stop rustling programs so that he might begin. "Let's hear that bass clear down in our heels, Gaetano. And make the treble sing *adelante,* amigos."

A sonorous burst of sweetness swelled from the queer instrument with all the vibrant nostalgia of distant jungle sounds at night. The music swung along for a few lilting bars, then broke off abruptly, as though by prearranged signal.

Dave Perry came striding purposefully into the back room of the cantina, the rain running in rivulets from his stiff-brimmed hat.

"I've been looking all over for you, Muriel," he said. "This is the last place in the world I expected to find you." He nodded peremptorily to Holliday. "You better come too, Holliday," he said, "if you can still walk."

INSTINCTIVELY Lane backed away from the deadly finger of steel that probed his midsection. He did not back far, because another figure arose behind him. The tail of his eye caught another gleam of gun metal, and he felt a spot of hard, round pressure boring in between his shoulder blades.

(Continued on page 41)

THE main attraction is Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in whose veins flows the restive blood of an old-time trouper. He craves movement, travel, the clamor of the crowd.

Some of his safaris are purely political (there'll be a lot more of these in the next two years), some are for pleasure and relaxation, and some are for reasons of international diplomacy. Whatever the reason, the No. 1 attraction loves the roaring rhythm of the rails. It's a psychosis with him.

But, many a taxpayer has asked, what happens to the nation's business when he's fishing off Cocos Island, touring South America, junketing to California, vacationing at Warm Springs, sunning in Miami, or week-ending at Hyde Park?

The answer: The nation's business goes on.

But not as usual.

How it is conducted is one of the more interesting tales in the saga of Roosevelt. He has developed a system that no doubt will be used by his successors for years to come.

These trips require a fantastic amount of advance planning. The President decides where and when he wants to go. His secretary, Marvin McIntyre, paws through a pile of invitations and requests and decides whom he will see en route. McIntyre then holds a conference with E. M. Smithers, who picks the route and makes the train arrangements.

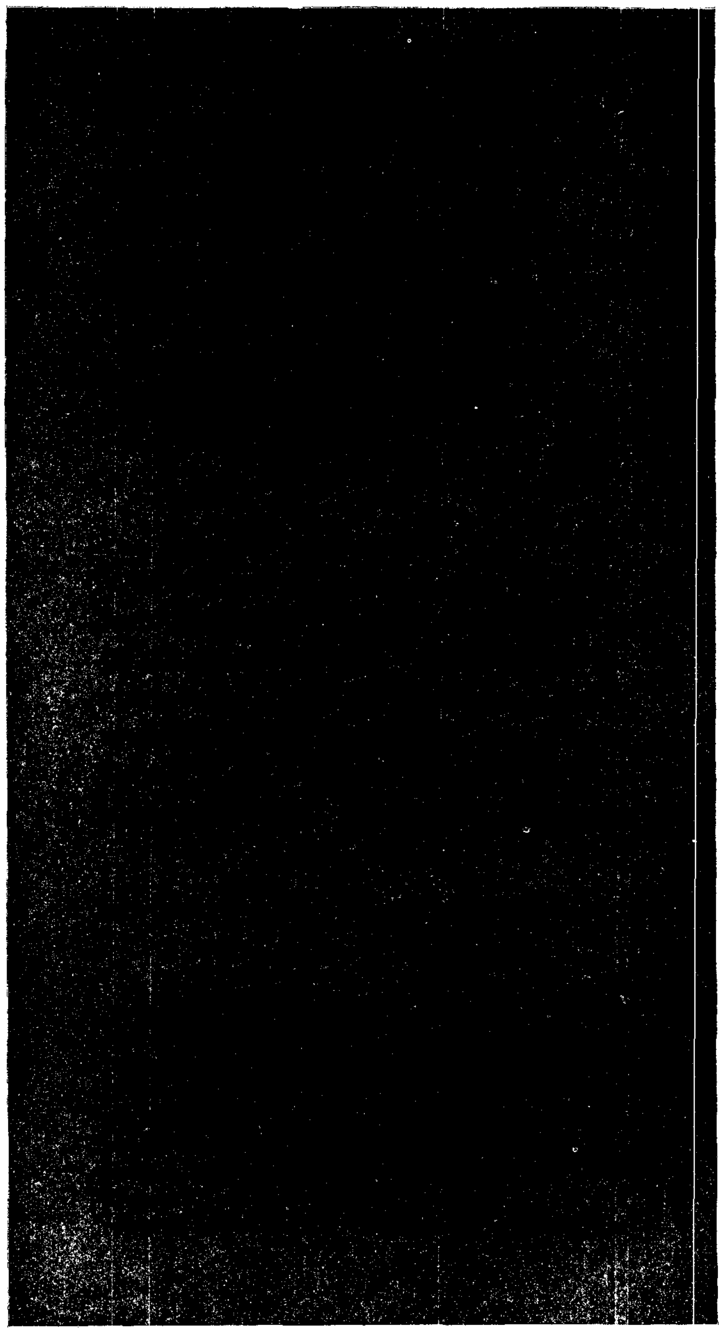
A great ball of activity now begins to roll. Hundreds of people are affected. The Navy goes into a huddle. Secret Service men begin to worry. Railroad executives wipe their brows. Air lines, the post office, express companies, go into action. Communications men hit the trail in small armies. And the White House staff gets ready. F. D. R. is off again!

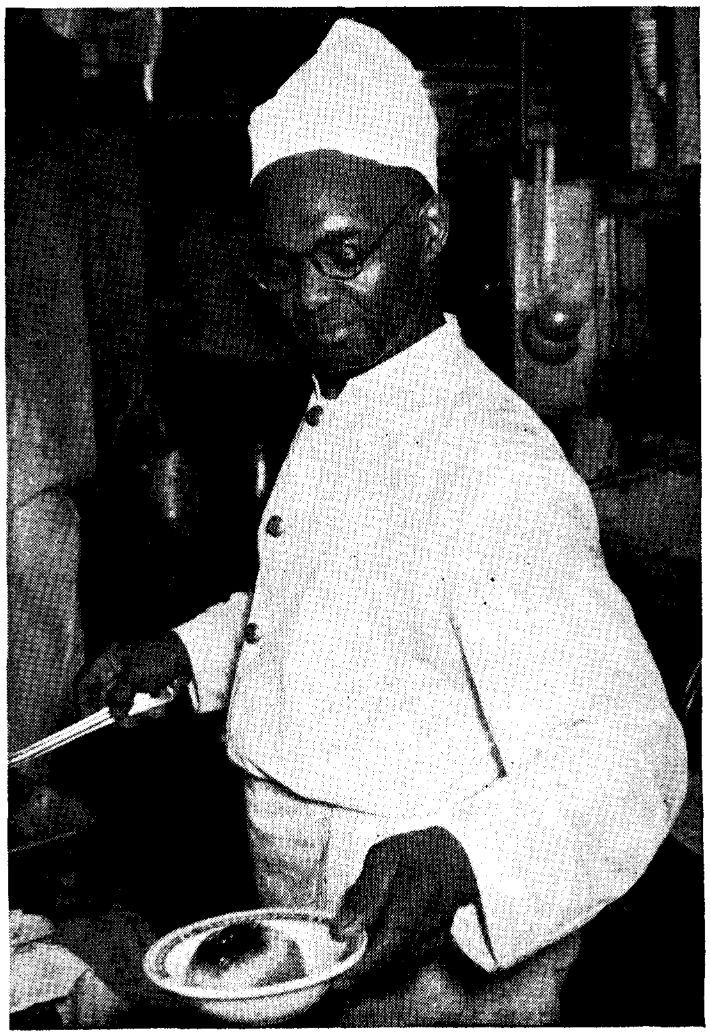
If you chance to be invited on a presidential trip, here is what you can expect to see. Let's step aboard and meet the men and women behind the scenes who make the traveling circus possible, first showing your White House pass, issued by Secretary McIntyre, to a pair of hawkeyed Secret Service men guarding each car door. No pass, no ride.

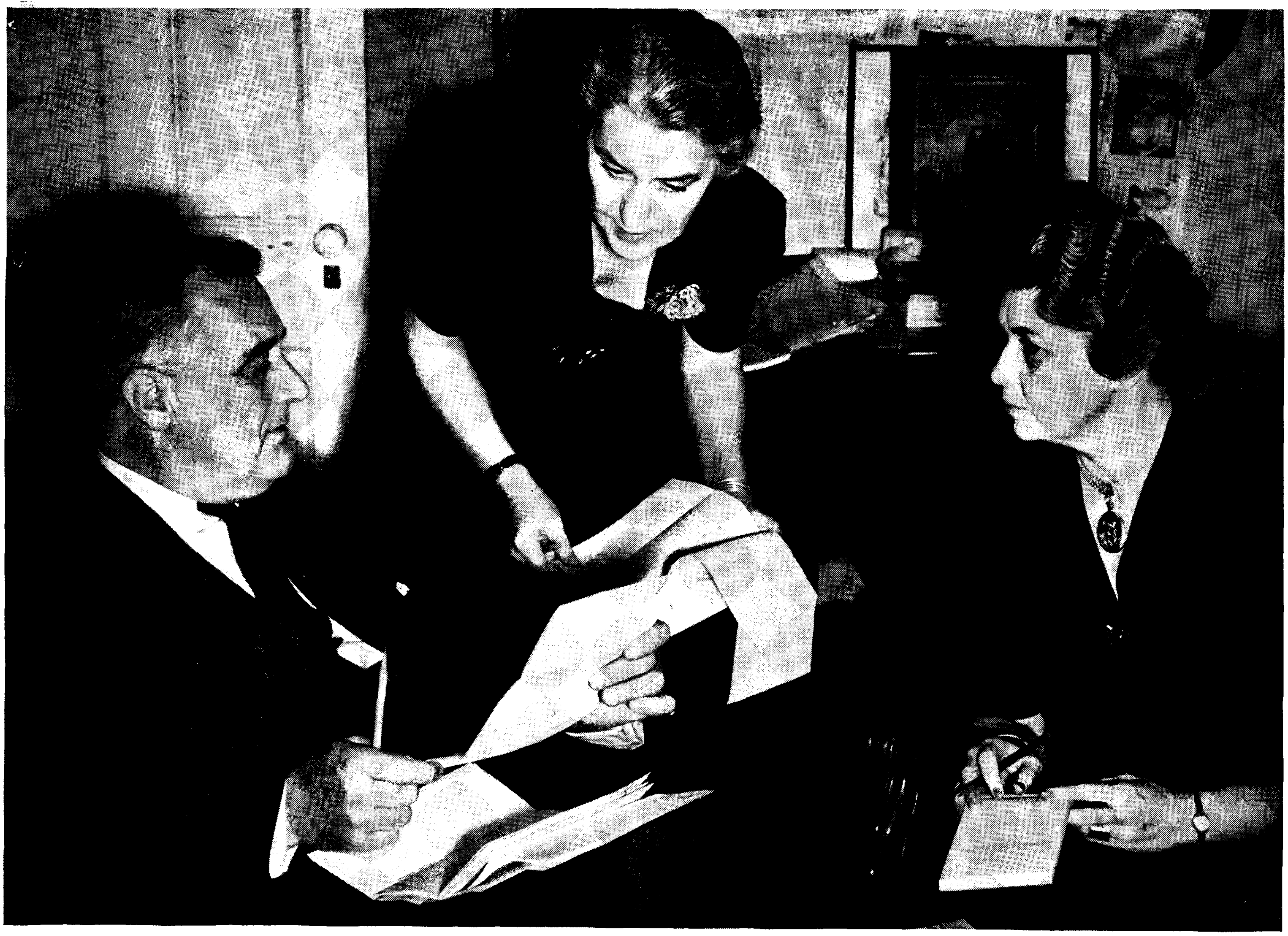
Certainly the train is undistinguished in appearance—no flags, no pilot engine, not even streamlined. There's no froufrou about it, outside or in. A glance into the baggage car discloses some more of those silent S. S. men and half a car of boxed typewriters, mimeograph machines, filing cabinets, crates and boxes—everything from the Great Seal of the United States to a paper clip; and, if Secretary Morgenthau is along, his great Dane, a big brindle dog subject to car sickness. In the baggage car is a shower bath for the troupe.

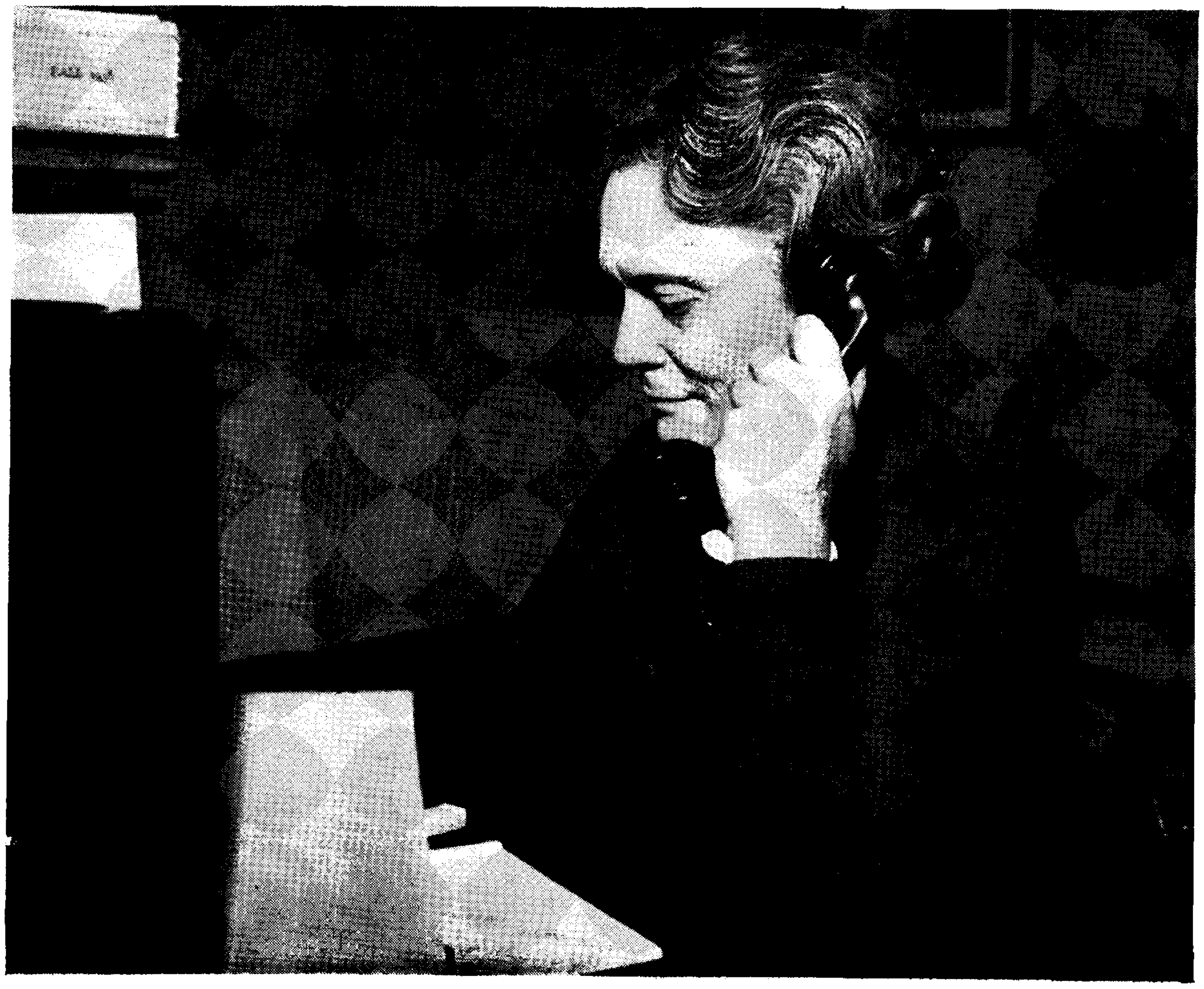
We turn back into a roomy old club car, lined with black leather. A card table is set up in one corner and already the newspapermen, photographers, newsreel men and radio announcers are yelling to the porter for cards, cigarettes and beverages. (One radio announcer traveled to South America just to say the words: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States.") When the porter isn't running his legs off serving them he will find time to shave and cut the hair of the party in a tiny one-chair barbershop in the forward end of the car.

Behind the club car we find two









In Washington or on his travels, the President is attended by several secretaries, for he can keep three stenographers busy. Above, he is shown at Hyde Park with Miss LeHand, his confidential secretary (left), and Miss Tully. Miss Louise Hachmeister (below) operates the presidential phones, a big job in this telephone administration. Here she is shown at the switchboard in her hotel room, Poughkeepsie. Direct wires lead from here to the President's office in Hyde Park and to Washington

compartmented Pullmans, in which sit some glaring strangers. These, we learn, are politicians, favor-seekers, lobbyists, and so forth, who have wangled a pass in the hopes of getting to see "the Chief," as they call him. Some will, some won't. Swarms of them will come and go as the train rolls onward.

Now we come to the dining car, which will be the scene of many an all-night political debate. Seated rubbing his hands and licking his chops is a hefty oldster sporting horn-rim glasses and a cropped mustache—Edward M. Smithers, known around the White House for forty years as Doc.

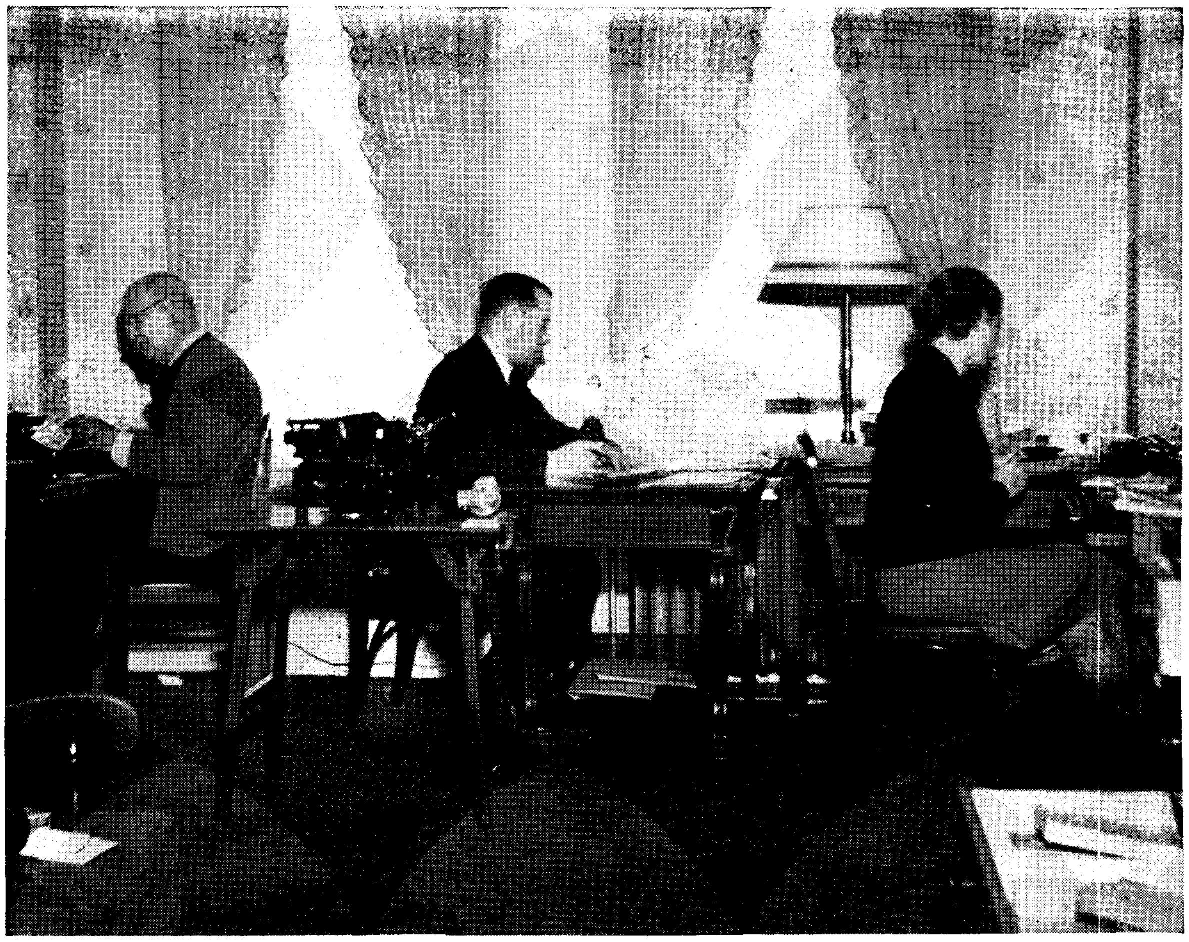
Doc is affable, likes to talk. It develops he is greatly interested in eating, horse racing, a gold telegraph key given him by Taft, and timetables. He says he has gradually metamorphosed from head White House telegrapher to transportation chief.

It was he who worked out in exact detail the mimeographed sheet given every trouper showing the precise moment the train passes every way station, where it changes engines, takes on water or fuel, and so forth.

"Why so much bother?" we murmur.

"Whuh, why, humph!" he sputters. "It's very *important!* Telephone messages waiting, telegrams, newspapermen!"

He calms down as he wades into the $1.25 luncheon and explains the telephone and telegraph com-



[redacted]

panies are prepared to flag the train anywhere along the route for urgent messages. The telephone people plug in a special connection direct to the President's car. Seldom a trip passes he doesn't get some of these trackside calls.

"He can talk to the White House in less than a minute, any time he wants to! Hell, man," Doc exclaims, "he's never farther from the White House than the nearest telephone pole. We got equipment we can hook up anywhere."

An example of the efficiency of this surprising service came when the late Secretary of War Dern died in Washington. Roosevelt was on the Dust Bowl trip. Resident Secretary Stephen Early consulted Doc's mimeographed schedule, glanced at his watch, located the train, put in a call to a spot just ahead of it, brought it to a halt. Ten minutes after Dern died Roosevelt had word by phone.

Key Figures in the White House on Wheels

During the Czech crisis, as the President's train rolled eastward from his son's bedside at Rochester, Minnesota, he was in frequent trackside communication with the State Department. Doc has a lot more to tell us—how Jimmy Roosevelt was talking on the phone near El Paso when the train suddenly pulled out and Jimmy had to throw the phone out the window—but he is interrupted by the arrival of two ladies, Miss Louise Hachmeister and Miss Roberta Barrows, who sit down and challenge Doc to a game of hearts after lunch.

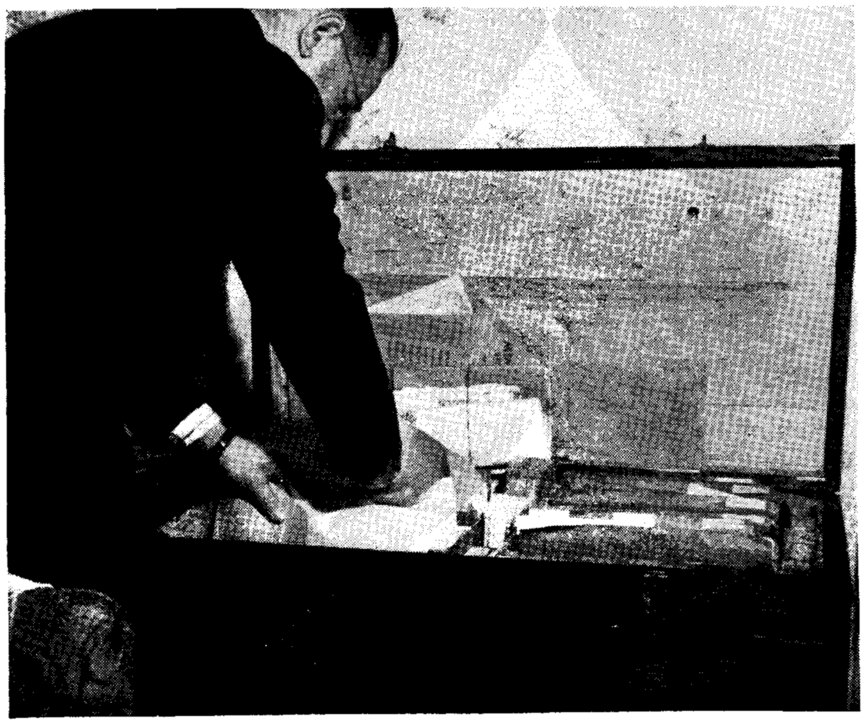
Miss Hachmeister is a vivacious, laughing woman of middle years, with flashing teeth. She likes to sew. Miss Roberta Barrows is a good-looking redhead with dreamy eyes. She likes horses—if they win.

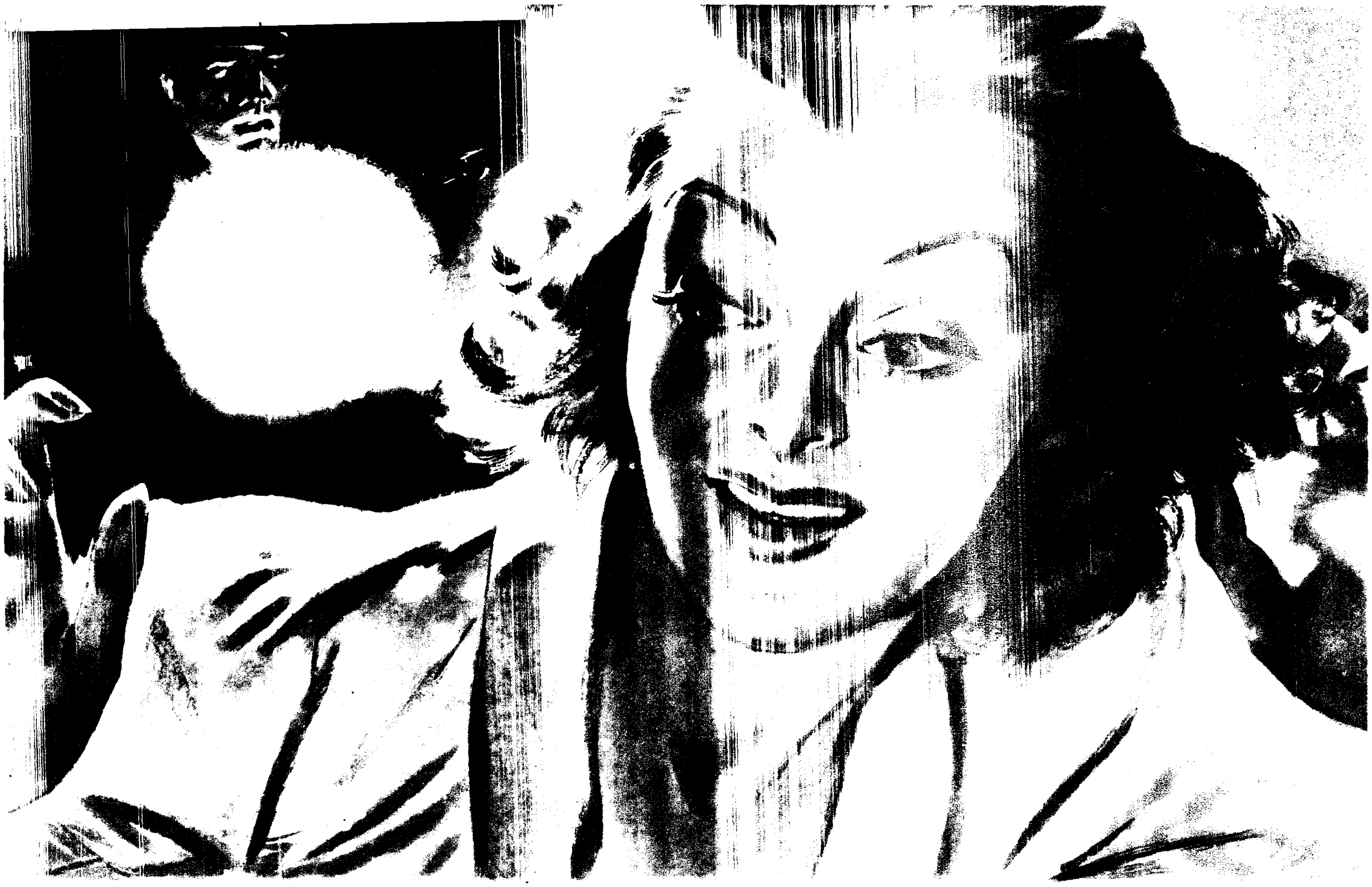
Miss Hachmeister, we later learn, is one of the key figures in the White House on Wheels. She runs the presidential telephones, is a wizard at the switchboard, is known to all as "Hack," and although she recognizes the voices of hundreds of Great Men she has seen practically none of them. She has a big job: this is a telephone administration. Hardly a minute passes that the big White House switchboard, only one of its kind in the country, isn't handling a long-distance call to any point from Albany to Albania. On the road Hack is the swift operator who says, "Yes, please," when the President picks up the phone.

Miss Barrows is secretary to a secretary to Secretary McIntyre, but despite this seeming distance from authority, she is frequently called by the President to take dictation—he can keep three stenographers busy.

Here comes another lady dressed in blue. It's plump, gray, chic Marguerite LeHand, confidential secretary to the President, unmarried, good friend of Mrs. Roosevelt, known to everyone as "Missy," a filler-in at dinner parties and the only one of the secretaries to accompany F. D. on the yacht Potomac. She and Miss Barrows often ride in the President's auto, sightseeing. Perhaps you saw them in a newsreel of the Yellowstone trip. She smiles and sits at a table by herself.

The dining-car steward, Joseph Tuzik, who for four years has been taken off his regular run to go with the President, hands the orders to the waiters. They hustle back to the chef, *(Continued on page 50)*





Her cry echoed sharply, and she heard the policeman start toward her

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

A CURIOUS provision of her dead father's will creates a serious problem for Judith Clayton. To gain control of her fortune—the executor of which is a crook—she must marry! And marry she does—an old friend, Alan Hughes, who becomes her husband, technically, simply to oblige her.

Neither takes the "marriage" seriously. . . . Among Alan's friends are Angel Fremont, a charming young gadabout, and Gene Lyons, who is in love with Angel. Gene puts Alan to work, as manager of an escort service.

Then, when Alan is leaving a night club with Gene, he is attacked by an old enemy: one Joe Carter. Alan strikes Carter with a cane. The man falls, appears to be seriously injured. "Chuck" Watson, a taxicab driver, is present a few minutes later, when a doctor examines Carter, pronounces him dead!

Alan insists that the police be notified. But, after arguing the matter with Gene, he agrees to send in no report.

A few days later, "Chuck" Watson calls on Judith, informs her of what has happened, demands fifty thousand dollars of her. Judith promises to think the matter over.

Angel Fremont is murdered, shot to death in her flat. Alan goes to Gene's apartment. Alan finds Gene at home. With him is—*Joe Carter!* And now, at last, Alan realizes that he and Judith have been selected as blackmail victims. The men in the room are armed. They kidnap Alan, take him to a lonely house, far out in the country. They kidnap Judith also. They announce that, in the morning, Judith will be taken into New York City, where she will hand over a fortune in bonds to Lyons. If Judith does not co-operate, Alan will be shot!

Locked in the cellar, with Gene's henchman, Jules Everett, watching them, Alan and Judith succeed in turning out the lights. Alan secures Jules' gun. Someone opens a door, at the head of the stairs. Alan shoots. The man falls.

Conclusion

JUDITH tiptoed across the basement and stood beside Alan. She said, "Come away from those steps. They might shoot down from upstairs."

And Alan answered her in a voice surprisingly steady. "That's what I hope they'll try," he explained. "Thanks to the moonlight outside, I can see anyone who comes near that doorway. But he can't see me."

Judith was amazed by her own calmness. Never in her life had she thought more clearly, or with greater courage. There was a definite lift to sharing this thing with Alan—no matter what the outcome might be. For the first time she understood the psychology of troops under fire, understood why even the most dangerous action was less unnerving than inaction.

She was too intelligent a person to let herself dwell upon the ugly possibilities of the situation. She was too wise to dare ask herself, "What next?" Besides, this shadowy figure beside her was not the Alan she had known. It was a new Alan, who imparted a sense of rugged strength, who caused her to feel that whatever could be accomplished he would accomplish.

They could hear sounds upstairs—and voices. Alan said, "It was Joe Carter I hit."

There was no mistaking that. They heard someone crawling painfully across the kitchen floor, and Alan listened attentively so that he'd have a fair idea of where the man would be later. And they heard the conversation from up above.

It wasn't a pretty conversation. Mr. Carter, it appeared, possessed an amazingly picturesque vocabulary, which he was using without stint. His words scorched their ears, and might—under less tense circumstances—have shocked them. No question that Joe Carter had few verbal inhibitions. There was also small doubt that he had been badly wounded. And as though in answer to Judith's unspoken question, Alan said, "I wish I knew just how badly."

THEY could hear Gene Lyons talking to the wounded man; could hear the steady drone of vituperation from Joe Carter, and then they heard Gene say, "Pipe down, Joe. They aren't out of there yet."

Alan was thinking exactly that. He had stated no more nor less than the truth when he said that they were simply better off than they had been. He had taken a step in the right direction, but just what use was to be made of their better position, he didn't yet know.

He asked, "Can you handle a revolver, Judith?"

"Yes," Judith said without hesitation.

"Would you?"

"Of course."

He placed the gun in her hand. He said, "I saw a piece of clothesline beyond the furnace. I'm going to truss Jules up before he comes to. Meanwhile, if anybody shows at the head of those stairs, let him have it. And remember—there are only three bullets left in that gun."

"I'll remember."

She stood rigidly, watching the rectangle of moonlight at the head of the stairway. She could hear Alan moving about, heard him cut the clothesline with his pocketknife, heard him move the inert figure of Jules Everett. It seemed to take an interminable time, and then Alan was beside her again. He took the gun.

She asked, "What about Jules?"

"He's okay. I've got him tied and gagged. Not a beautiful job, but it's plenty efficient."

"He's not dead, is he?"

"No. But he may be badly hurt. I cracked him over the head pretty hard with the butt of his gun."

From the sounds upstairs, Alan guessed where Carter was lying. Probably on the side of the kitchen near the window. The man was still exuding pro-

(Continued on page 31)

Lady Ventilator

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Seeing your Dream Man wearing your dog as a muffler does something to a girl

MR. ALEC SUMMERS was busily registering polite concern as he escorted Mildred from the preview. Never one to lead with his receding chin, the celluloid coast's premier make-up man realized that this was hardly the time and place to give way to *ungentlemanly gloating. They had* just witnessed one of Westwood's famous slow deaths and Miss Evarts was visibly shaken. Although her lovely handmade wigs were to be found in half of Hollywood's better boudoirs, she was still a stargazer at heart and very bitter at hearing her Dream Man maligned on all sides.

They came through the lobby as the post mortems were being held right before the cadaverous gaze of the autograph seekers. Not even the body was missing. Mr. Barry Harper, his handsome face a dull red, was the unhappy center of a group of producers and their most immediate relatives. America's heart-throb had just finished laying an egg and now they were worrying about what to do with the omelet.

"I don't care," Mildred said bravely, glancing at that famous profile and mahogany-colored hair, "I've always liked him in that picture! No one can wear tights like Barry!"

Mr. Summers nodded gravely. "Of course," he agreed. Then, with a deprecating cough: "I suppose you noticed they *did* have to high-light his nose."

Mildred sniffed. "No one's perfect," she observed. Her large eyes (they were a melting brown that always reminded Alec of panchromatic 37) were studying her employer and steady escort. It was very odd that Alec, a determined preview dodger, should happen to bring her to *this* Barry Harper opus. She was still mulling that over as they drove back.

ALEC, unhappily aware of her speculative gaze, very carefully kept his eyes on the road. When Mrs. Ancil Steinberg, the producer's wife, had canceled her appointment at the Summers Salon that afternoon, it could mean only one thing—such a bad preview that not even a good permanent could help things. Now he was a little frightened at how right he had been.

He gulped, stealing a quick look at his companion. Every time he looked at that amber blond hair and the sweet mouth that belied the whim-of-iron chin, he felt all shaky inside. It always made him realize that an international reputation in the grease-paint trade didn't quite compensate for sandy hair and mild blue eyes. Especially when those hair and eyes were forever being compared with Mr. Barry Harper's, who was strictly a juvenile pink party.

They stopped at a drive-in for a barbecued beef on wheat and, by the time they were finished, Alec felt almost himself again. Fiddling with the steering wheel, he said: "I was just thinking, Mildred, that things will be a little slack after Christmas. Perhaps, unh, we could run over to Honolulu then."

Mildred stared at him for a full moment. Alec didn't ever seem to realize that she hadn't come right out and *said* she was going to marry him. He was sweet and understanding but he lacked that swashbuckling something that a husband simply had to have. She sighed, thinking of Barry Harper.

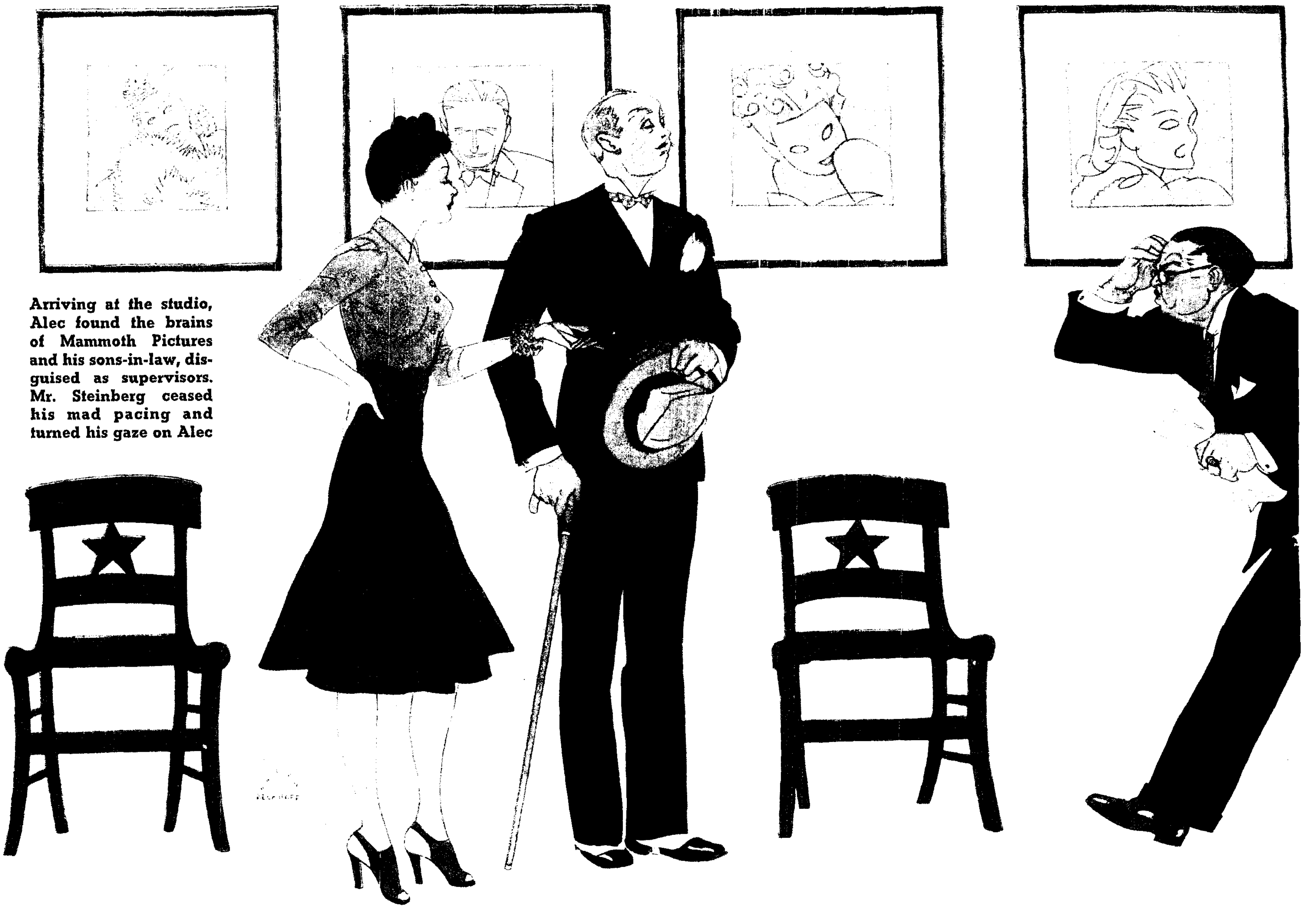
"Please, Alec," she said. "Let's not go into that tonight. I'm—I'm still too upset."

A strange, wrathful sensation swelled in the Summers bosom. "After all, Mildred," her escort said coldly, "a preview is only a preview. You know only too well that actors are just people you do things to. Most of them are baby frighteners in person."

"Barry Harper isn't!" she said frigidly. "He's just the way nature made him. You don't do anything to him!"

Alec was suddenly quiet, wishing rather fiercely that he *did* do things to Barry Harper. There were times when he doubted if Mildred could really take juveniles or leave them alone. This was one of them.

AT FIRST sight many tourists often mistake the pastel green edifice that is Summers Salon for a branch of the Chinese Theater. There is a jade lounge room, a teakwood dryer room and all the attendants have a Benda mask expression that comes from much looking in mirrors. From morning to night the stars and executives' wives gather under the dryers and over the manicure tables,



Arriving at the studio, Alec found the brains of Mammoth Pictures and his sons-in-law, disguised as supervisors. Mr. Steinberg ceased his mad pacing and turned his gaze on Alec

embellishing the latest gossip. As befitted an impresario, Mr. Summers made few personal appearances in the salon proper and when he did the ladies bowed very graciously, remembering that with a few deft motions he could transform a toothless hag into something for Myrna Loy to go home and worry about.

After every preview and every party there is a rush to the House That Beauty Built and this morning was no exception. Each dryer held a customer who was busily giving forth some detailed explanation of why Mr. Barry Harper had finally made a flopperoo. Some of the patrons held out for story troubles and directorial failures. Others spoke darkly of that New York episode when Mr. Harper had been photographed eating a cream puff. Hadn't every caption writer in the country promptly labeled him as the Cream Puff Kid?

By noon Mildred could stand it no longer. Those whispers had penetrated even into her own quarters, dedicated solely to the making and fitting of wigs. Entering Alec's office, she found him eagerly reading the Reporter. At the sight of his beloved, Mr. Summers quickly put aside the papers.

"Too bad," he said dolorously. "Too bad. The papers seem to think he's washed up."

Mildred nodded bleakly. "It's not fair," she said. "You'd think with all the smart men there are in Hollywood that they'd be able to save his career." Then, bitterly: "Unless they don't want to."

"They'll save him," Alec prophesied darkly. "As long as he's box office, they'll save him."

Mildred gave him a wan, grateful smile. "That's sweet of you, Alec. Some men wouldn't understand my worrying over what happens to someone I don't even know; they would just think I was silly."

"Not me," he said gloomily. "I understand only too well."

The phone on his desk rang briskly then and Mildred went out as Alec picked up the receiver. It was Ancil Steinberg himself.

"You gotta come right over to the studio," the producer cried. "Something gives! Something so secret that not even our own make-up department can we trust!"

"Indeed?" Alec asked cautiously, recalling that Mr. Steinberg's ideas were usually fearful and wonderful to behold.

"Indeed!" he screamed. "And come by my private door, see? No snoopers do we want to see you around!"

ARRIVING at the studio, Alec found the brains of Mammoth Pictures and his sons-in-law, disguised as supervisors. Mr. Steinberg ceased his mad pacing and, wringing his hands, turned his thick-lensed gaze on Alec.

"A secret you can keep?" he pleaded. "Anybody hears of this and not one of our mortgages can we pick up!"

"I have never been known to talk," Alec said quietly. "Any producer who has consulted me will vouch for my probity."

Mr. Steinberg ignored this gentle reprimand. "Last night," he moaned, "we had a stinker preview. So bad it is that even our enemies feel sorry for us. Barry Harper—"

"I know," said Alec. "I saw it. It was awful."

Mr. Steinberg turned to his sons-in-law. "You see?" he wailed. "Even the muff artists say it smells!" Then, to Alec: "Anyhow, we got no time for crying. Barry Harper we gotta put into something manly right away. Then these critics see him as virile, y'unnerstand, and they quit calling him the Cream Puff Kid. No more old lace can he do! He's gotta out-Gable Gable!"

Mr. Summers picked up his hat. "I am not interested in what happens to Mr. Harper," he said icily. "Good day, gentlemen."

"Good day!" screamed the producer. "You got no finer sentiments? You would let the nation's number-one dame-puller die on the vine?"

"Cheerfully," said Mr. Summers, starting for the door.

Mr. Steinberg threw himself before him. "You gotta listen!" he wept. "You don't want to disappoint all those little girls who pay money to see Barry Harper, do you? Think what he means to the world!"

Alec hesitated at that, his mild blue eyes reflecting his sudden indecision. If he were to save Barry Harper from a fate worse than death—

"Where do I come in?" he asked cautiously.

Mr. Steinberg, reinforced by the supervisors' falsetto chorus, plunged into his recital. From his own head, said Mr. Steinberg, he had thought this up. Sooner than quick they were putting their problem boy into a football picture originally scheduled for Fred Martin, their red corpuscle actor. By next week they would be in production. Only one thing was lacking!

"Comes the dilemma," said Mr. Steinberg, "where we gotta make the country manly-conscious. So I have me a guy write in a fight scene in the shower room. He-man stuff. And, for the first time you get a load of Barry's muscles! So whadda we find out today? He ain't got any hair on his chest!"

Alec stared at him. Then, coughing: "I'm really afraid—"

"Am I through talking?" demanded the producer. "I ain't! So all you gotta do is make him a fur chest by Saturday!"

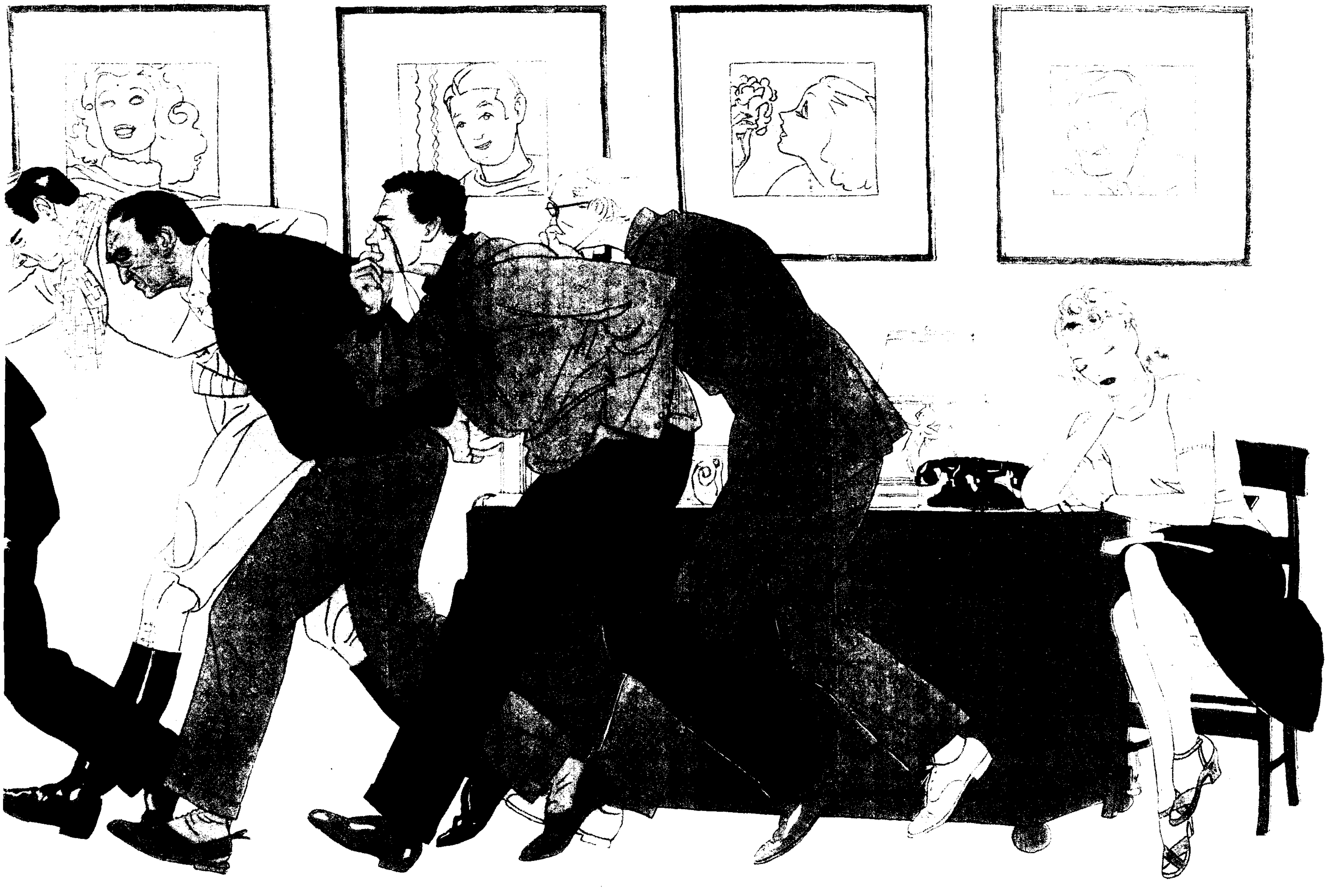
ALEC stood there dumbly, frozen at the horrible responsibility that confronted him. Not only must he create something new in the history of make-up artistry but let the press get one inkling that Mr. Harper was wearing a handmade flea-catcher and all would be more than lost. And yet if a few hairs, properly placed, would save that career—

"Bring him in," Alec said masterfully, visualizing himself modestly informing Mildred how he alone had saved her Dream Man for posterity. "Bring him in!"

Hands were clapped, secretaries scurried, bells rang and, five minutes later, the hairless Mr. Harper was ushered into the room. Alec was disappointed to observe that he lacked the pouter pigeon physique customary among actors. On the contrary, he stripped well. A dull crimson crept up his handsome neck as Alec went busily about his measurements. Once Mr. Steinberg offered a suggestion.

"Why not something on the shoulders, too?" he demanded. "You know, epaulets like admirals wear!"

Mr. Harper made strangling sounds in his throat and Alec, feeling vaguely sorry for him, turned on the producer. "Please, Mr. Steinberg!" he said sternly,



every inch the artist, "I'll handle this in my own way!"

Mr. Steinberg subsided at that and presently, the measurements finished, Alec glanced at his client. "You'll have your fitting Friday," he promised. Mr. Harper, busily buttoning his shirt as he strode to the door, ignored that. Standing on the threshold, he delivered a scathing tagline to the assembled brethren.

"Sometimes," he said bitterly, "sometimes I wish you'd never left Brooklyn!"

FOR seventy-two hours the Summers Salon was exposed to some very odd behavior on the part of its sole owner and impresario. Mr. Alec Summers, looking more haggard with each passing hour, scurried in and out of his office laden with pictures, diagrams and hair samples. His secretary confided to Mildred that he had also taken to loitering about gymnasiums and zoos. At that Mildred could stand it no longer.

She marched into his office and faced him accusingly. "What goes on here?" she demanded. "Do you know you've passed me twice today without even speaking?"

"Did I?" said Alec. "I—I've been very busy, Mildred. Very busy."

She was staring at his desk. It was littered with diagrams and samples of crepe hair, dyed various shades of golden red. And propped on the desk facing him was a picture of a barrel-chested gorilla. Alec was never a man to do things by halves.

"Gorillas!" said Miss Evarts. "I didn't know they were making any more of those ape pictures!"

"They're not," Alec said unhappily. "I—I was just seeking ideas."

Mildred stared at him. If he thought he could hold out on her . . .

Her employer, recognizing that gleam in her eye, sighed heavily and shoved the diagrams toward her. "I'm making up a wig for a friend."

"*You're* making a wig?" Miss Evarts said coldly, resenting this invasion of her domain. "A *wig?*" Then, staring at the floor plans: "I must say your friend certainly has an odd-shaped head."

"He has," Alec said hurriedly. "He's a scientist." She sniffed and he added hastily, "I was just going to call you in, Mildred. Once I had the design and network figured out I wouldn't dream of letting anyone but you do the actual shaping."

Placated, if still somewhat remote, Miss Evarts was immediately all business.

"It will be hard to ventilate," she said presently. "Tying in the hairs on that piece won't be easy to do."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Alec. "There isn't a better lady ventilator in town!"

She glanced at him tenderly then and he could no longer restrain all that was fine and decent within him. He kissed her.

After a moment she pushed him away. "I had better be getting right to work," she said. "When do you want these, Alec?"

"Friday afternoon. And, of course, this is very confidential, dear. You know how sensitive these scientists are."

MILDRED nodded, picking up the color samples. "It will be ready," she promised.

It was. Alec was sitting at his desk, admiring her dainty needlework, when his phone rang that fatal Friday afternoon. It was Mr. Steinberg. There had been a change of plans, he said hoarsely. Only that morning a janitor had been caught reading a script in his offices and what, with spies all around, no more chances could they take. Tonight at ten they would all meet at an auto court on Ventura Boulevard. All Alec had to do was to ask for Mr. Jones of Bakersfield, California.

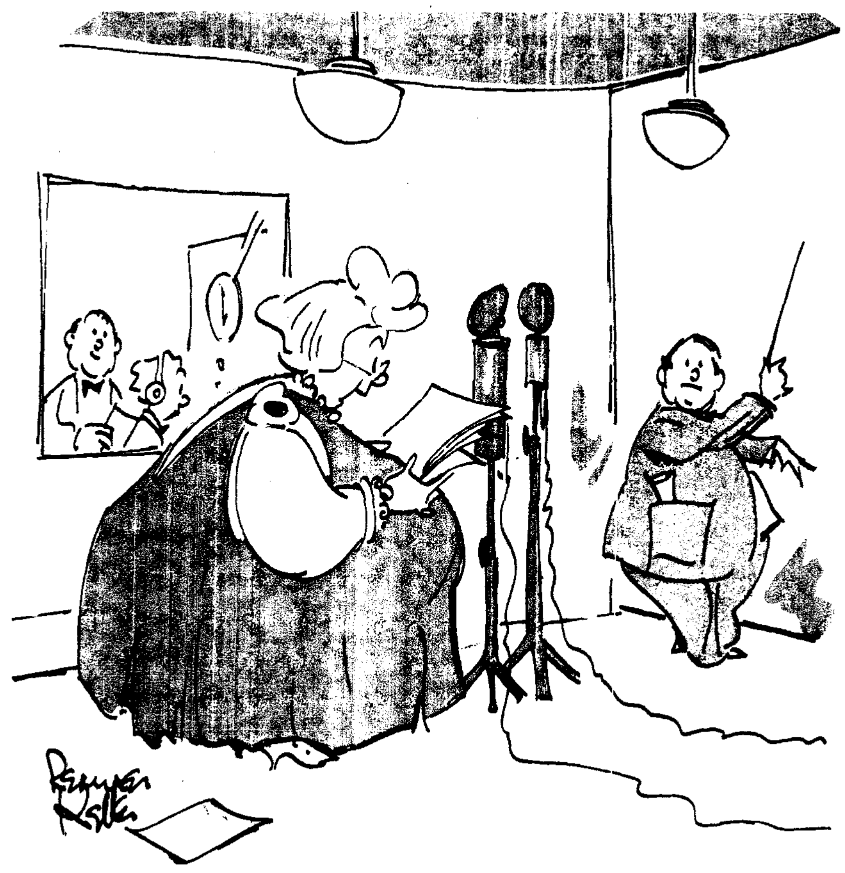
Alec was visibly worried as he hung up. He took a heavy bicarb and after a moment, shoulders back, started his feet in the direction of Mildred's office. She looked up from her ventilating needle as he entered.

"I have bad news for you, Mildred," he said soberly. "I'm afraid we can't make the fights tonight. Something—something very important has come up."

Mildred put down her needle, staring at her sometimes beloved. For three years they had had a standing date for the Friday-night fights and precedent wasn't to be shattered this casually. Those lovely brown eyes narrowed ever so slightly. "What is it, Alec?"

"Well, unh, just a family matter," said Mr. Summers, hoping that he didn't look as guilty as he felt. "I—I have to meet my aunt. She's coming in from Portland."

"Oh," said Mildred, visibly softening, "that's different."



"This is your Aunt Sophie saying good night, children. Don't forget to look for me in the bottom of your cereal bowls"

REAMER KELLER

IT WAS Ancil C. Steinberg himself who peeked through the door when Alec appeared at the auto court. The door opened briefly and Alec slid into the room. Mr. Barry Harper, already denuded of his shirt, was sitting disconsolately on a chair. One of the sons-in-law bolted the door again as Alec untied his precious package.

There was a moment of reverent silence as the chest was finally exposed and then the jubilant producer could no longer restrain himself.

"So pretty it is!" he exclaimed. "Just wait till them smart critics see Barry in this!"

Alec ignored the applause. He was busily draping the chest where nature had been negligent. Mr. Harper muttered a very unromantic word as the spirit gum base was applied. Finally every hair was in place and Alec stepped back to view his masterpiece. To put it modestly, it was perfect. Even the hair was just the right shade.

"It gives!" Mr. Steinberg said in a small, hushed voice, awed, as always, by his own genius. "My idea gives! Like Gable he *looks!*"

Only Mr. Harper was unmoved to violent praise. His face screwed into a most unhappy contortion, he was sniffing violently. Then suddenly there was a rending explosion. "Kachew!" sneezed America's Dream Man. "Ka-ka-ka-chew!"

That first effort merely heralded the beginning of some of the finest facial contortions ever seen within the thirty-mile radius that is bounded by Culver City on the south and Universal on the north. Mr. Harper went from one violent sneeze to another. A frantic supervisor slapped his million-dollar back to no avail. The sneezes continued, unabated and unabashed.

"Get him out of the draft!" howled Mr. Steinberg. "No time does he have for pneumonia!"

Mr. Harper managed to hold his breath for one agonizing moment. "Get it off me!" he gasped. "Get this muff off me!"

Frantically Alec strove to remove the made-to-measure chest. He finally succeeded, taking a good deal of Mr. Harper's valuable epidermis in the process. Wheezing, Barry sank into a chair.

"It always gets me," he said weakly. "I'm allergic to crepe hair. I always have been."

Mr. Steinberg and family exchanged one horrified glance. Then, automatically, their tragic gaze went toward the downcast Mr. Summers. "What gives now?" moaned Mr. Steinberg.

Alec shook his head slowly. "I don't know," he admitted finally. "I don't know."

"You gotta know! That chest we gotta have!"

Alec was staring at his creation, so carefully planned, so delicately ventilated by Mildred's own lovely hands. His mouth puckered slowly and a deepening furrow appeared between his eyes.

"If I could just get some real hair that matched his," he said slowly, "I might be able to make him another chest. One that wouldn't make him sneeze."

"Get the hair!" screamed Mr. Steinberg. "And I ain't asking what it costs! *But only till Monday have you got!*"

"Monday!" Alec gasped. "That's impossible!"

"Would Napoleon say so?" demanded the producer. "Impossible or not, I gotta have it! Tuesday afternoon we have invited the press to see the fight scene. Already the infitations we have sent out! Then, after a few free drinks, we're gonna unveil Barry, y'unnerstand. And hair he has to have!"

MR. SUMMERS laid the groundwork for a complete nervous breakdown in the thirty-six hours that followed. By Sunday night his desk was entirely smothered under samples of human hair, ranging from that of Eskimo albinos to those of Ubangi warriors. Staring at those locks, he realized dully that, in all the world, there was no golden-red hair quite the shade of Barry Harper's.

And, as a muff man from way back, he knew that dyed hair would never do.

He was still sitting at his desk, moodily contemplating a barren future, when Mildred came in accompanied by Barney, a Pekingese party whom Alec had always found particularly offensive.

"We were just out for our walk," she said, "and I saw the lights. Is something wrong, Alec? Is it your aunt?"

"My aunt?" he said wearily. Then: "Oh, no, nothing like that! It's just that I have to make a new lace piece for this scientist."

"Really?" she said coldly, her artistic sensibilities slightly ruffled. "Personally, I thought it a creditable piece of work."

"It was," Alec said hastily. "Everyone was simply delighted. But—"

He broke off suddenly, staring at Barney, who was circling him warily, preparing to dash in and nip off a little calf. Alec made a sudden lunge for him and, swooping him up, held the squirming dog under the desk lamp. Staring at that beautiful golden-red coat, Alec realized humbly that he *was* guided by some shining destiny. Barney was a perfect match if he ever saw one.

MR. SUMMERS put in a very belated appearance at his salon the following morning. *He had had to wait until* Mildred had left for work before venturing into her bungalow court. There had been a brief, violent skirmish with Barney and, the matter settled to his complete satisfaction, Alec had hastened away with bulging pockets.

Mildred listened quietly as he explained the necessity for dire speed.

"All right, Alec," she said. "If it really means so much to you you'll have it by six o'clock. But what am I going to use for hair?"

"Oh, that?" said Alec, fishing in his pockets. "I managed to borrow a little from a friend."

Mildred stared at those silky golden-red strands for one long, peril-laden moment. A tiny wrinkle in her forehead deepened and spread as she sifted that hair through her hands.

"It—it feels sort of familiar," she said finally, giving a nervous little laugh.

"Oh, nonsense!" Alec said brightly. "Hair's hair, isn't it?" He made a hasty exit on that and Mildred looked after him a moment, wondering if, in some ways, Alec was real bright.

At five-thirty, her eyes dull and aching from those long hours of steady needlework, Mildred brought the finished piece to Alec. He gave it one expert glance—a glance that filled with sheer artistic appreciation as he saw how beautifully she had woven Barney into a luxurious, downy chest—and, grabbing up his hat, raced from the office.

Mr. Steinberg was almost overcome as he stared at it. "Luffly!" he said

(Continued on page 56)

"Say it with Flowers"

Another Famous Slogan Rides on Internationals

International Light-Delivery Trucks are made in ½ to 1-Ton capacities in 3 wheelbase lengths. Other Internationals in all sizes to heavy-duty 6-wheelers.

THANKS to the Florists of America "Say It With Flowers" is a universal language for millions—a reminder of one of the most gracious compliments you can pay on any occasion.

Back of this famous phrase is a business of tremendous scope built by the splendid service and good reputations of thousands of America's finest florists. They serve you everywhere.

Orchids for her festive evening or violets for her window sill. You can drop into a florist shop, order your flowers, and know they'll be delivered with speed and smartness a block or a mile away—or by telegraph in practically any other community in the country. Your florist provides this deluxe service as part of the package!

International Trucks are an important part of the florist's business, for they give him the double advantage of luxurious appearance without luxury on his cost sheet.

From grower to wholesaler, from wholesaler to retailer, and from retailer to destination, Internationals *save money on every trip they make!*

These stream-styled delivery trucks, like all Internationals, are built for rock-bottom economy in both upkeep and operation. And the greatest organization ever set up to keep trucks profitably on the job is ready to service Internationals anywhere.

Whether your business is delivering orchids to a lady, groceries to her family, or fuel for her home, get a demonstration from your nearest International dealer or branch.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Helen Claire, who came from radio to become one of the finest comediennes of the stage. Next stop: Hollywood

You're [illegible] the Type

By C. M. Black

The story of a specialist in child psychology who became a Southern belle—Miss Helen Claire of Kiss the Boys Goodbye

THE mystery of the Sphinx is an open book and the theory of relativity nothing but child's play compared to that great Gotham problem—the subway. Lifelong residents of New York have grown old and feeble trying to get from a given point on the West Side of Manhattan to a given point on the East Side. It took an eager-eyed, soft-voiced girl from Union Springs, Alabama, to really solve this most profound mystery. She was, of course, driven by necessity. She was living far, far uptown and attending Columbia University. Then she had to hurry to a settlement house on the Bowery after which she had to rush to a fashionable school on the West Side where she taught. But let Helen Claire tell it herself.

"Mother and I lived on Haven Avenue, which is around West 168th Street," she explained. "I'd take the West Side subway to Columbia in the morning, and then after classes I'd take the West Side subway again to Times Square. Then of course, the shuttle to Grand Central where I'd get the Lexington Avenue express to Brooklyn Bridge. I could walk to the settlement house from there. When I was finished I'd take the East Side subway to Grand Central and then the shuttle again to Times Square and then the West Side subway to Columbus Circle. I was teaching at a school on Central Park West. Then I'd take the West Side subway once more to 116th Street because I was teaching a class at Columbia too, and after that . . ."

Now that was the daily routine of Helen Claire, back just a few short years ago. However, a while back Clare Boothe overturned a bottle of vitriol, a play called Kiss the Boys Goodbye poured out, and now Helen Claire doesn't have to ride in subways any more.

She was only on the stage about two minutes that memorable opening night when, without warning, she felt a terrific blow on the back of the neck. Fame, glamor, wealth, Hollywood, acclaim—all of these combined to hit bewildered little Helen at once, but she managed to survive the blow very well indeed and is still taking nourishment nine times a week (matinees—Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday) on the stage of the Henry Miller Theater.

Let's take a look at this gal who's got

(Continued on page 52)

The Girl . . . wears a smart felt sailor and checked wool suit from Hutzler Brothers Co., Baltimore.

The Car . . . is a Chrysler Royal Sedan.

"BALTIMORE GIRL GETS HER MAN!"

"WHEN I first met him, I did everything but faint in his arms at the country club dance! What happened? Nothing! I didn't get him!

"But the first time he drove my new Chrysler, I knew I had him! It wasn't a frail, fainting Victorian he wanted . . . it was a *modern* girl!

"For modern independence of spirit, a Chrysler is the perfect prescription. There's something about the way it takes off down the road that puts a lift in your soul . . . a gleam in your eye. The way a Chrysler conquers a hill makes you perfectly sure you can move a mountain!

"This new Chrysler is big and roomy . . . but it minds like a lamb. It marches into a parking space as if it sensed exactly what you wanted. The gear-shift is on the steering wheel . . . right under your hand. The brakes are Chrysler's *famous* hydraulics . . . and you catch on very quickly that Chrysler engineers have not yet taught the rest of the profession *all* they know about the subject!

"In fact, those Chrysler designers are the most modern-minded of men. Who but they would have thought of making an instrument panel of moulded ivory plastic . . . would have figured out doors that don't have to be slammed to be shut . . . could have achieved Parisian luxury inside of the car and such perfect air-liner streamlining outside!

"If you want a motor car that does more than just get you there . . . if you like spirit, imagination, smartness and finesse . . . *'Be Modern . . . Buy Chrysler!'"*

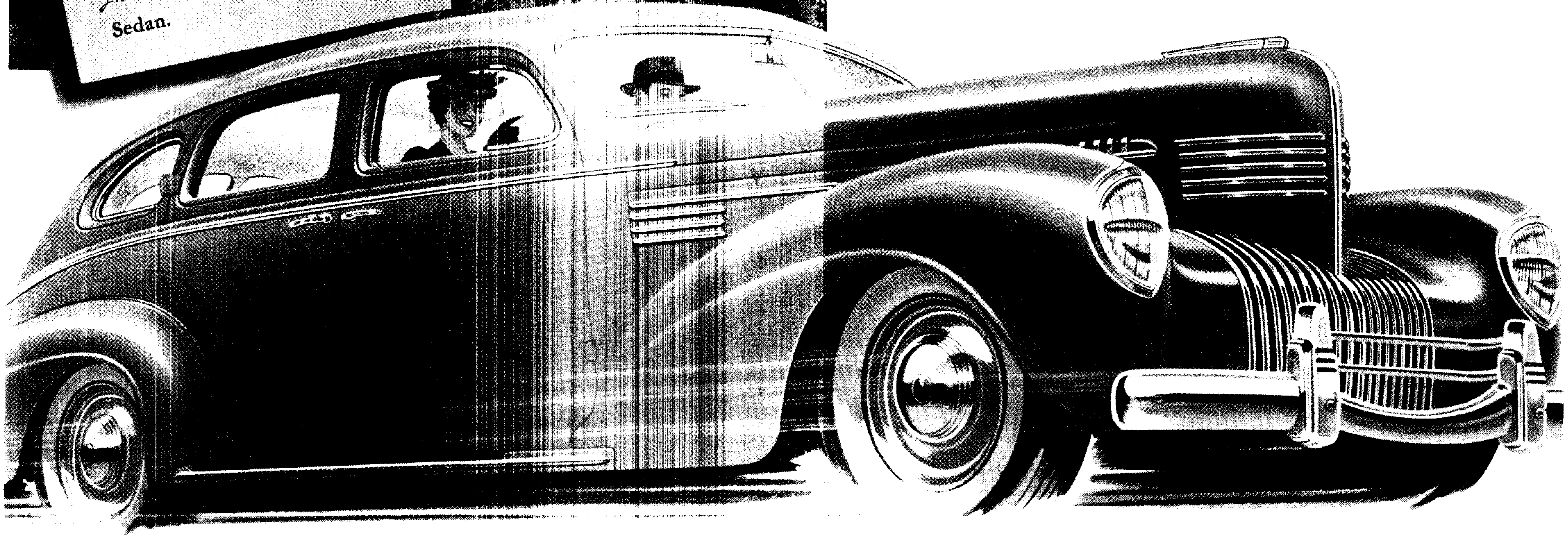
★ ★ ★

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.

1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

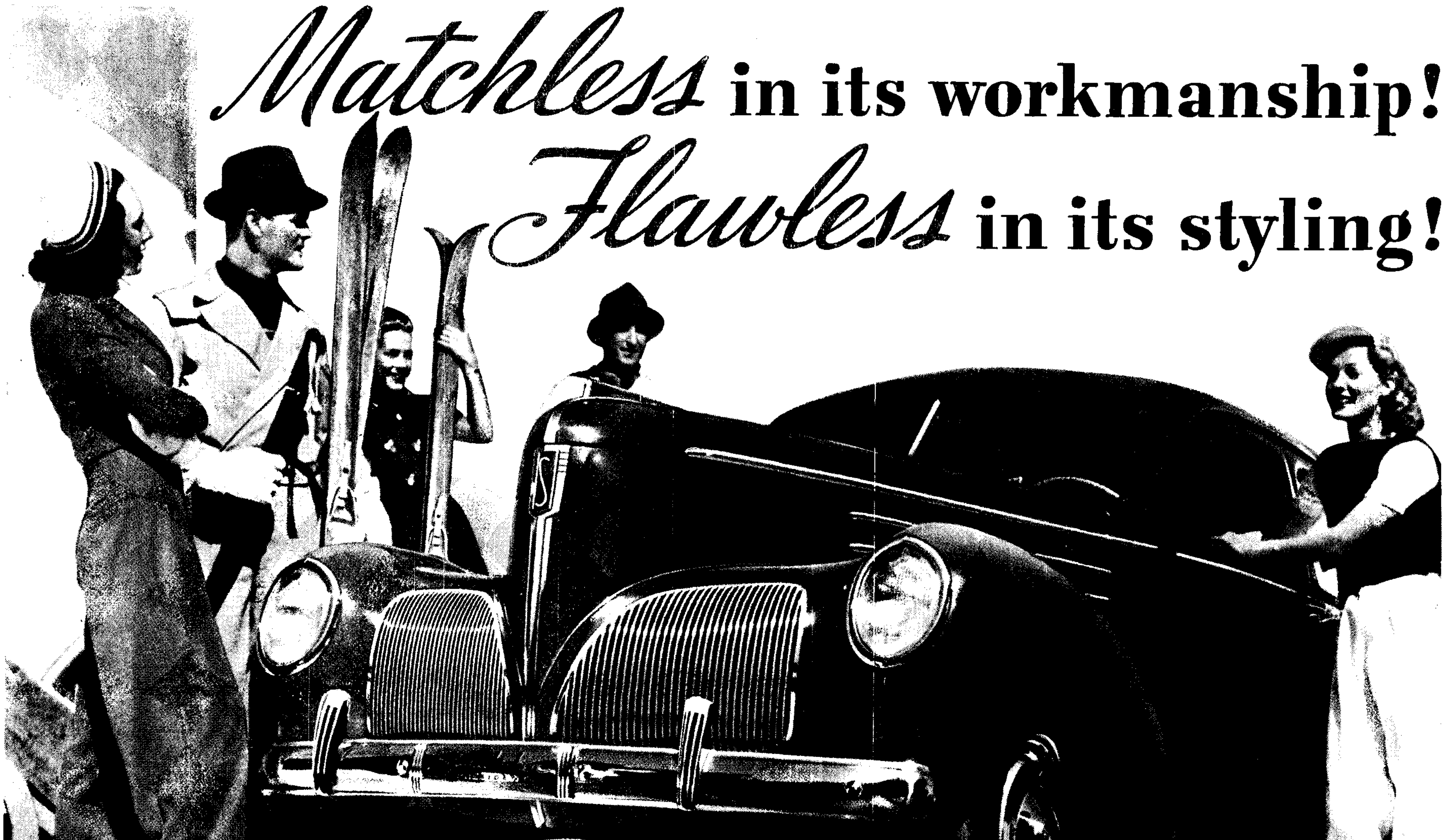
Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

★ TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME.



BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*

Matchless in its workmanship! *Flawless* in its styling!



Fathers and sons build Studebakers! The Studebaker working force of 7,300 solid citizens and long-time residents of South Bend averages 40 years of age. Numbers are fathers and sons like Milton and Edison Shearer pictured.

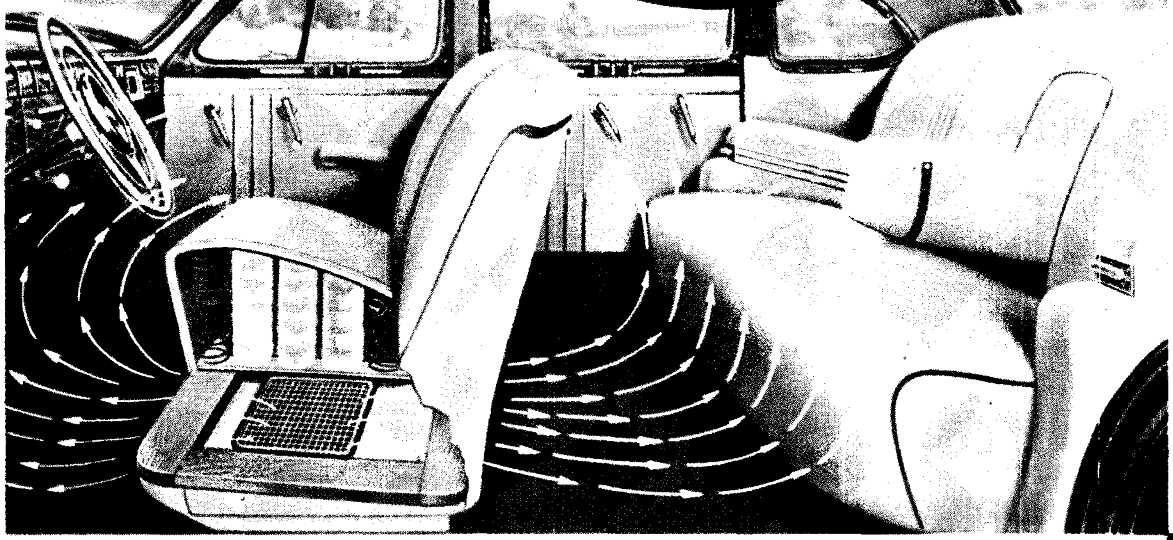
Studebaker's master craftsmen top all former achievements in this great Studebaker of 1939!

YOU don't need two looks at this stunningly beautiful new Studebaker of 1939 to understand why it's selling so sensationally just on its smartness.

But wait till you experience its gas and oil economy and its thrilling performance! Wait till you try its automatic hill holder, non-slam Hancock rotary door latches, steering wheel gear shift lever—and the Miracle Ride its planar wheel suspension assures!

Buy this new Studebaker and you'll get more than a de luxe model at a low standard-model price. You'll get years and thousands of miles more trouble-free service than you expect—thanks to the thoroughness of Studebaker craftsmanship and the advanced engineering that stems from Studebaker's unique independence.

Your present car will cover part, perhaps all the down payment, on easy C.I.T. budget plan terms.



Cut-away view of the luxurious 1939 Studebaker President Sedan showing how the Studebaker Climatizer circulates filtered and heated fresh air

EXCLUSIVE! REVOLUTIONARY!
Studebaker's new Central
CLIMATIZER

The new Climatizer — a central fresh air ventilating and heating system under the front seat and out of the way—takes in fresh air — filters it, heats it and distributes it evenly to front and rear seats. No cold floors — no drafts —no dust—no rain or snow! Available in all 1939 models at small added cost. Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

1939 STUDEBAKER
Priced down close to the lowest

Icebound

Continued from page 11

stick, which splashed the fan's nose in all directions. That merely brought a warrant for the arrest of Nels Stewart on a charge of assault and battery and a claim of $1,200 damages. Nels, who hadn't hit anybody, beat it out the back way, ducked the next game at Minneapolis and returned to Cleveland.

The partisan fans of that league were rabid everywhere, but more so at Duluth when Cleveland came to town. Once they removed horns, batteries, klaxons, sirens and clarion calls from their automobiles and brought them to the game for greater volume in their victory celebration. But not a single volt or ampere was wasted, because Cleveland whitewashed Duluth, 3-0. The fans hurriedly replaced the equipment and surrounded the Cleveland bus. With the players seated comfortably inside, the indignant fans let go with rocks, wrenches, screw drivers, dornicks and sundry missiles considerably heavier than razzberries. They smashed every window in the bus and a few Cleveland heads.

Little wonder that Nels Stewart was tough when he finally answered the lure of a legitimate salary by signing with the Montreal Maroons. He would have turned professional earlier than the fall of 1925, but he couldn't afford the luxury. Salaries and schedules of the National Hockey League, and even the league itself, were abbreviated. Stewart chose to combine amateur skill with professional business acumen and did all right among the small fry.

The owner of the Cleveland team also owned the Lyceum Amusement Park, and Nels' deal to play amateur hockey for 1921-22-23-24 consisted of a salary of $100 weekly, plus the privilege of operating the cigar and cigarette concession at the amusement park during the summers. After turning professional, he paid $3,800 for the same concession through one summer.

Hockey's Biggest Prize

Buttressed by hard-earned experience and a fat bank balance, Nels demanded and received a bonus of $3,000 from the Montreal Maroons, and a two-year contract for $5,000 a season, top money at the time. He earned it all the first year by setting the league afire and leading all the scores, despite 119 minutes in the penalty jug. He paced the Maroons to the league championship, and also to victory over Ottawa for the Stanley Cup when he turned in six goals and an assist.

At the end of two years he signed the largest contract ever placed before a hockey player. There have been bigger single-year documents, but none that guaranteed a player $50,000 for five years, win, lose or draw.

It was Nels Stewart who brought about the most dramatic situation in hockey history eleven years ago. His short, lightning shot, for which he is famed, sent Lorne Chabot to the hospital temporarily blinded, and brought gray-haired Lester Patrick into the nets as a Stanley Cup goalie at the age of forty-four. The Maroons, prime favorites to take the cup, staged the most brutal hockey on record, but were beaten by an inspired team.

They had an unbelievable penalty box record one year when Stewart, Siebert, Noble, Dutton and Punch Broadbent rolled up a total of 556 minutes of calaboose duty for the season. Dimpled Nels led the pack with 133 minutes.

At the end of seven years in Montreal, Stewart was sold to the Boston Bruins where he signed another contract for $10,000. It was worth a thousand more when he converted it into Canadian money. At Boston, Nels found what he regards the ideal partner for his type of "loitering" game. It was Eddie Shore, called by many the greatest of all defense players.

"Whether he is or not," says Stewart, "is a matter of opinion. But for my style, which is crowding the goalie with quick, short shots, Eddie is absolutely tops, a perfect feeder. I scored eighteen goals in that first season at Boston, and seventeen were on passes from Shore."

Tiny Thompson, poison to all players, Stewart included, was the unhappiest of goalies when Nels left Boston for the Americans. Winning the Vezina trophy four times hasn't taught Tiny how to outsmart Old Poison. Now goaling for Detroit, he calls Stewart the most dangerous of all around the nets, for every shot is a surprise. No one has been able to match his quick co-ordination of eye and stick and flying puck, though they all outskate him up and down the rink. Nels leaves the sensational solo flights and attacks to the ginger-and-pep players. His profound success over the years has come through utilizing the man power on either side of him. The last twenty seasons of big-league hockey produced only three scoring champions who could top his total of 34 goals that earned the most-valuable player trophy for 1929-30.

And Never a Broken Bone

At the start of this season his lifetime total stood at 301 and he began adding to it immediately. Little Auriel Joliat was the only player within reach of that mark with 270, but he faded badly at the end of his fourteenth season and retired. Coupled with Stewart's goals were 165 assists, another high. His 800-odd minutes spent in penalty boxes make him the most aggressive forward that the game has ever known.

In a casual meeting you would never figure that Nels Stewart is such an ornery case. Hearing about his bruising past, you wonder how he managed to escape with his Hollywood features intact. But there they are, scarless except for a couple of tiny marks.

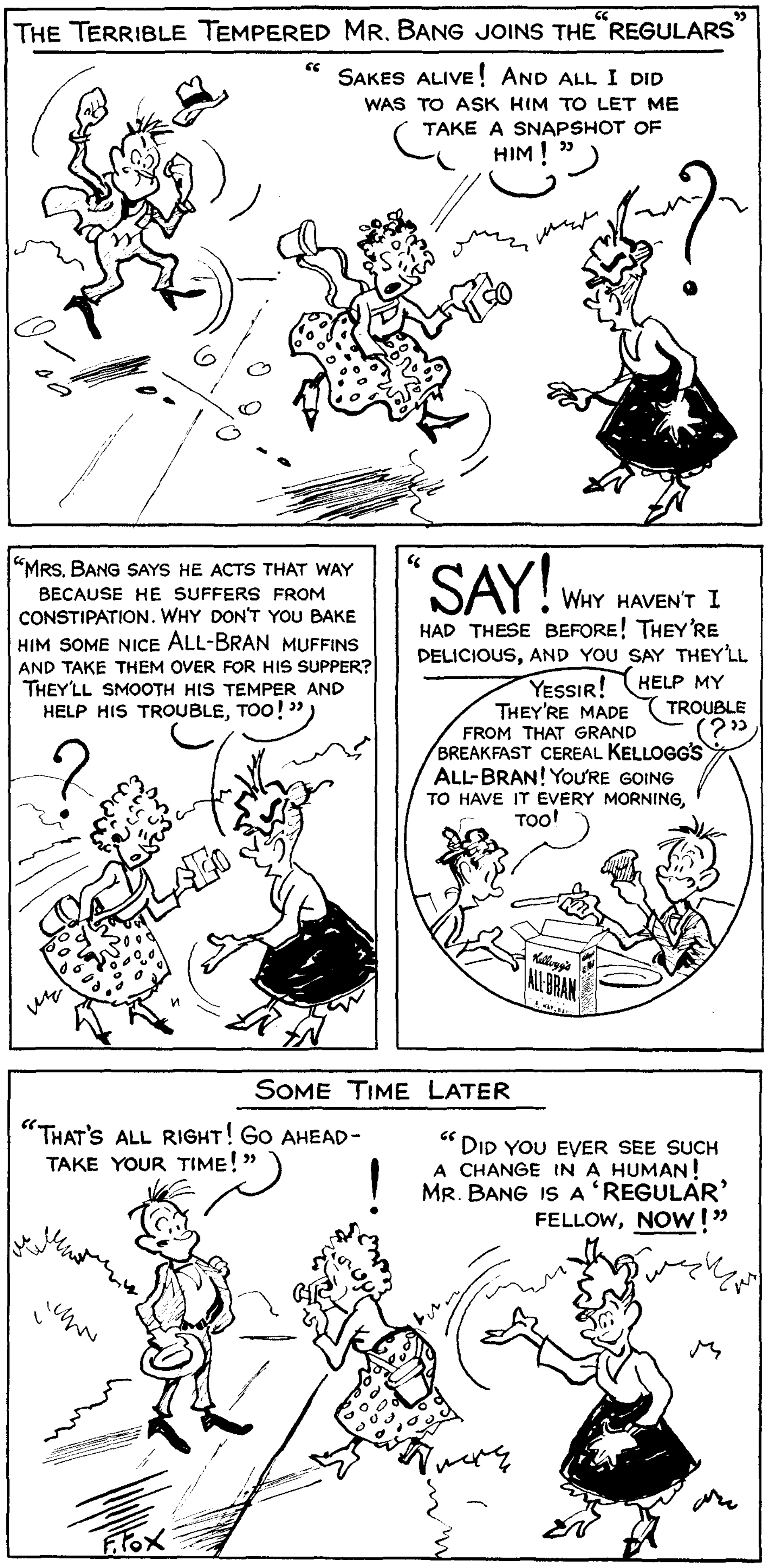
He fools you as he has fooled his mother for a lifetime. She came to New York a few years ago when Nels was scheduled to help Boston hammer the daylights out of the Americans. His wife had a difficult time getting the seventy-year-old mother into the Garden. She was afraid she'd see him hurt.

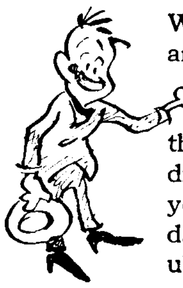
The oldest child threw a kiss to his mother, and then began one of his most homicidal nights on the ice. He took a five-minute major penalty for staging a prolonged fist fight, but winning it, and he spent another five minutes in the calaboose for checking an opponent head over heels out of the rink and onto the concrete floor beyond. But Ma Stewart got her wish; he wasn't hurt.

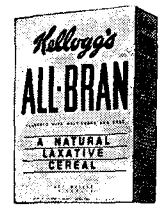
He has never been hurt in twenty years of the toughest play. Cuts and stitches, yes, you can't steer clear of them, but never a broken arm, leg, collarbone, a cracked skull, or any of the tragic smashes that shorten so many careers. All of which is one more reason why hockey looks upon him as having some kind of spell. Obviously it won't last forever, but he's not worrying.

"When I can't put those pucks in," he explains simply, "I'll be the first one to know it, and the first one to tell my pal, Red Dutton. Then, if that oil company is still in business, I'll go to work!"

TOONERVILLE FOLKS —By Fontaine Fox


THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG JOINS THE "REGULARS"
"SAKES ALIVE! AND ALL I DID WAS TO ASK HIM TO LET ME TAKE A SNAPSHOT OF HIM!"
?
"MRS. BANG SAYS HE ACTS THAT WAY BECAUSE HE SUFFERS FROM CONSTIPATION. WHY DON'T YOU BAKE HIM SOME NICE ALL-BRAN MUFFINS AND TAKE THEM OVER FOR HIS SUPPER? THEY'LL SMOOTH HIS TEMPER AND HELP HIS TROUBLE, TOO!"
?
"SAY! WHY HAVEN'T I HAD THESE BEFORE! THEY'RE DELICIOUS, AND YOU SAY THEY'LL HELP MY TROUBLE?"
YESSIR! THEY'RE MADE FROM THAT GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE IT EVERY MORNING, TOO!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOME TIME LATER
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT! GO AHEAD- TAKE YOUR TIME!"
!
"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A CHANGE IN A HUMAN! MR. BANG IS A 'REGULAR' FELLOW, NOW!"
F. FOX





Why let yourself in for those bad days due to constipation—and then have to take emergency medicines—when you can avoid both by getting at the *cause* of the trouble? If your difficulty, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, Kellogg's All-Bran will provide just what you need. Eat this crunchy toasted cereal every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

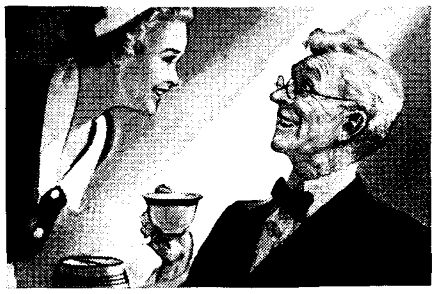
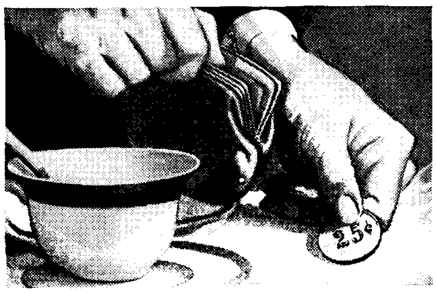
Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

"I was that carried away I left a 25¢ tip!"

1. Afore you say I'm reckless, Sarah, just hear me out. I was down to Albany a spell and what with it bein' the big city and all I just couldn't help lettin' down and havin' coffee, nights after supper.

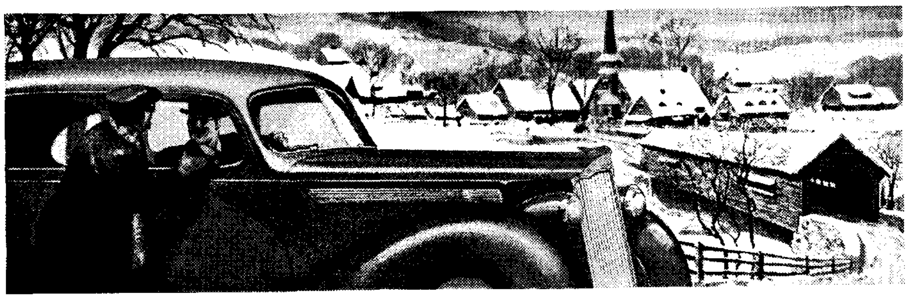
2. Now you know coffee don't take kindly to me. Doc claims I'm one of those unfortunate critters kept awake by the caffein in it. So, naturally, I was havin' Jacob's own time sleepin' nights.

3. Well, this waitress in the dining hall was a home-like lookin' body. So I finally told her my trouble. "You poor lamb," she says, "I'll get you Sanka Coffee, like we serve to lots of folks."

4. "You see, Sanka Coffee has 97% of the caffein *taken out*. So it can't possibly keep you awake." Sounded newfangled, but I reckoned I'd try it. And she brought me as fine a cup of coffee as I'd had in my born days.

5. And cracky! That night I slept like a coon in a hollow log. Came to breakfast frisky as a colt! "Ma'am," I says to the waitress, "Sanka's a bang-up coffee!" And durned if I didn't up and leave her a 25¢ tip!



6. One day I told Doc about it. "Shucks!" he said. "Why didn't *I* think of it? The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "

DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
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SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

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TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences! —Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.

Unwanted

Continued from page 13

with a hurt look. "We don't treat the Jews as badly as you fellows make out. In fact, we have given orders that some of those signs be removed in certain sections during the Christmas holidays. You see," he added triumphantly, "we do have consideration for their feelings. Now why don't you fellows print that instead of atrocity stories?"

Jews unwanted? The Jews in Germany are convinced that no one wants them. America? America has been most volubly indignant about the plight of the German Jews. This has had the effect only of hastening drastic action in Germany. America has been vocally sympathetic but otherwise passive. Overflow meetings in Madison Square Garden have no practical value to the cause of German Jews. That is like putting out a fire by pouring gasoline on it.

They Hope Against Hope

Today the German quota is exactly 27,370. That many Germans are allowed to enter the United States each year. German Jews, of course, are included in this number. The immigration is based on a fiscal year of ten months. Three hundred Germans from Berlin may emigrate each month; three hundred from Hamburg and eleven hundred a month from Stuttgart (which includes the Rhineland and South Germany); seven hundred a month may leave Vienna and its surrounding territory. The remainder of the quota is filled by Germans living in other countries.

At present there are 165,000 applications in the offices of the Consulate General, 65,000 of them in the Berlin office alone. Each morning nearly a thousand German Jews storm the consulate on Bellevue Street, in Berlin. Most of them have paid their various taxes and have been financially liquidated, but still have just enough for passage to America. They have their passports in order and all they need to reach freedom is a United States visa. Merely a little stamped visa on their passport—and yet the consulate is helpless. The quota is long since filled. In the ordinary course of events it will be many years before these German Jews can hope to reach America. Yet, pathetically, they storm the consulate each morning, hoping that regulations have been changed.

Unwanted? Walk among them as they wait to get a hearing at the consulate. Hear their pitiful tales and look at the dumb hopeless misery in their eyes and if you can remain dispassionate and objective in regard to their problem you are made of stone.

Yes, the Jews are unwanted but they are alive, most of them. How long they will remain alive is a moot question.

That there will be some other "spontaneous" uprising on the part of that portion of the German public that wears boots half hidden by long overcoats seems likely. December 3d last was National Solidarity Day in Germany and all Jews were ordered to remain within their homes. At that time it was rumored in Berlin that the S. S. had orders to cut the throats of a few hundred Jews "to teach them a lesson." Nothing happened. Perhaps the rumors were unfounded. Further rumors said that Goering had gone to Hitler with an urgent protest that such stringent measures might be a bit too drastic and that Der Fuehrer had heeded his protests. Rumors are mirages which so often vanish under the light of investigation. Most newspapermen in Berlin (the only people outside of government officials who know what is going on) discredit the rumors of December 3d completely. Most also think that such a happening will in the future get out of the rumor stage and be translated into cold, bloody actuality.

All consulates in Germany made lengthy and complete reports to their governments as to what happened last November 10th. These have not been published but through Solomon Grumbach, member of the French Chamber of Deputies and Foreign Affairs expert of the Socialist party, I attained access to them.

"I believe after studying reports of representatives of France, England, America, Holland, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries," Deputy Grumbach said bluntly, "that the death toll on November 10th mounted into the thousands."

He recounted a few authenticated incidents. In Leipzig a girl who resisted rape was paraded naked through the streets. In Vienna 300 Jews were thrown into prison and ordered to stage a battle royal. Those unwilling combatants who failed to show the proper zeal were dragged out of the crowd and given lessons in slugging. In Dortmund (Ruhr District) a Jew was forced to crawl three miles on his hands and knees. In Leipzig forty Jews were forced to stand in a sewer up to their armpits in filth. On the Lehninstrasse, the workers' quarter of Berlin, a Jew of 75 was knocked down and trampled to death. Several hundred Jewish orphan children were chased from their asylum at Caputh near Berlin. They ran into a near-by forest. In Nuremberg a Jew trying to defend himself produced a passport with an American visa. He was accused of going to America only to spread propaganda. His throat was cut.

Of course acts of terror and violence that occurred in small towns or rural districts where there are no representatives of foreign governments were not reported. It will never be known how many were killed but a hint might be taken from the fact that of the 300 refugee children I saw at Dovercourt, less than ten per cent knew where their parents were.

Herr Streicher's Remedy

There are roughly 600,000 Jews left in Germany. This is the opinion of men who have been trying to get at the exact number. It is impossible to say with any degree of accuracy what is going to happen to them.

Julius Streicher, powerful publisher of Der Stuermer and Jew Hater No. 1, recently gave a hint as to what may happen to them. At a press gathering in Berlin, Streicher told newspapermen his version of the Biblical story of the flight of the Jews to the Red Sea and how the waters opened and they crossed safely.

"That is Jewish propaganda," Streicher roared. "What happened was that the people drove the Jews into the sea and all were drowned. That perhaps is our remedy too—to drive them into the sea."

Thirty newspapermen heard Streicher say this. Of course, Streicher is a madman but he is powerful. He has more influence with Hitler than Goebbels has and about as much as Goering. The pogrom, the complete pogrom, is coming. Perhaps it will take place before this is printed.

Until a month ago the German Jew was at least fed. He wasn't fed well, but he did manage to get enough food to maintain life. There were a great

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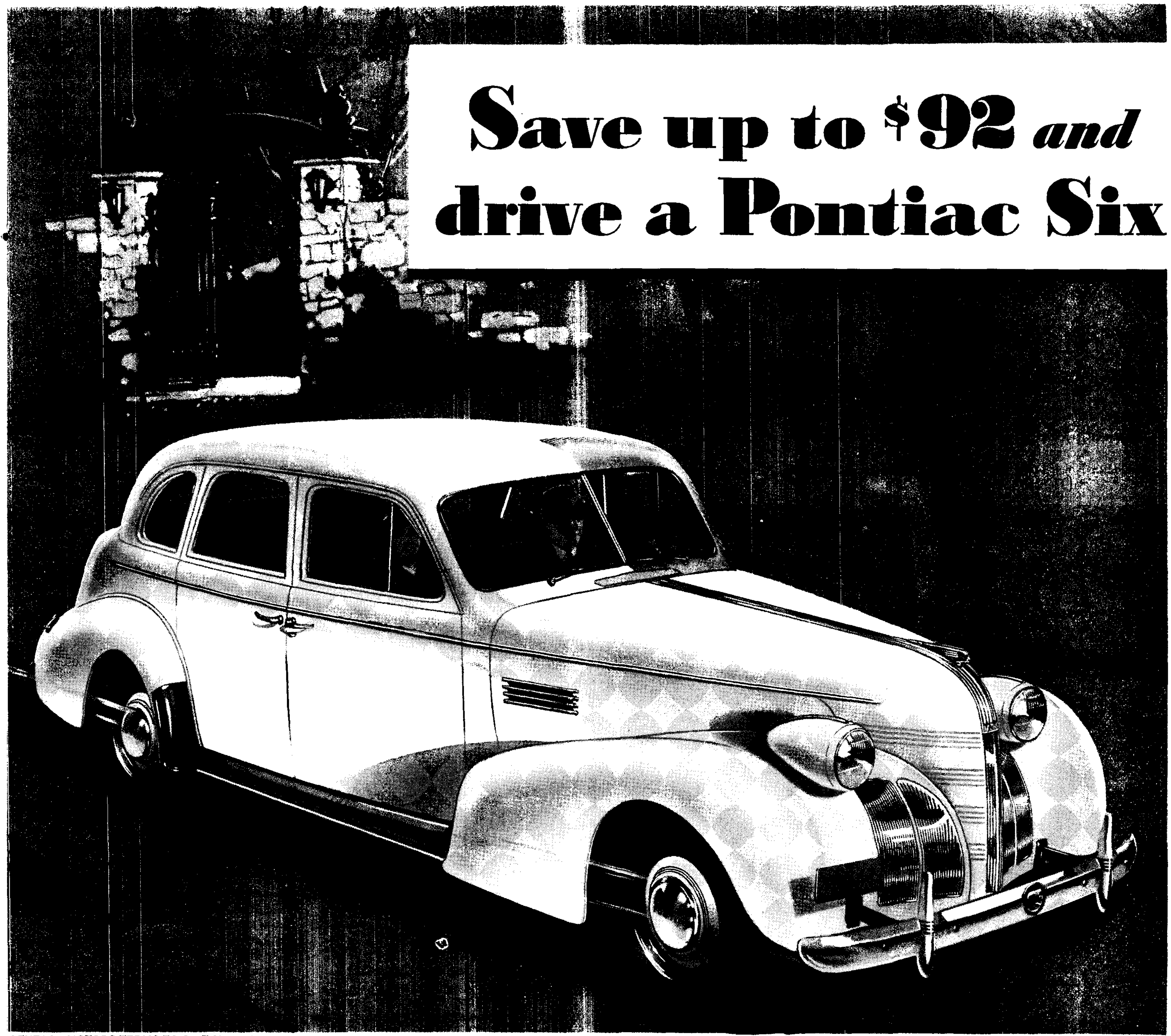

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Attack a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica

THE MRS.: Kerchoo! I'm catching cold, kerchoo! It would be just my luck, after all these months of training, to be sick in bed the day I'm to ride in the Horse Show.

THE MR.: Not if I can help it. You're going right in and take my double-quick remedy—Sal Hepatica.

THE MRS.: Double-quick? You mean—Sal Hepatica helps fast?

THE MR.: It acts fast—two ways. First, as a laxative, it's gentle yet speedy—and speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, it helps Nature to counteract the acidity that very often accompanies a cold. So drink up!

THE MR.: Sa-ay! The way you're taking ribbons and cups, we'll have to build a trophy room! I certainly married a wonder!

THE MRS.: You mean *I* did! If my wonderful husband hadn't known that Sal Hepatica helps attack a cold in a hurry, where do you suppose I'd be?

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IT ALSO HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY
SAL HEPATICA fights a cold fast—two ways.
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many Jewish relief organizations that furnished food and clothing to destitute families. These were entirely supported by German Jews who had some money. They gave richly of what they had. Typical of these organizations was the Hilfsverein on Ludendorf Street in Berlin. Here between four and five thousand pitiful, poverty-stricken men, women and children would gather each morning to receive food. It wasn't pleasant to watch them. It wasn't pleasant to see the haunted look in their eyes and to see the hollow cheeks of their children. They were strangely uncomplaining. They would only shrug hopeless shoulders when you talked to them.

Then came what amounted to the confiscation of all Jewish private property following the killing of vom Rath in Paris. Jews who had supplied money to feed their people now found themselves without funds. Their money was taken from them, their chances of earning a living vanished overnight, and they had no place to turn. Today thousands of them are literally starving. That is an unpleasant way to die.

Who is next? Once the Jews are completely liquidated Hitler will need another whipping boy. The Catholics are at hand and made to order. Hitler really hasn't gone to work on them as yet for a rather complex reason. Every outrage committed in the Third Reich under official auspices is committed under the guise of legality. The confication of Jewish property and life was achieved through what passes for law in Germany.

To date the Concordat arranged with the Vatican in 1933 has been the stumbling block. This guaranteed Catholics in Germany certain rights. However, it is an open secret in Berlin that Reich lawyers have for a long time been studying the Concordat with a view to invalidating it. Not long ago Der Angriff, the newspaper owned by Goebbels and the Labor Front, published an article about relations between Germany and the Vatican.

"The same Pope who is preaching open enmity toward the Reich," the story stated, "considers himself the legal supervising proprietor of the Catholic Church's entire property in Germany. Therefore, we tackle a question which, although not yet ripe for judicial analysis, is gradually ripening for political discussion."

And Now for the Catholics

Of course strong measures have already been taken against Catholics in the Sudetenland. The Czech Social Democrats were all Catholics. It was they who so strenuously opposed the annexation of that part of Czechoslovakia in which they lived. Today some 4,000 of them are in exactly the same position as the Jews are in Germany. A great many were executed summarily immediately following German occupation. Hundreds were thrown into prison and all privileges except the doubtful one of being able to breathe the air were taken from them. Their property was confiscated and today they hide in the forests, hunted like animals. The Germans say suavely, "The fact that these men are Catholics is incidental. They are enemies of the state and have committed treason."

Yes, the time is coming when Catholics in Germany (there are about twenty-eight million of them) will be faced with the same problems the Jews face today. The recent issue of a magazine called "Periodical of the Academy for German Justice" carried an article by Dr. Werner Weber, Germany's leading legal light, which discussed the Concordat and which came to the conclusion that "the Reich Concordat has undergone a shrinking process." It is perhaps a question of months when the legal department of the Reich will issue a solemn decree invalidating the Concordat, clothing its invalidation in legal phraseology which to the lay mind will seem quite convincing. Then Hitler can proceed "legally" against the Catholic Church. First, all church property will be confiscated. Private property of clergymen will go next and eventually the Catholic laymen will be stripped of their goods. Unbiased observers in Berlin think this inevitable.

Working from Within

Already the Catholic youth is in the process of being weaned away from the church. Every child in Germany wants to belong to one of the various Hitler Youth organizations. These are to German children as attractive as the Boy Scouts are to American children. Now, part of the activities of these organizations are long marches into the country on Sundays. The youngsters dress proudly in black uniforms, march in military fashion, singing the Horst Wessel song, copying older lads who wear Storm Trooper uniforms. They listen to propaganda speeches by party members and it isn't long before they look upon Hitler as a deity. Sunday school? Well, that comes on Sunday morning, too, so it has to be neglected. If a boy doesn't march with his little group on Sunday he is evicted from the organization. He loses face with his fellows; he is an outcast. Parents knowing this reluctantly allow their children to miss Sunday school. Dragons' teeth are being sown, fertilized by the Rosenberg philosophy, and when they sprout a few short years hence these lads will be full-fledged Germans of the Third Reich, believing only in the holy Nazi trinity of "One Folk, One Reich, One Fuehrer." There is no place for God in the Third Reich.

Another thing that has stayed the hands of the government is the well-concealed hope that Cardinal Karl Joseph Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne, will be the next Pope. A very well-founded report too widespread and coming from authority too respected to be dismissed lightly, has it that a private straw vote among European Cardinals indicated that had the Pope died during his serious heart attack of last November Cardinal Schulte would have lacked only four votes of being elected to the Vatican. It must be remembered that Mussolini still has considerable influence among the many Italian Cardinals and he obviously wants a Pope friendly to Fascism. Pressure is being brought upon Pope Pius the Eleventh to appoint to the vacancies prelates known to be violently anti-Communist, the hope being that they will adopt Fascism as the greatest weapon that can be used against Communism. It will follow that a Pope should be elected who is on record as being violently opposed to Communism and at least on cordial terms with Fascism. Cardinal Schulte fills the bill.

If this comes to pass the drive against German Catholics may be indefinitely postponed. It is a contingency not too remote to be ignored, although Catholics in general will, I know, laugh at it.

Today the Jew in Germany is a hunted, tortured soul. Hate has ascended from the pavements like a pestilence and it whirls about him twenty-four hours a day. He has only one weapon to use against it—his faith in the God of his fathers. He has lost everything else but that. He is unwanted. Sometimes he must think that even the Supreme Being he has worshiped has deserted him. He must wonder whether when he reaches the celestial gates he will see a sign crying out "*Juden unerwuenscht.*"

Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 19

fanity, but there was less power in his voice, and Alan said to Judith, "Gene won't dare to leave the kitchen. He's waiting for us to make the next move."

Still watching the doorway, Alan edged backward and dragged out the chairs that had been brought into the basement for himself and Judith. He placed them close together, so that they could both watch the doorway. He said, "Might as well be comfortable. We'll think better that way."

With physical relaxation, there came a mental letdown. And they were thinking approximately the same thing: "Chin up. Morale mustn't go bust now."

Alan said, not without lightness: "Well, here we are—but where are we?"

"Looks like a basement to me." Then her fingers closed around his left hand. They were hot, eager fingers and Judith said, "I'd like to tell you . . ."

"Don't," he advised. "We mustn't get serious about this. It's much too serious for that."

THEY relapsed into silence. It was so difficult to put up a front, so difficult to pretend to be gay and bright and cheerful . . . when they were young and bewildered and desperately afraid. The first move had worked so well, and the second seemed so impossible. Alan heard Judith whispering:

"Talk it out, Alan. We might as well face facts together."

He laughed shortly. "It doesn't add up to very much, does it?"

"I was thinking the same thing. But you're only half right."

"Which half?"

"Jules is out of the picture. Carter must be pretty badly hurt. You've got a gun."

"And," finished Alan tensely, "that door at the head of the steps is open. Gene won't dare to come near it."

A new fear assailed her. "Alan! You won't . . ."

"Are we playing fifty-fifty, sweetheart?"

"You don't have to ask that."

"You invited me to talk things out . . . but should I?"

"I've done pretty well so far, haven't I, dear?"

"You've been marvelous, Judith . . . and I love you."

He rose suddenly, and pulled her to her feet. He put his arms about her, and tilted her face back. And then, for a long time they stood there—one shadow in the night. It was magic—that moment, because fear became only a secondary emotion. It was she who pulled away, she who said tremblingly, "We mustn't."

"Why?"

"It'll get to mean too much to us, Alan. We mustn't let ourselves get frightened all over again."

"You're right. But you do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes. I believe you." Her voice broke. "Oh, Alan—do you think we can get out of here?"

He said, "We must."

They were silent for a long time. Occasionally they were tantalized by the sound of a passing car. Odd to know that motorists were driving casually past this place, and that they were so helpless to signal for help. And they heard voices from upstairs, though they couldn't distinguish words. They could hear Gene, apparently trying to soothe Joe Carter, and Joe's profanity was weaker, and no longer distinguishable, except as a monotone, and they both hoped that he was seriously wounded. And it didn't strike them as odd that they should think that way.

Then Judith heard Alan speaking. His lips were close to her ear, and he said triumphantly, "I've figured it out, Judith. Our one chance."

She said, "What is it, dear?"

"I've been summing up the odds for and against. And between now and dawn we have one advantage that Gene Lyons hasn't."

"What?"

"We control light and darkness."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Yes. I mean just that. And, please, darling—don't try to dissuade me. If we wait too long—we're sunk. And we mustn't be sunk, dear. It means too much to both of us."

Her courage matched his. She said, "Tell me about it, Alan."

"Have you ever been in a dark room, and had the lights suddenly flash on? Do you remember how it blinded you?"

"Yes . . . of course. . . ."

"That's our ace in the hole. Now listen carefully: You're going over to that fuse box where the switch is. I'm going to sneak up to the head of the stairs. I can tell from the voices of Gene and Joe Carter approximately where they are. When I'm near the top of the steps. I'm going to snap my fingers. As I do—you'll throw the switch. The lights will flash on."

She said, "They'll blind you, too."

"But not as much as they'll blind Gene—and Carter, if he's still to be figured in. Because, Judith—I won't be surprised, and they will."

"And then . . . ?"

"I've got to take the chance. I can shoot first—and probably accurately, because it'll be close range. But my main idea is to make a break for the door: to get away. Once I'm outside this house I can hide in the woods until a car—or a highway cop—comes along." His arm was about her waist. "I know all the things you're thinking, sweetheart: that my plan is desperate and dangerous, and that the odds are against us. I concede all of that . . . and I still say it's our only chance. Won't you trail along with me?"

IT TOOK courage to do what Judith did. She pressed her lips against his cheek and said quietly, "Of course I will, Alan. I know you'll put it over."

"Atta gal! I'm proud of you. I always will be."

"Always . . ." she said, and permitted herself no more doubt. It wasn't safe to be frightened now. Alan needed all the extra strength she could give him. She said valiantly: "One kiss, Alan. Just a light one . . . to last until later."

He kissed her. Then they groped through the blackness to the fuse box and he guided her hand to the switch and explained what she was to do when he snapped his fingers. He said, "Au 'voir, darling," and she heard him tiptoeing away—toward the steps—toward the rectangle of light that marked the entrance to the kitchen. Toward the room where Gene Lyons waited.

The ascent of that stairway was a slow, tortuous process. Alan tested every board carefully before putting his weight on it. Even so they seemed to creak, as though to warn Gene that something was about to happen.

Alan's nerves were steady. He concentrated on the task in hand. He stared at the patch of moonlight which filtered in through the window in the effort to accustom his eyes as much as possible to the light that was about to blaze on.

Three steps from the top. Now two

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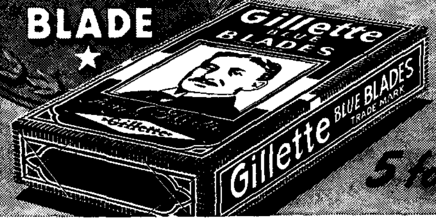

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steps. He heard Carter groaning weakly. He heard Gene Lyons mutter something. That, he reflected, was a good break. He knew just where to look for them—over to the right of the door through which he would enter the kitchen. He could fire in that direction, and make his break for the outside.

He drew a deep breath and said to himself, "Now!" And then he snapped his fingers.

The glare was instant and blinding. He thought he heard a startled exclamation from Gene Lyons, but he was moving too fast to be sure.

Half blinded himself by the light, he leaped into the kitchen. He saw Gene rising to his feet. He saw another figure stretched out on the floor near the sink.

Alan raised his gun and fired. He didn't slacken speed. He wrenched the kitchen door open and was outside.

Then another shot cracked through the room, and he heard the ping of the bullet as it struck the frame of the door. Alan felt the ground under his feet and he leaped for the shelter of some shrubbery a few yards distant.

He didn't look backward. He didn't have to—to guess what was happening. He didn't even find time to wonder whether he had hit Gene.

But he did know this: That Gene would think fast. Gene would understand the plan, and would follow. He had to follow. He had to take any chance to keep Alan from getting away.

It wasn't far from the little back porch to the line of scraggly shrubbery, but the distance seemed endless. And because he was moving so fast, Alan did not see Gene step from the house to the ground, take careful aim . . . and fire.

Alan heard the bark of the gun at the instant that he made his final leap for cover.

He heard the bark of the gun, and he felt a sudden biting pain in his left shoulder.

He dropped flat behind the bushes.

JUDITH thought, "Be brave," and then she thought, "It's so silly to tell yourself that when you're scared to death."

It had seemed to her that Alan would never reach the top of those steps, never give the signal. Seconds were like minutes, minutes like hours. Then—

She had thrown the switch firmly, and —half blinded by the sudden glare—she had listened, tensely and fearfully. Running feet, a shot, the slam of a door, another shot, a yell from Gene Lyons. Then—silence.

She strained her ears for some sound from upstairs, from outside; any faintest little noise that might give her some clue as to what had happened. Once she thought she detected the sound of a wounded man dragging himself across the kitchen floor. But she wasn't even certain of that.

Standing there—alone—in the glare, was more of a strain than being in the dark. Her body was rigid; her fingers were cold. The sound of her own feet scraping against the dirty concrete floor was startlingly loud; the door through which Alan had made his sortie gaped open—an invitation and a warning.

Clear, sane thoughts; crazy, mad thoughts—chased one another through her brain. Her greatest fear was for Alan. Sheer logic helped her to believe that he had made the first break safely, else Gene would have returned instantly to the house. She knew he hadn't done that. So perhaps he was searching for Alan in the blackness outside.

She looked down at the motionless figure of Jules Everett, and for the first time saw the nasty gash in his head where Alan had struck him with the butt of his own revolver. Alan had been magnificent in this emergency.

She looked with some curiosity at the bonds that held Jules. The job had been crudely but effectively done. Judith wondered whether Jules was dead. She felt a definite sympathy for this queer, lanky individual. He had seemed so friendly, so regretful of his role. She moved his inert figure slightly so that it appeared to be more comfortable. Jules did not open his eyes, but she saw that he was breathing. She remembered technical words she had heard: "concussion," "fracture." . . . Oddly enough, the sight of the injured man steadied her. She tried to analyze that, and conceded that it didn't make sense. But she knew it was true.

She tried to think. To think of anything. Anything to keep herself from becoming jittery. She thought of Martha Hastings and of big Jim Terry; she wondered what they were thinking—whether they had missed her. But no—they couldn't have missed her yet. Things had happened with incredible speed, but the hands of the clock had not traveled far. It was the same night, only a few hours advanced.

She thought of the big house that was hers and of Jenkins and Nuit d'Amour. She thought of Angel Fremont, who had known too much and been too loyal. She thought of evenings with Alan. She thought of everything except the danger of the moment. She dared not think of that, not when she was committed to a course of inaction.

Beginning Next Week

A NEW NOVEL BY

George F. Worts

A modern romance that was haunted by the specter of murder accomplished and the menace of murder to come

Watch for

The Green Angel

Uncertainty was more terrifying than tangible menace. The fear of what might be happening, of what might already have happened. Alan might have gotten away safely. . . . Gene might be pursuing him. But again she thought she heard someone moving outside. Not Alan certainly. That would be Gene, and his nearness would indicate that Alan was close at hand, and that Gene knew it. "Steady, Judith," she warned herself, "keep your courage up."

THE minutes dragged. No sound from inside or outside that she could identify, save an occasional groan from Joe Carter upstairs. He wasn't moving. Just lying there groaning. His moans were growing weaker.

She walked up and down for a few seconds, then stopped because her feet made a noise on the basement floor, and she was afraid she might fail to hear something from outside. She stood motionless until her whole body ached.

Her mind was working more clearly now. Emotion was being supplanted by cold, analytic intelligence. She didn't believe that Gene or Alan could be near the house. She was sure, then, that Alan had not escaped. He was trapped somewhere, perhaps, being watched by Gene—who didn't dare to advance against the gun that he knew Alan carried. It was only a theory, but it was logical. And if it was true, she realized that they might remain that way all the rest of the night, until daybreak rendered Alan vulnerable. The arrival of Chuck Watson at nine o'clock would mark the end of things.

The thought came to her clearly, and she accepted it without argument: "I've got to do something."

She wasn't afraid. Or if she was, her fears were not for herself. She knew precisely what she was going to attempt. The fingers with which she fished her car key out of her bag did not tremble.

Quietly and steadily she moved to the wall near the storm-door entrance. She reached up and pulled the switch. Darkness again. Velvet darkness, which somehow was not unwelcome. Maybe Alan would see that from wherever he was—maybe the blotting out of light would signal him that she was about to do something. And then she thought, "And it may signal Gene Lyons the same thing." But that didn't matter.

She moved cautiously up the stairs toward the rectangle of pale light that marked the door leading into the kitchen. Her nerves were amazingly steady, her senses alert. She recognized the danger of Joe Carter, but Joe had lain so still for so long that she minimized this menace.

SHE knew the location of the back door with relation to the cellar. She paused on the top step, drew a deep breath, and darted across the kitchen. Then she was outside, and there had been no cry from Carter, and no shot. She closed the door leading from the porch and flattened herself against the side of the house.

Nothing. A placid, not unpretty countryside, a moon that was fading, an almost overpowering odor of lilacs from a bush that afforded her concealment and a chance to get her bearings. No sign of Alan. No sign of Gene Lyons.

She could see the back of her car—still standing where she had parked it in front of the refreshment shack. She'd have to run for it; to run across the cleared space between the house and the hamburger stand. But that was just another danger in a night that had been so full of risk that one lost all sense of values. She said, "Here goes."

She ran silently, and as swiftly as she could. Tonight distances seemed as long as time, and time was interminable. She was halfway across the cleared space; three-quarters of the way across. . . .

The revolver shot that split the night sounded like the roar of a cannon. It crashed against her eardrums, and she imagined that she heard the *zzzzing-plop!* of the bullet as it struck the refreshment stand. She thought, "Missed me!" and she ran faster than she knew.

Then, sharply, there was another shot, and this time she did not even think that she heard the bullet. She circled her car, ripped open the door and threw herself beneath the wheel. She fitted the key and snapped the ignition switch with a single deft motion; she pulled the choke way out, pressed the starter and sighed with relief as the motor roared. She jammed her foot down on the accelerator, and pushed the choke part way in to make sure that the motor would not stall.

She threw the gear lever into low, and let the clutch pedal back. The car leaped ahead as she jerked violently on the steering wheel. She felt her bumper graze the hamburger stand, and then the car roared into the road. She shifted to second and shoved the accelerator down to the floor, not pausing to shift into high until she was well away.

HENNESSY
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COGNAC BRANDY

Recipe for winter evenings: (1) after dinner, draw up an easy chair before the fire; (2) forget the cares and worries of the day, for a contented mind aids digestion; (3) relax with a pony of Three-Star Hennessy, with (4) a dash of gratitude to the gallant Irish captain who, almost two centuries ago, settled in France and gave the world the Cognac Brandy that has carried the Hennessy name around the world . . . the brandy whose quality, bouquet and "clean" taste make it the preferred after-dinner liqueur.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

84 PROOF

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Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France
JAS HENNESSY & CO Established 1765

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"I'm one of the grapefruit juice minute men"

Delicious grapefruit juice with that "Florida tang"—ready in less than one minute by your watch—is what you get in cans nowadays from the folks down in Florida.

What a grand start-off it is for breakfast or any other meal. And it gives real wintertime protection against colds because this luscious juice is loaded with vitamins and minerals. Try it as an afternoon pick-up or bedtime "alkalizer" and see how good you feel!

And don't forget you can now get *real* orange juice in cans, too—if you ask for the Florida kind!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

FLORIDA CANNED grapefruit JUICE

Look for the word "FLORIDA" on the can if you want the best

The distance between her car and the house widened. Not until then did she shift into high. The wind whipped against her cheeks, and she dared not look at the speedometer. Her headlights were blazing, projecting twin shafts of brilliance into the night. She drove as fast as the car would travel. She knew approximately where she was; she felt sure that there must be a town not too far ahead.

It was a mad, crazy drive; and she controlled her car with steady hand, firm foot and eyes that never left the white line bisecting the concrete highway. And then there were houses and more houses. She whirled around a long bend in the road and roared over the crest of a hill. There was a town stretched below her, and she raced toward it.

NOT until she was actually inside the town limits did she slacken pace. She was still doing better than fifty when the shrill blast of a policeman's whistle signaled her down. She jerked to a halt, and he was beside her car, blustering and indignant. She talked then: briefly and fast. He leaped into the car beside her and said, "Okay, sister." He jerked his thumb to the right. "Headquarters half a block away—where those two green lights are."

Things happened swiftly then. She had a vague recollection of a grizzled desk sergeant who wore shell-rimmed spectacles, and of uniformed men milling around and then dashing off madly somewhere. She heard someone telling her to stay where she was, and remembered saying, "I'm going with you," and then she was back at the wheel of her car as two motorcycles roared out of the parking space behind headquarters and shot away into the night. Her policeman was beside her again, and he said, "You've got nerve, sister."

"I haven't time to be afraid."

"Motorcycles'll get there ahead of us. Squad car comin' behind."

She heard the squad car, its siren screaming, its ruby headlights making blood spots in the darkness. She drove recklessly, ignoring the plaint of her companion, "Ain't no use committin' suicide, is there?"

Now that she had done all that she could—reaction was setting in. She had escaped, had found help . . . so that now she dared to think, dared to confess that she was frightened.

Those two shots as she had fled to her car! There may have been other shots later. She had a horrid premonition that Alan was not safe, that her efforts had been unavailing. But even in this moment when she confessed fear, she dared not think of what it would mean to her if Alan were dead. That was a thought that made the moment too significant; the price of success or failure too great.

And now they were on the long, straight stretch at the end of which stood the somber gray house. The motorcycles were not far ahead, the squad car not far behind.

Closer then, and closer. And suddenly her fingers stiffened as she saw something.

Another car roared out from behind the house. It hit the highway with lights out, and fled away from them. That was Gene, of course; Gene, who must have heard the police sirens, and who was escaping in Jules Everett's car.

She had the awful feeling that Gene was not alone. That Alan might be with him—a prisoner. She thought, "I've got to warn them. If they shoot at that car and Alan's in it. . . ."

But she couldn't warn the motorcycles. They were roaring on even faster, their exhausts spitting flames. She said to her companion, "This is the place. Maybe he's here."

"Okay." The policeman had his gun out.

Brakes screeched as Judith clamped down on them. The car skidded to a halt, almost pitching the policeman against the windshield. He leaped out as the car stopped, and moved toward the highway to signal the onrushing squad car. Over his shoulder he commented, "No matter what happens now, it won't be no worse'n your drivin'."

The squad car screeched, too, as it halted. The policeman said something and made gestures. Two men hopped out of the car, revolvers in hand. Then the police car raced away after the two motorcycles and the car Gene Lyons was driving.

Judith's companion was talking to the other policemen, explaining things, as they approached the house. They said, "You keep out of sight, sister," but she didn't keep out of sight. She was with them when they entered the house, casting bright circles on walls and floors with their flashlights. They found Joe Carter, unconscious. They moved to the cellar steps and descended cautiously.

Jules Everett had vanished. The ropes that had bound him were still there. Judith was thinking clearly: "Of course. It was Jules' car. Gene had to get the keys from him."

No sign of Alan. Again the awful fear that he, too, was with Gene. She threw the light switch again, so that once more the house was illuminated. They ran upstairs and through the back door—she and her policeman friend—while the other two men went upstairs to search.

The policeman circled the house, but Judith moved straight ahead. She remembered the two shots that had been fired as she had dashed for help. She knew approximately from where the sound had come. She stumbled through the underbrush.

And then she tripped over something that sprawled on the ground and yielded to her feet. The figure of a man.

Her cry echoed sharply, and she heard the policeman start toward her, running, and asking, "What's the matter?"

Her own voice was freighted with terror.

"It's Alan," she said. "I think he's dead."

NUIT D'AMOUR stared intently at Judith. She returned his interested gaze and said, "All right, Snitch—you've read my mind—so what?"

Snitch gave vent to a yelp and bounced into her lap where he proceeded to make himself comfortable. She stroked him affectionately and said, "Spring is in the air, Snitch. And there's nothing ahead of us but a lot of future."

The mongrel agreed ecstatically with Judith's pronouncement. He seemed to sense that on this bright morning things were different; perhaps because the servants had been unusually busy around the big house, perhaps because only yesterday Martha Hastings had returned to her apartment to live, perhaps because his own minor offenses were being treated with abundant tolerance by both his mistress and the customarily stern Jenkins.

The telephone rang, and Judith answered. She said, "Hello."

A masculine voice came from the other end:

"Mrs. Hughes?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Metropolitan Escort Bureau speaking."

"Alan!" Her eyes were wide and bright. "Where are you?"

"At the office, darling—and what an office."

"But they said they wouldn't let you out of the hospital before noon, and—"

"The doctor came early, changed the dressing, decorated my shoulder with some brand-new adhesive, and kicked me out. I'm hard at work, carving a niche for myself or words to that effect." His voice became more serious. "It's marvelous, sweetheart. As a selector and decorator of offices, you're the world's champion."

"I followed your instructions. . . ."

"YOU certainly did. If you'd gone lavish on me, I'd have slapped you down." Alan was gay. "This bureau, lady, is small but discreet. We don't go in much for show, because our capital is limited . . . but we give service. Come up and see us sometime."

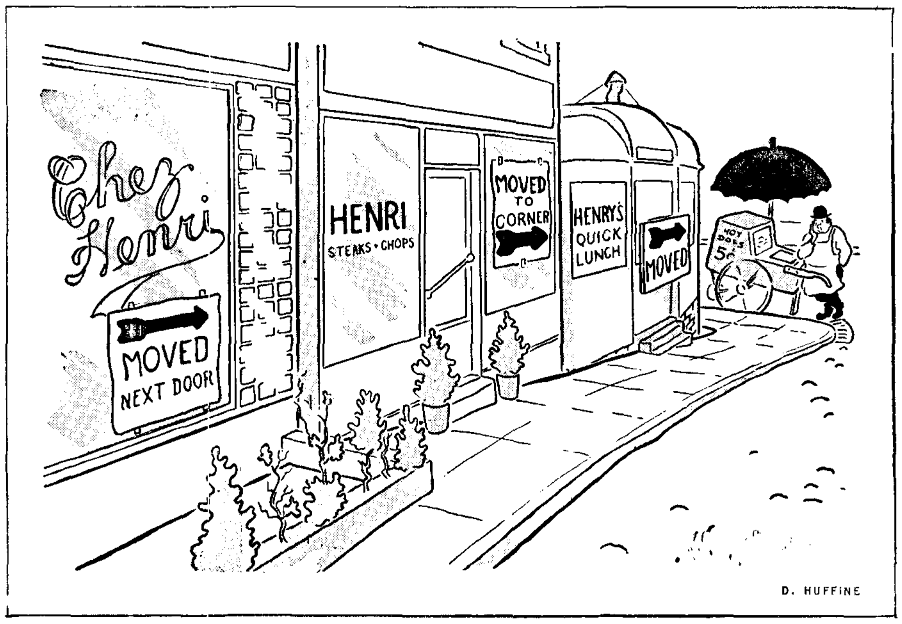
"How are you feeling, Alan?"

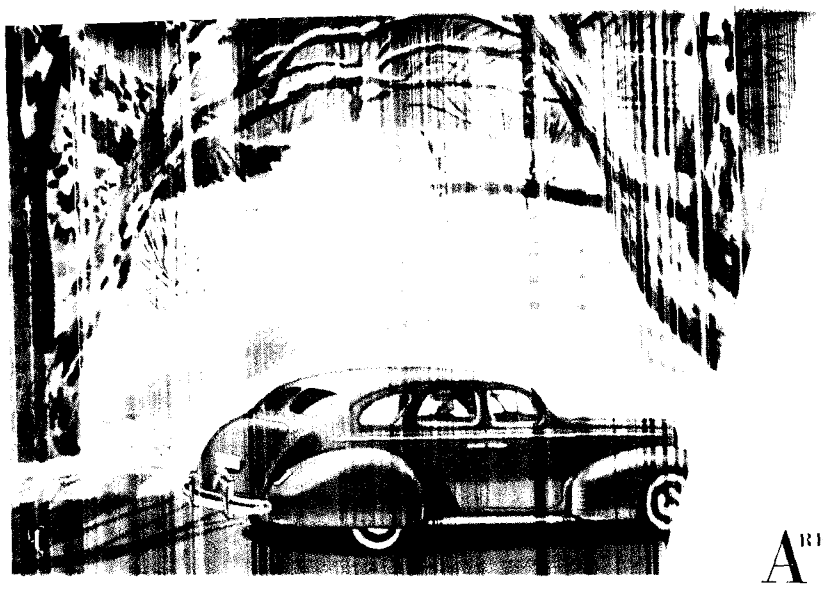
"Fit as a fiddle and ready for work. You know, honey—I think I'll go to town. I've never felt so stupendously executive in my life. The lads and lassies from the old Gotham are clamoring for jobs, I have notations on my desk from hotel managers who are interested in interviewing me, and it seems that Mr. Alan Hughes has been launched on what gives promise of being a highly successful business career. My friends may come to scoff, Judith—but they'll remain to pay."

She said, happily, "I'm glad you like everything, Alan. I stuck to your budget, you know." She hesitated briefly, and then: "What are your plans?"

"I'm digging in. Interviewing candidates for jobs. It's an elegant feeling. The outer office is jammed with those who would give their all for the Metropolitan Escort Bureau—at a price. For the next hour or so, sweetheart, I'll be laboring. Then, with your permission, I'll phone you again."

"You're sure the shoulder doesn't ache too much?"





IT'S SPRING—all winter long, inside your Nash! The new "Weather Eye"* makes exclusive Conditioned Air System *automatic!* Lets you ride without wraps in fresh air . . . enjoy going places, even in zero weather.

EVERYTHING *But a Coat of Tan!*

ARE YOU getting weary of this endless winter? Does your heart skip a beat when someone says "spring"?

The symptoms call for immediate treatment. You need a ride in a new Nash . . . and *quick.*

So—come on, let's go!

If you feel a little tingle at seeing this vivacious beauty waiting at your curb . . . if the long, low, rakish lines "do something" to you . . . wait. The real thrill is yet to come!

Don't bother with that overcoat. You'll get *Spring* inside a Nash . . . with everything but a coat of tan! Air as fresh and warm as you'd find on a tropic beach. (And no matter if blizzards roll up—the Nash "Weather Eye"* will automatically foil them.)

Just let yourself go—but, we warn you, *easy* at first. That engine up front may sing as softly as a spring zephyr, but it *feels* like a hundred Derby Winners pulling on the rein. (It's really terrific! New engine developments, exclusively Nash.)

Gears shift smoothly from your steering post* . . . brakes stop in a flash . . . there's an amazing Fourth Speed Forward* that's like wings on your car!

There's no sway . . . no jiggle . . . no fight from wheel or road. There's no roar from beneath or whine of wind to tell you your speed.

It's the illusion of standing still, with the landscape roaring silently past your window!

You've never seen anything like it. You've never felt anything like it. You've never known anything like it.

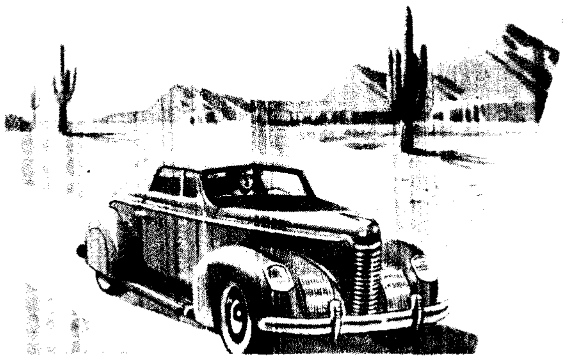
We predict that after five miles, you won't be content 'til you say, "It's mine."

For once in your life, prices are *lower* than you expect. *Ten models right next to the lowest* . . . that are 10% thriftier on gas than even last year's car!

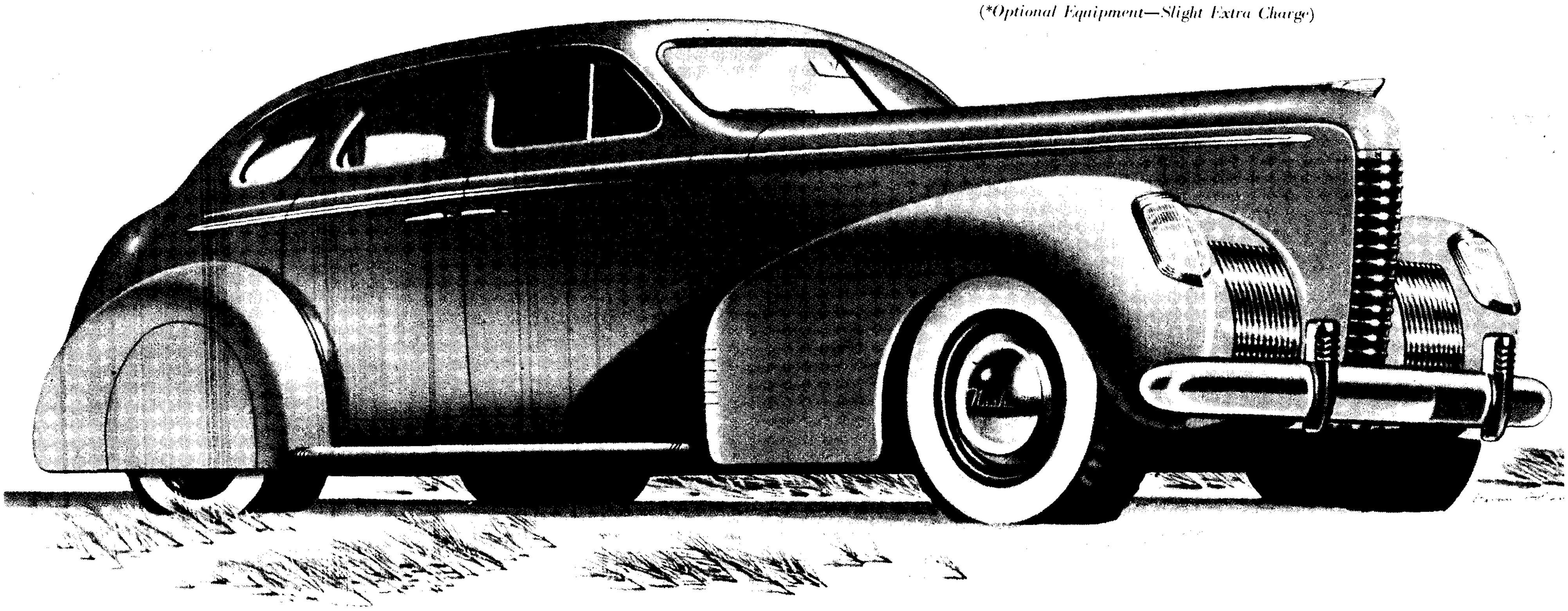
Why wait for Spring? Let's go today! 1800 Nash dealers from Maine to California offer you nation-wide service. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced next to the lowest . . . Delivered at Factory, as low as $770. Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. **$770**

*(*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Charge)*



YOU "FLOAT" down the highway with the Nash Automatic Fourth Speed Forward* . . . save up to 20% on gas. Proved by millions of owner miles.



Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included . . . White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are optional at Extra Cost.

UP AND OVER! You *flash* up hills you used to crawl up in second! And on level road, even lowest-priced models give you 15 to 50 MPH "pick up" in 13 seconds, in high gear.

It's that New **NASH**

THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

America's Sweethearts want Flowers for St. Valentine's Day... Feb. 14th

WHY do they want flowers above anything else? Because St. Valentine's is the day of romance. And flowers have a way of saying "I love you", as no other gift can.

So send *your* sweetheart flowers for St. Valentine's Day. If she's miles away from you, send her flowers *by wire*—the guaranteed F.T.D. way.

It's inexpensive! *Easy!* Just see the nearest florist who displays the F.T.D. (Florists' Telegraph Delivery) emblem. He does the rest!

And your flowers are delivered—fresh and gorgeous! A Valentine she'll *never* forget!

What to send? Your F.T.D. florist will give you plenty of grand ideas. Here are a few. But whatever you select, you can be sure your sweetheart will be thrilled with the flowers—and you!

Hint for boy friends. You're sure to make a glorious hit if you send her the gift she's wishing for—a Valentine of flowers.

And here's her wish come true—roses red and violets blue—in an exquisite corsage. As low as $2.50. Nothing additional except the actual cost of the wire.

Hint for husbands. If you can't be there to hug her yourself, do the next best thing—wire her flowers for St. Valentine's.

And here's one lovely idea—an orchid to make her feel very glamorous. You can send a beautiful orchid or a gorgeous corsage for considerably less than you would expect to pay.

Hint for sons. There's no sweeter way to tell mother you remembered than to send her a fragrant, living Valentine of flowers.

And if she's specially fond of cut-flowers—send her an arrangement studded with gay, spring blooms. It can be modest or elaborate, just as you wish. From $2.50 up.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOPS ENABLE YOU TO

"Say it with Flowers... by wire!"

The mark of the world's top-flight florists

Look for this F.T.D. emblem—before you buy. It's your guarantee of complete satisfaction.

"Positive. But even if it did, I can interview perfectly with one hand."

He said goodby and hung up. He pressed the buzzer on his desk and suggested that Miss Ramsay, who had come to him from the defunct Gotham outfit, start sending in the gentlemen who desired to continue their escort careers.

Alan felt a glow of satisfaction. What he had told Judith over the phone was true: the offices were simple and small, and while their furnishings were inexpensive, they were tasteful and adequate. There was an air of ineluctable respectability about the whole thing; and an impression of solidity and permanence. "It may not be the most conventional career in the world," thought Alan, "but it *is* a career, and it's mine."

The young men who had worked once under Gene Lyons filed in one by one. Without exception, they liked and respected Alan, and were eager to work with him. Each had a word of congratulation anent his release from the hospital, each betrayed a reticence about asking questions, each wished him luck.

More than an hour passed before all of the potential escorts had been interviewed and catalogued. Then once again Miss Ramsay appeared, and Alan asked, "Any secretaries out there?"

"Yes, sir. Three."

"Send the first one in, please."

He was enjoying himself hugely. The boyish grin was in evidence once again, and even if there was a more somber light back of his eyes—the eyes were still young and gay.

The door opened to admit two feminine figures. Miss Ramsay said, "Here's the first applicant, Mr. Hughes." Then she withdrew with considerable haste.

Alan did not change expression at sight of Judith. He said, in his most businesslike voice, "Won't you have a seat?"

She sat primly in the designated chair.

"Name?" he inquired impersonally.

"Judith Clayton Hughes."

"Married or single?"

"That," answered Judith demurely, "is a somewhat debatable point."

"Experience?"

"Quite a bit."

"Can you be more specific?"

"I have had executive experience, and I could learn to take shorthand something gorgeous."

"You understand that the hours are long, the work hard, and that the utmost discretion is demanded?"

"Yes, Mr. Hughes."

"I can offer thirty dollars a week."

"It's too much, but I'll take it."

"Very well, Mrs. Hughes. Miss Ramsay will show you your desk."

HE CHUCKLED delightedly as the door closed behind her. It was so like Judith to do this . . . to understand how he felt about things. He wanted to call her back into the office, and to say many of the things that were on his mind . . . things he hadn't been able to suggest during the week in the hospital.

That had been a peculiar seven days. Plenty of pain at first from the shoulder wound. Judith had sat with him morning, afternoon and night, and they had said some things with their lips and many things with their eyes . . . but somehow, one couldn't say everything under such circumstances. There was an inescapable embarrassment, a feeling that the antiseptic background was definitely inappropriate for romance.

After the first few days in bed, when danger of infection had passed and the fever had vanished, there had been plenty to occupy Alan's mind: long, detailed interviews with police officials and with inquisitive reporters; talks with the district attorney . . all of which led to a great deal of publicity that Alan would cheerfully have avoided had it been possible.

But now things had cleared up. Gene Lyons had been captured within a half hour of his flight from Jules' place. The elongated Jules also lay sadly in jail, awaiting trial. Joe Carter was in the hospital, under police guard—recovering his strength against the inevitable day when he'd be convicted and sent to prison. The public had accepted Alan as some sort of hero, which surprised him; and it was generous in its acclaim of Judith. It all seemed like a nightmare . . . particularly the matter of Angel's death. Alan tried to avoid thinking of Angel. Her death was the one thing he couldn't believe.

But today he did not dwell upon the immediate past. There had been plenty of time for that during his hospitalization. Today he was free and healthy and young and ambitious and enthusiastic; today he was embarking on a career of his own, and Judith was close at hand, and there was no terror or doubt or indecision.

Amazingly enough, he was kept busy. Men whom he had met during his service with Gene Lyons had heard of the new enterprise and were contacting him eagerly. He sent out for lunch, and were astonished to discover that it was five o'clock and that his first day in his new office was at an end.

The staff had left when Alan came out of his private office. He paused by the desk where Judith was sitting and smiled down at her. He said, "I'm a fast worker."

"You're a worker, Alan. I'll concede that."

"I mean in a personal way. You see, it's my understanding that an employer should never invite a pretty secretary to dinner until she's been with him at least several days."

"That's the accepted rule."

"Well, I'm breaking it. Mrs. Hughes, will you dine with me tonight? My intentions are dishonorable."

"I'm all intrigued," she said. "I accept with pleasure."

En route to the big house in the East Sixties, Alan said, "I'm hoping."

"Hoping what?"

"That Jim and Martha won't be there."

"They won't." Her eyes were shining. "You'd never guess why."

"Don't tell me. I know. They're engaged."

"Of course they are. But how they got that way—there's a story for you."

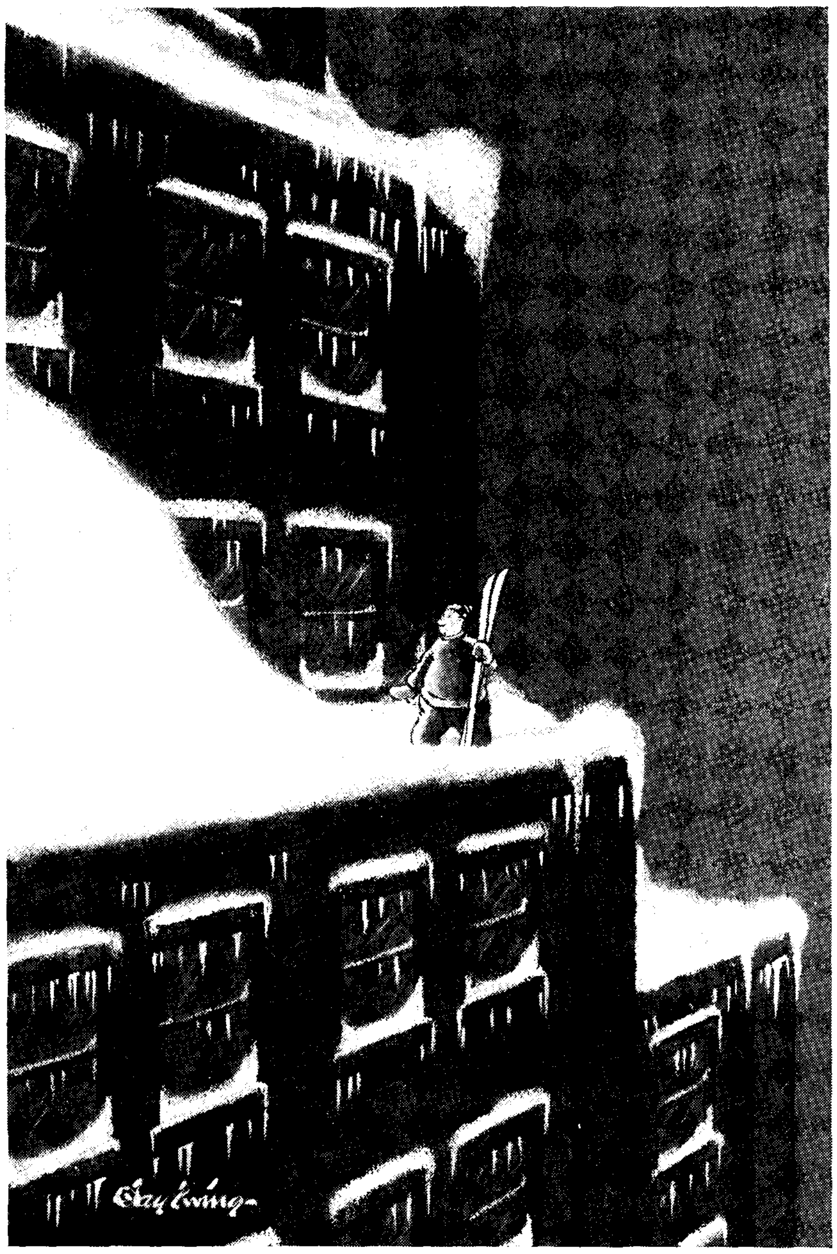
"Tell me," he begged, "I'm all ears."

"IN THE first place," she explained, "Martha has never had the lowdown on herself, even though she knew everything there was to know about the rest of the world. She never realized that she's pretty and very feminine. You remember how she always kidded about being the sort of girl men never make passes at?"

"And how I remember. It was a slogan with her."

"Well, last night she and Jim were at the house. They were laughing and joking, and she pulled that line again, and suddenly Jim called her on it. He said, 'I've got a good mind to try it—just to see what you'd do.' And she dared him."

Alan was laughing. "Sounds like Martha. But go ahead. I'm panting."



"Ohhhhhhh, boy!"

JAY IRVING

"They called a taxi. I went to the door with them, and I heard Jim tell the chauffeur to drive them through the Park."

"Regular routine," commented Alan. "Swell stuff."

"I had a hunch what was going to happen. But Martha hadn't. I doubt if she's ever suspected just how inflammable she is. Anyway, whatever happened must have been effective—because a half-hour later Martha telephoned to tell me she and Jim were engaged."

Alan held Judith's hand tightly. "I wish it were night," he stated, "and that we were in the Park."

They reached the house and Jenkins opened the door. He was beaming, and he said, "Welcome home, Mr. Alan," in a manner that betokened his belief that this was a permanent thing.

But it was Nuit d'Amour who went completely crazy. He leaped into Alan's arms and out again, he raced madly about the downstairs and banged into furniture. He dragged his wooden Donald Duck across the reception hall and bestowed that maltreated creature upon Alan. He vented his ecstasy until his strength gave out; then he sighed contentedly and defied all house rules by curling up in an easy chair and drifting off into a profound slumber.

THE dinner itself was a delight. Simple dishes, but each selected because Jenkins knew that it was a favorite of Alan's. All through the meal Jenkins tried to retain an impersonal expression, as a butler should; but he had small success. And when the meal had been finished and the coffee and liqueurs served in the library—and when Judith had said, "That's all, Jenkins. Thank you, and good night," the old servant passed through the door nodding his head approvingly.

Seated beside each other on the couch, they were silent for a long time. Their fingers were intertwined, but there was a sense of embarrassment between them. So much had been said that horrible night at Jules' place, so much had been said during the week in the hospital, so much yet remained to be said. . . .

Judith felt his arms around her. Then his fingers were under her chin and he tilted her head back.

There was no consciousness of time after that, and it was almost midnight when they walked upstairs together. Judith's cheeks were hot, and her grasp of Alan's hand was tight. And, just as he had done on the night of their wedding, he stopped outside her door and said, "Good night, Judith."

But this time he took her in his arms, and kissed her. And then he was gone, leaving her standing there. She saw him disappear into his room, followed by Snitch, and she heard the door close.

She walked into her own room. And as she snapped on the light, she saw something on her pillow: something that sent her mind racing back to her wedding night.

There on her bed was a bridal bouquet of white orchids and valley lilies. . . .

TWO o'clock in the morning. Snitch twisted and squirmed and tried to make himself comfortable. He stretched out on Alan's bed and found it not to his liking He tried the floor and met with no greater success.

Snitch was not entirely happy. He felt neglected.

He finally climbed up on the bed again, and reconciled himself to the inevitable. But he still didn't like it.

Despite his best efforts during the past two months, Snitch had never quite accustomed himself to sleeping alone.

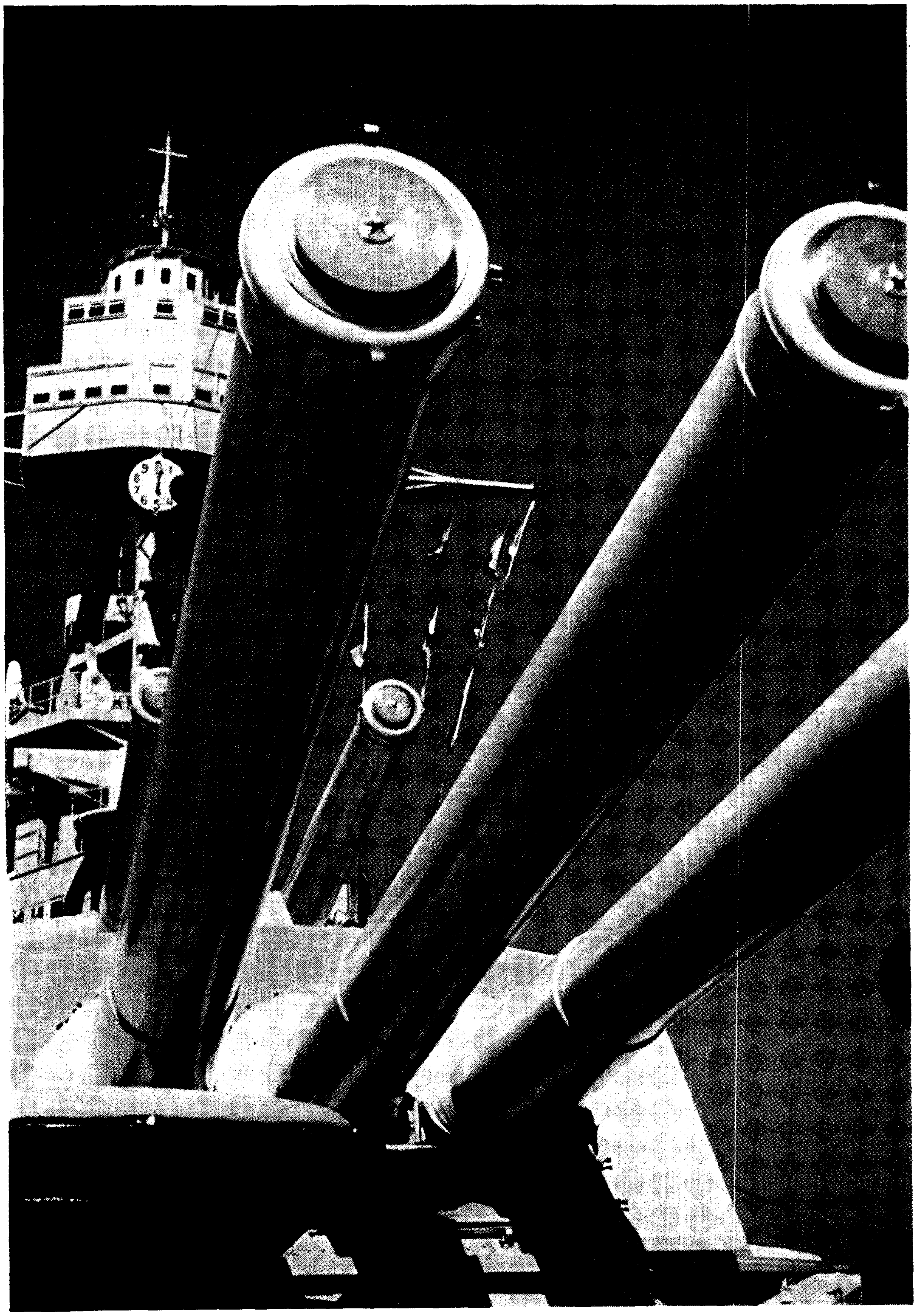
THE END

Mr. Patten has the Deck

By James B. Connolly

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL

Handling a battle wagon on maneuvers is one thing and handling an irate commander is another. Good Navy men know how to do both



A wonderful morning, young Mr. Patten is thinking. A fine day for the Battle Fleet to be putting out for maneuvers

SHE is one of the big ships of the Battle Fleet, and young Lieutenant Patten has the deck. He paces the quarter, glances from time to time toward the eastern horizon. It is still dark but from behind those low-banked clouds the sun must come when it comes; and a rising sun does help to brighten up an anchor watch.

The sun peeks up at last, and young Mr. Patten stops pacing the deck to observe the cloud bank turning to blue. And the sea that has been black is turning a slaty gray. And the sails of an outbound fisherman's boat, or whatever she is, loom white as new marble against the slate-colored sea.

A wonderful morning, young Mr. Patten is thinking. A fine day for the Battle Fleet to be putting out for maneuvers. And then there will be real watches, not harbor watches, to stand.

A messenger of the watch steps up, salutes, and says: "Three bells, sir!"

"Strike three bells!" says Mr. Patten smartly. "And tell the bugler to sound reveille."

The bells are struck. One-two one, they ring out sharply; and from thirty or forty Navy ships, however many of them are laying to wind'ard, and from the near-by ones to leeward, ring like echoes.

Reveille sounds then. The
Da dah da da dah
Da dah da da dah
comes echoing out from the passageways inside the citadel and across the quarter-deck of Patten's ship. And across the quiet waters it comes from all the big Navy ships to windward. And the near-by big ships to leeward. Class to these big battle wagons, thinks Patten, and adds a little prayer that he will measure up to their standard, now that he is aboard one.

IT HAD been a warm night. The men had passed up hammocks down between decks for the fresh air of topside; and now, from off gratings, from under the bilges of boats, from under the overhangs of the big turrets, from wherever a curled-up body had been able to find sleeping room in the open spaces, the slumberers come rolling out.

From other ships, not too-far-away ships, Patten can see the reluctant sleepers rolling out to greet the tropic morn.

Time to clear away the market boat now. Patten passes the word. The market boat, which is the motor sailer, comes chug-chug-chug to the port companionway. A file of mess stewards appear, salute, trip down the companion ladder and seat themselves on the midship thwarts of the motor sailer.

"Shove off," orders Patten. "And be back aboard by seven bells!"

"Aye, aye, sir," says the young coxswain of the motor sailer. He is standing proudly in her stern and he gives her the bells and the tiller, and away she goes for the early-morning market ashore.

The old-time bosun's mate of the watch, Carraher by name, steps up, salutes, says: "Shall I begin washin' down decks, sir?"

"Yes, do!" says Patten. The powerful hoarse voice of the bosun's mate rouses the deck force to their next duty. In bare feet and with white trousers rolled to their knees, they go to it—sanding, scrubbing and squeegeeing the fore and after decks. . . .

At ten o'clock a string of pennants goes up from the signal bridge of the Fleet flagship. Patten reads the signals. It is the preparatory signal. The Fleet is putting out to sea.

The big flagship, the Commander-in-Chief's ship, gets under way. She swings away from her berth, and the other three ships of the First Division swing astern of her. Patten's ship is the next behind the flagship of the Third Division.

Patten hurried up to the bridge, but stayed outside the wheelhouse. The captain, executive, the senior and junior officers of the deck, and six enlisted men were already in the wheelhouse.

The captain and the executive came out of the wheelhouse. "He'll do all right. Most young officers will when they are put to it," the captain was saying as they headed for the deck ladder.

THE old bosun's mate, Carraher, came onto the bridge and stood near Patten. Soon he was casting quick glances to the ships ahead and then to the ship astern, and muttering to himself.

"Anything wrong?" asked Patten.

"The channel changes course. If you'll watch our flagship, sir, I think you'll soon see."

Patten watched the ship ahead. "She's slow to turn; that it, Carraher?"

"That's it, sir. And our ship is fast to turn. If you'll be advised by me, Mr. Patten, you'll never take your eyes off that lady when you have the deck at sea."

Patten had already learned that Carraher was a pretty wise old bird. "When that old-timer talks it's no harm to listen," the navigator had said to him.

"I'll bear it in mind. Thanks, Carraher," said Patten now.

Patten watched the Fleet until lunch. The Battle Fleet was then in column ahead, one ship directly behind the other. Patten had a nap and dinner, went up to the bridge and took over the deck, for the first night watch. The Fleet was now in four divisions of four ships each; and the divisions were abreast of each other and fifteen hundred yards apart. It was all straight going with the ships showing their steaming and side lights. Hardly any more to it than standing an anchor watch in harbor. He welcomed the appearance of the navigator when he came onto the bridge just before midnight, with three young ensigns in his wake. The three carried sextants.

"Hi, Patten. Maneuvers or no maneuvers, my weary work goes on," said the navigator. He had a sextant also and now he led the way to the bridge wing. "Come on, class, and pick a star," he called out.

"There's a good-looking one, sir," said one of the young ensigns.

"I'll grant you her good looks," said the navigator, "but she's too near that planet. We'll shoot that baby there—see her?—broad off in the southeast."

They shot the star, gathered around the wheelhouse chartroom table and began to figure. . . .

The Fleet steamed all next day at twelve knots.

Patten had the afternoon watch. He watched the big cruisers rolling along with only the hint of a bone at their bows, yet what powerful brutes they were. Patten's ship was 32,000 tons dead weight. If ever she hit anything going at speed! The ship she hit would surely be out of luck.

With sunset came the order, "All lights out."

Patten had the deck again for the four-to-eight morning watch. It was still a dark, a moonless night, and the only light in the wheelhouse was the screened light that shone on the compass. A young bluejacket stood like a carved figure at the wheel. Patten stood at the air port next to the wheel, and fixed his eyes on the ship ahead.

The ship ahead carried a pale blue light at her stern jackstaff. Every ship in the column carried a little blue light astern for the guidance of the ship astern. Let a ship get five degrees off the course and that light was lost.

There were two hundred and fifty yards, no more, of clear water between ships.

Carraher came and stood at the next air port to Patten. "She's a tough one to have to follow in the dark, sir," said Carraher. Patten nodded.

"You probably weren't born when the Camperdown went down during the maneuvers of the English Navy in the Mediterranean," said Carraher. "The Victory hit her and down she went with all hands—five hundred and nineteen souls."

"I read about her at Annapolis," said Patten. "A mix-up in signals, wasn't it?"

"Some say so, but it could happen without a mix-up in signals."

"How?"

"Couldn't it be, sir, that the two ships weren't accustomed to each other in close quarters? This ship ahead is well enough at straight steaming, but—"

The chief signal quartermaster poked his head in from the wings. "A steamer's light, sir. She's well ahead of the First Division."

Patten looked. "I see her." Carraher looked and said: "A tramp steamer by her speed. Seven knots she's maybe doing."

"She's heading straight across our course, sir," said the signal quartermaster.

"I see her," said Patten.

"She'll soon be all tangled up with the Fleet, sir."

"She can't be blamed for that with us showing no lights."

The red side light was still miles away. "She'll clear the First and Second Division," said Patten, "but not our division."

"If ever our flagship hits her," said Carraher, "and she doing seventeen knots, they'll never know it asleep in their bunks aboard her."

THE flagship did not hit her. She let go a blast from her siren, a warning single blast.

"She's meaning to pass under her stern. She'll have to make a sharp turn to clear her now, sir," said Carraher.

"She's started the sharp turn already," said Patten.

The flagship changed her course sharply. "Never mind your compass now, watch that blue stern light ahead," said Patten to the helmsman.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Patten was watching the blue light himself. "What is she—anchored?" he muttered. To the helmsman he said: "We'll be riding up on her quarter-deck if she doesn't get moving soon. Go outside her. Give her plenty of wheel."

The helmsman gave her the wheel. Their bow cleared the stern of the flagship.

"And now let's find her blue light and swing back into line," said Patten. He peered astern. "They're probably saying who the hell has the deck on her—meaning me for moving out of column."

The signal quartermaster was watching the disappearing shadow of the steamer. "I'll bet that gang were surprised, Carraher, when they saw that big hull go shooting by their stern at seventeen knots."

"Probably. But no harm done. It will give the watch something to talk about when they go below tonight. That

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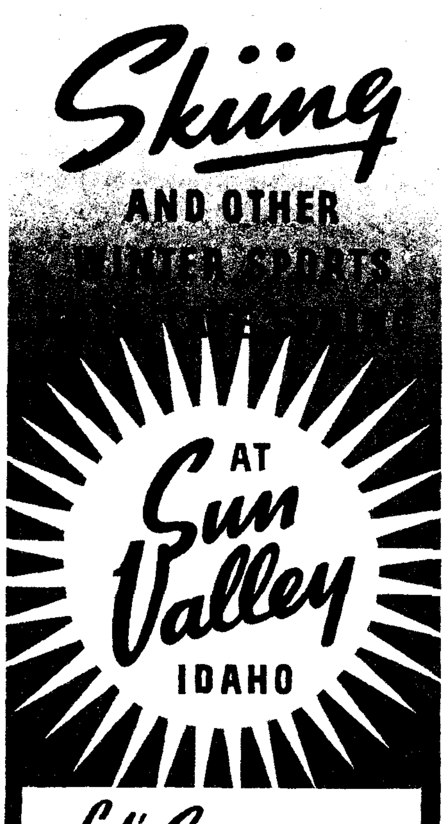

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flagship of ours does hang on her heels, don't she, sir?" said Carraher.

"She does," said Patten. "Thanks to your tip, I was watching her all the way."

Patten stood his watch, put away a hearty breakfast, had a good seven hours' sleep, a shave and a shower, a bite to eat, climbed topside to take over the afternoon watch.

"Greetings," said the watch officer he was relieving. "You're welcome to this deck watch for the next four hours."

"Why?" asked Patten.

"We're going into maneuvers. And this Third Division has never worked together as a unit. You have my best wishes."

The ships were one behind the other in one long column. Patten settled one shoulder against a forward air port and prepared to watch the ship ahead. A string of signal pennants was being hoisted on the big flagship.

Patten read the signal. It called for a simple maneuver—a 180-degree turn.

The big ships came slowly around, and in good time they were all headed the other way.

The navigator had come on the bridge. "Doesn't the Old Man ever come on the bridge during maneuvers?" asked Patten.

"The Old Man believes the way to train young officers for responsible work is to give them responsibility, but don't worry—he keeps an eye out. What's the signal now?"

Patten was already reading the signal. "Divisions abreast, eight hundred yards apart."

"Close quarters."

The ship took the new formation. Signal pennants went up again.

"A 45-degree left turn. And we turn inside the ship ahead," said Patten.

"We turn inside that slow-moving brute? Swell!" said the navigator. "Swell if we make it," he said in old Carraher's ear.

THE ships started the sharp turn. Patten fixed his eyes on the stern ahead of him. She hadn't been so bad in the easy sweep of the half circle, she moved well enough once she got her head, but now she was already beginning to squat. She settled down on her stern, hung there, while his own fast-moving ship continued to shoot ahead. Turn inside her? Patten recalled the steaming without lights the night before, when he had to look alive to save running her down. He was thinking also of the Camperdown, and she going down with all hands —five hundred and nineteen souls.

Maybe they weren't accustomed to each other in close quarters, old Carraher had said. And his ship and this other one weren't too well accustomed to each other in close quarters either, and here was a maneuver calling for close quarters. Already Patten knew that it would be the other ship, not his, that would be rammed and perhaps go down, if they came together. And she had fifteen hundred people aboard.

Well, nobody could blame him if they came together. Turn inside her, as the signal called for, and no matter what came of it he could not be blamed. Follow orders always! That was almost written on the bulkhead of every wardroom in the Navy. The discipline of the service was based on officers and men carrying out orders.

The two ships had started with two hundred yards of open water between bow and stern. And now! He was closing in on her fast, but he might be able to make it. He might! A moment later he was doubting that he could. Another moment, and he knew he would never make it.

He was facing a situation now that he never would have picked for himself —no naval officer would. He could carry out orders and let the other ship take it and his ship come away with no great damage. She would be taking it bow on, the other ship fair on her quarter. His ship weighed thirty-two thousand tons, and she was moving at fourteen knots—the other ship would go down.

"Fifteen hundred souls aboard her," murmured Patten, and leaped to the wheel. "Outside her! We're turning outside! Give her the wheel—hard on that wheel!"

The young helmsman was already putting the wheel over.

The navigator, the junior officer of the watch and the seven enlisted men of the watch crowded forward to watch what happened next. A group of bluejackets were gathered on the aftersuperstructure of the ship ahead. "You'll be aboard us!" yelled one.

Patten's ship did not come aboard them. She crowded safely by on their outside.

THE ships of the fourth division had turned and were bearing down toward the third division's line. Patten hadn't forgotten them. The helmsman half turned his head toward Patten.

"Keep her swinging," said Patten. He was keeping a special eye on the second ship of the fourth division. She was coming at him bow on.

"We'll bear to her left," said Patten. "Give her two whistles, Jennings."

Jennings was the junior officer of the watch. He spent most of his watch wondering if this demon of a deck officer would ever give him something to do. He leaped now. The two whistles followed instantly.

Patten's ship passed close to the other one: too close for anybody's comfort. An officer on her bridge threw Patten an ironical salute.

"Head her around now," said Patten to the helmsman. By this time his ship was clear out of the maneuver.

Patten turned to the navigator. "I suppose I'll catch hell from the C-in-C for that."

"Admirals being what they are, you probably will," said the navigator. "Officially," he added a moment later.

Throughout all, the signal quartermaster had never taken his long glass from his eyes. "Signal for us from the big flagship, sir," he called out now.

Patten did his best to smile. "I'll call it without looking. Name of the officer of the deck. Signal back it's Mr. Patten."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Patten watched the signal pennants sending his name aloft. "What'll it be?" This to the navigator. "A court-martial and a couple of hundred numbers gone blooie, and a transfer then to the mosquito fleet, hah?"

"The Commander-in-Chief isn't so bad, sir." This was from Carraher. "I was shipmates with him when he was a young officer, and he was very human kind then."

"He's an admiral now," said Patten. "When some of them get to be admirals they forget they were ever young watch officers."

"Some of 'em maybe," admitted Carraher.

The captain appeared at the wheelhouse door. "Mister Patten?"

"Sir?"

"Speed up and put the ship back with her division."

"Aye, aye, sir." Patten gave her full speed ahead.

The captain went back down the ladder.

"Mister Patten? It used to be just Patten. I don't like the formality. I guess I'm sunk all right," said Patten mournfully.

"Cheer up. He didn't send you to quarters, did he?" said the navigator.

Patten finished his watch, maneuvers for the day were completed. The Fleet headed back to port, arrived there early next morning.

Patten had breakfast, left the wardroom to take the deck. The captain was there before him.

"Patten," said the captain. "Mr. Jennings will take over the deck. The Commander-in-Chief wants to see you aboard the flagship."

Patten presented himself to the C-in-C. The great man was sitting at his desk when Patten entered his cabin. He eyed Patten grimly.

"What were you thinking of yesterday, Mister Patten? Wanted to hold maneuvers of your own, did you?"

"I suppose it did look that way, sir."

"It did. You did not mistake the signal?"

"No, sir."

"But you didn't carry it out."

"No, sir."

"Why did you not carry it out?"

"Sir, the ship ahead of us is slow to turn—"

"I know what she is. Why, I said."

"Sir, I had the choice of carrying out the signal order and running her down and probably sinking her, or of disobeying the order and not sinking her. She couldn't help herself but my ship could help herself."

"What about the ship you all but ran down."

"In my judgment, sir, I would clear that ship."

"Your judgment?"

"My judgment, sir. It had to be my judgment, sir. I had the deck."

"There's no doubt you had the deck. Now suppose the officer of the deck of that ship in the fourth division wasn't wide awake to your intention when you headed his way?"

"In my judgment, sir, the officers of this fleet are all wide awake, sir."

"Your judgment again?"

"Yes, sir. I think we have the best-officered and manned Battle Fleet in the world, sir."

"You do?" He smiled quizzically. "D' y' know, Patten, I sometimes think that myself. But let's get on. You got away with something yesterday. Now suppose you had collided with that fourth-division ship?"

"I would be broke, sir."

"That's what! And now you've had time to think it over, one more question: In the same situation would you do the same thing again?"

PATTEN smiled. "There's an old bosun's mate on my ship, sir. I always remember his saying that as we grow older our blood cools, and we grow more cautious. I hope I'll never grow too old, sir."

"An old bosun's mate? His name Carraher?"

"Yes, sir. You know him, sir?"

"I know him. Who doesn't in the Navy? So Carraher said that? No doubt he said things about admirals too."

"But nothing derogatory, sir. No, sir. He said of you, sir, that you weren't too slow to take a chance when you were a young officer."

"He said? The old fox! And you're not too dumb yourself. Well, go back to your ship."

"And—"

"And? Well, I saw that whole thing yesterday from my bridge. I think you handled your ship well. That's all."

"Thank you, sir."

The captain was walking the quarterdeck when Patten returned. "Well?" said the captain.

"He told me I handled the ship well yesterday, sir."

"Well? Huh! I was on the signal bridge during it all. I think you handled the ship damn' well. Take over the deck."

The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 15

In spite of himself, his knees flexed. It was all very well, professionally, to thumb your nose at danger as a career, but there was something about the awful proximity of a revolver muzzle to the vital organs, with only a strange and hostile trigger finger between yourself and eternity, that produced a reaction as automatic as the patellar-tendon reflex. It was all very well to be rational—and Lane's mind was working at a prodigious rate—but there was no stopping that constriction about the throat, the sudden dampness in the palms of his hands, the incredible fluidity of the joints.

"You will come with us, señor," said the first man.

The sound of his voice dispelled the queer sense of unreality that blurred Lane's vision. He could see one of the gunmen, could detail the way his black hair grew low on his broad forehead, could see the cloud-dimmed moonlight making bronze high lights on his prominent cheekbones. The man wore a nondescript uniform of some kind, and probably had Maya blood in his veins. Lane wondered if the comandante was still at the front door of the vice-consulate, and what would happen if he suddenly yelled. Would the man run—or pull the trigger? If only he had ignored the etiquette and worn his own gun to Muriel's supper party. . . .

"ANDALE!" said the man with the gun—and Lane's decision was made. He would go along meekly, find out where the trail led, depend upon his wits and resourcefulness to get him out of whatever situation developed later.

"At your service, gentlemen," Lane said as pleasantly as he could. "*Vaminos.*"

The man behind gave Lane a push, starting him in the general direction of the sea. The other man fell in beside him, walking half a step in the rear, so that he could keep Lane constantly aware of the revolver barrel against his ribs.

They walked past the rear of the cantinas, past the barracklike lines where the railway laborers lived, past the last straggling long-legged huts of fishermen, standing on the water's edge like wading birds. A dark thicket of mangrove stretched away to the north, hiding the beach. When Lane hesitated at the first bushes, increased pressure against his ribs urged him on.

"*Andale,*" said his uninvited guide.

The waist-high tangle of branches tore at him as he strode through the mangroves. He felt mud and water ooze over the tops of his white shoes. He hadn't gone far when he saw the glowing end of a cigarette winking through the thicket directly in front of him. The smoker was squatting in the stern of a large *cayuca* that had been dragged to hiding in the tidal growth.

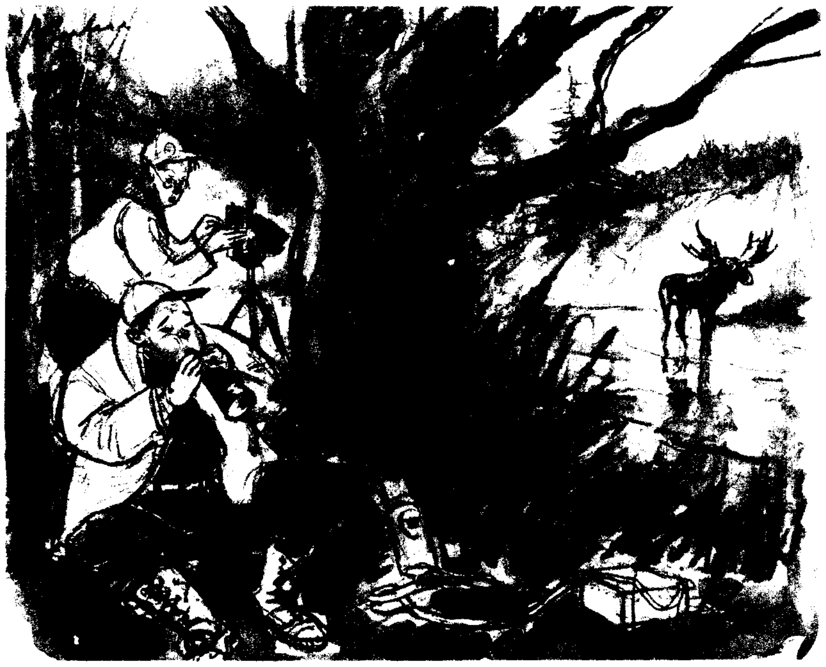
"Get in!" came the command.

Lane obeyed. As he settled himself in the bow, he noted that there was an outboard motor attached to the stern of the native craft. One of his armed companions seated himself behind Lane. The other pushed the *cayuca* through the mangroves until it floated free of the bottom. A moment later Lane could hear the outboard motor cough and wheeze as the flywheel was being spun. Then the engine broke into an even chatter, the propeller churned the water, and the *cayuca* nosed out to sea, swung to the north.

As Lane watched the dock lights of Puerto Musa wheel slowly out of his line of vision, he toyed with the idea of upsetting the *cayuca* and swimming for his life. Clouds darkened the moon now, and he would probably have better than an even chance—yet he decided against it. After all, his job was to dig up information, and at this moment he was obviously headed for a large chunk of it. He tried questioning the three men in the boat. When his queries brought no reply, he sat back and relaxed.

The trade wind, whipping diagonally across the bow, was hot and sticky. His shirt clung to his back and moisture beaded his eyelashes. The dugout, nose high, splashed and bounced over the long cross seas, heading for the lights of Liberica, twinkling far ahead. Lane was watching the lights when they blurred before his eyes, then were blotted out. Instinctively he braced himself; he knew what was coming.

He could hear the rain squall for fully a minute before it struck. It came hissing over the sea, plunging him suddenly into rattling, splashing turmoil. The huge warm drops beat down upon his face, poured into the boat. He was breathing water. A flash of lightning



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split the darkness, revealed for an instant the rain-pitted sea heaving in sudden anger. A wave sloshed into the dugout, swirling about his ankles. Thunder exploded into a thousand echoes.

The man behind Lane handed him half a coconut shell and shouted something that was lost in the tumult of the rain and sea. Lane looked back and saw a man bailing frantically with a tin dipper. He took the coconut shell and started bailing, too.

In ten minutes the rain squall ended as suddenly as it had begun. The chattering outboard motor was again driving the *cayuca* smoothly over the long swells—but not, Lane noticed with a start, toward the lights of Liberica. The little craft was now heading for the cays, the chain of palm-plumed islands that stood offshore for a hundred miles of coast. One island, in fact, loomed dead ahead, a black, feathery silhouette against a moon-tinted cloud.

When the bow of the *cayuca* scraped the beach, Lane saw a light gleam once, then go out. The gun was again prodded into his wet back. He stepped over the gunwales and waded ashore.

After more silent but persuasive urging from behind, he walked through the wet undergrowth toward the shadow of a manaca hut fifty yards ahead. The hut, smothered in palms and obscured by broad glistening blades of plantain leaves that slashed and parried in the wind, was dark, but Lane knew there was a light inside; he could smell hot kerosene.

An oblong of yellow light gaped suddenly, and Lane was pushed into a bare room. A table, a chest and three chairs were the only furniture on the floor of beaten earth. The walls were green with mold.

As the door closed behind Lane, another door opened in the opposite wall, and Adolf von Graulitz came in.

LANE could not help remark the incongruous magnificence of von Graulitz—the elegant insouciance with which his cloak hung from his shoulders at just the proper angle to display a flash of scarlet lining; the gleam of medals on the breast of his white serge dinner jacket—in contrast with the primitive interior of the hut and the ill-fitting, nondescript uniforms of the Indians who had brought Lane to the cays. Then, the instant the German's stiff-necked gaze fell upon Lane, the whole beautiful picture of superb arrogance vanished in a puff of anger and a sputter of gutturals. Von Graulitz's face turned crimson, his eyes bulged, his precise lips twisted desperately to find invective strong enough. For half a second he was dumb. Then, as his long forefinger thrust rapierlike toward the Indian gunmen, he exploded.

"*Dummkopf!*" he screamed. "Imbecile! Worm! Half-wit! Is this the man you bring me?"

"We followed instructions, señor," one of the Indians said humbly. "We followed instructions exactly. . . ."

"Don't pick on these poor fellows, Graulitz," Lane said fliply. He was smiling inwardly at the turn the incident had taken, and was preparing to play it for all it was worth. "They did their best. It wasn't their fault that I walked into their ambush at the wrong moment. Who were you expecting them to waylay outside the consulate, Graulitz?"

If Graulitz was annoyed with himself for having revealed too much by his petulant exhibition, he did not show it. Without the slightest effort he regained his composure, his superior affability. His smile was almost conciliatory as he waved Lane to a chair.

"Why, it was you I was expecting, Mr. Lane," he said, "you, and no other. Only I was afraid my friends might have been rough with you."

"Not at all. They were as gentle as cherubs. Of course, I needed no persuasion to make me come."

"Your left eye is slightly astigmatic with a trace of myopia enteropsis, and your right eye is like some deep, dark, lovely pool, too!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Indeed! What about?"

"You first, my dear Graulitz. Your reasons are more pressing than mine, apparently."

"Very well." Adolf von Graulitz slowly sucked in his stomach until his chest developed an overhang like a well-fed dowager's. "I abhor subterfuge, Lane," he said. "I come from a blunt race of people and since we are adversaries—"

"Are we adversaries?" Lane asked innocently. "I hadn't heard."

"*I* have heard," said Graulitz, fixing Lane with a prosecuting-attorney stare, "that after you left Honduras, the local authorities confiscated three fishing smacks that had the misfortune to be fitted with unlicensed radio transmitters; and that five pieces of experimental high-frequency apparatus were seized and destroyed. I thought I would spare you much trouble by telling you that your tactics will not succeed here. You will save time by returning at once to Washington." The German paused to watch the effect of his harangue on Lane. Lane seemed singularly unimpressed. Graulitz drew a deep breath, preparatory to making another, more dramatic peroration. He said: "You see, Lane, I know everything about you. My service of information is one hundred per cent efficient. We are a thorough people, we Germans."

"Fairly thorough," Lane admitted. "And a little heavy. You're not very nimble-witted, Graulitz—you and your agent. It took you more than a week to get a report on me. Nine days, to be exact. Your agent didn't turn in my dossier until day before yesterday, did he?"

Graulitz grimaced with one side of his face, as though he were screwing up the muscles of one eye around an imaginary monocle. There was a touch of condescending admiration in his voice as he said: "You are rather shrewd, Lane—for an American. How did you find this out? Or did you guess?"

"No need of my guessing when you tip your own hand," Lane said. "You shut down that big power beam of yours night before last—just in case I hadn't taken enough bearings on it to locate it. You've been depending on some two-for-a-nickel spark set for interference. It's not working very well, Graulitz. It's hard to keep the edges sharp. Last night you were slopping over to blanket one of your own programs. By the way, it sounded very much as though it might be coming from the cays, Graulitz, and it also sounded very much like a Jacob's Ladder. Mind if I look around the island, just to see if I was right?"

"WHAT," said Graulitz, suppressing a yawn, "is a Jacob's Ladder?"

"A Jacob's Ladder is two polished metal rods, with one end of each hooked to the secondary of an induction coil. The two rods are not quite parallel, so that the spark jumping between them climbs progressively toward the open end, then starts over. It makes one hell of a racket on the kilocycles."

"I am not acquainted with the Jacob's Ladder. . . ."

"Naturally. I quite understand that Old Testament terminology might be *verboten*."

Graulitz raised his elbow briskly, a military gesture that brought his wrist watch precisely opposite his eyes.

"You could return to the States by the Bonaca," he said. "She sails early tomorrow morning."

"I shall return to the States when I finish my job," Lane said. "Or shortly thereafter. I may stay around to see how the local authorities get on with their mopping up."

"You may be surprised to find that the local authorities here are not quite so ready to co-operate as they were in Honduras," Graulitz said. "In fact, they may refuse completely to co-operate. Have you ever considered the possibility of a—well, a drastic change in the national government here in the near future?"

"I have considered the possibility," said Lane casually. "And I believe my friends in Washington have also considered the possibility. They can't be unaware of what happened in Brazil. Which is another reason I am most anxious to remain here until I have you completely checkmated, Graulitz."

"I SHOULDN'T delay too long. The climate down here is quite unhealthy."

"I'm vaccinated against climate," Lane said. "I don't expect to leave in a box, either. I'm very careful about what I eat—not like Bossert."

"Ah, yes, Bossert," murmured Graulitz. "Too bad about Bossert."

"Yes, wasn't it? Too bad about Stilton, too—or don't you think so, Graulitz?"

"Stilton? Downright shocking. Who do you suppose killed him?"

"You, probably," said Lane.

"*Ach, dummheit!* my dear Lane," Graulitz protested. "What makes you say that?"

"I understand you were the last person to see Stilton alive tonight. If he was alive when you left Puerto Musa, how do you know he was killed?"

"News travels fast," said Graulitz. "Particularly bad news. There was a telephone call to Liberica. . . ."

"And from Liberica here?"

"I was in Liberica myself when the message came!" snapped Graulitz.

"Of course! I should have known." Lane grinned. It was a frank, good-natured grin—frank in its good-natured disbelief. Its very good humor infuriated Adolf von Graulitz. The blood mounted slowly to his face, his scalp, until color showed at the roots of his close-cropped blond hair. But his face remained ominously impassive.

"What's so damned amusing?" he asked coldly.

Lane did not reply. He continued to grin.

Graulitz deliberately turned his back on Lane, walked with slow, dignified steps to a corner of the hut, snapped back the lock on a heavy chest which reposed on the beaten-earth floor. He came back to the table bearing a small lacquered cabinet the size of a dictionary. He pressed a catch, and a mirrored top sprang open, revealing an array of small crystal decanters and six thimble-sized glasses that sparkled in the lamplight.

"I am paying you a great compliment," said Graulitz as he set the pocket bar on the table. "A soldier honors a worthy enemy even though he must destroy him. I will drink with you, Lane, before I judge you."

"I am overwhelmed," said Lane.

Graulitz set out two of the liqueur glasses, touched the crystal stopper of one of the miniature decanters, then apparently changed his mind.

"Sit down," he said.

Lane sat. The German sat down opposite him. Lane felt some small object roll under his foot as he pushed his legs under the table. With the edge of his shoe he kicked it gently to one side, so that he could see what it was. But he did not look for the moment, because

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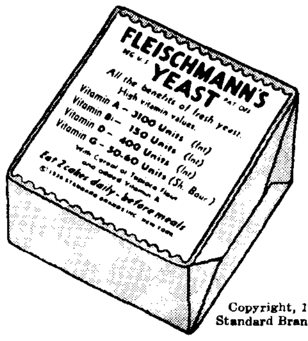
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Graulitz demanded his full attention.

"Porfirio! Here!" ordered Graulitz, with the voice of a man calling his dog.

One of the Indians stepped forward. Graulitz snatched Porfirio's revolver from his holster, broke it, ostentatiously examined the cartridges while his expert thumb pressed against the extractor, then snapped it closed. His long fingers caressed the weapon for an instant before he handed it back.

"You will stand behind me, Porfirio," he said. "You will keep the pistol aimed at this gentleman—so!" He leaned forward to touch the center of Lane's forehead. "You will not fire until I give the signal. If your hand trembles, I will beat you to death. This must be done neatly, Porfirio."

"Si, señor."

"And now, Lane, we will drink. Will you have kirsch, Danziger, goldwasser, kummel, or curacao?"

"Kirsch," said Lane.

As Graulitz poured the drinks, Lane got a look at the object that had rolled under his foot. It was a tiny bottle.

"Heil Hitler," said Graulitz solemnly.

"Down the hatch!" said Lane. He was grinning again.

Graulitz set down his glass with a snap. "You are laughing?" he demanded with chill annoyance.

"No, I'm merely smiling."

"You find it comical, perhaps, that a whim of mine could alter your relationship with the universe. You are amused at the prospect of losing all meaning and value in the world—except as food for sharks. You think it is humorous that I have only to lift my little finger and those fine brains of yours will be spattered against the back wall. In one minute, Lane, the sharks would be fighting over your body."

"They won't be, though," Lane said.

"What's to prevent me from destroying you, Lane?"

"The fact that I'm the wrong man."

"THE wrong man?" Graulitz curled the fingers of his right hand tightly about the base of his glass. His left hand moved nervously along the edge of the table.

"Exactly. The wrong man. You forget you were expecting your dim-witted aboriginal pals to bring you somebody else tonight."

"That's not true. I assure you it was you I expected."

"You should play more poker, Graulitz. Before you got a fine Teutonic grip on yourself, your facial muscles told a different story. You're worried stiff, Graulitz, because you don't know whether I'm here by accident or design. You don't know whether your Indian boys blundered, or if I had some understanding with the person you sent them to ambush. You're afraid I'm thinking one jump ahead of you, and that I might be here as bait for a trap. And you won't kill me, Graulitz, because you're not sure I wasn't followed, that there isn't a motorboat out there in the night with a submachine gun in the bow and a cockpit full of vindictive friends of the late Mr. Stilton. . . ."

"You're talking nonsense, Lane."

"Am I? Then give your signal. Have your man pull the trigger—just to see if the sound of the shot will have any echoes outside."

Graulitz glared at Lane.

For a long moment he stood motionless, his tight lips pale, his hard stare unblinking. There was a sudden flash of lamplight on gun metal as he turned to jam the revolver into the Indian's holster.

"You will take us back to the mainland, Porfirio," he ordered. "You will stop half a mile this side of Puerto Musa to land Mr. Lane in the mangroves. He can wade ashore."

Lane breathed again. He had outbluffed the bluffing German.

The comandante held the door open while Cecil Holliday came out to join those waiting in the anteroom. Muriel searched his pale distinguished features for some clue to the outcome of his inquisition, but found none. Holliday seemed a few degrees closer to sobriety, but it was hard to say how much; it was only in his garrulity that he ever showed he had been drinking. He winked solemnly at Muriel as he resumed his seat between Perry and Alcott.

Ed Bannister arose, but the comandante waved him back.

"Not yet, Mr. Bannister," he said. "I'd like to ask Miss Monroe a few more questions first."

The girl got up and went into the comandante's office. The comandante motioned her to a chair but did not sit down himself. For a moment he seemed to ignore her. Leaning his palms against the edge of his desk, he gave his entire attention to his tame *pisote*—a small anteater that was scampering across the green desk blotter, investigating a pencil with its sharp nose. The comandante picked up the pencil and prodded the furry little animal playfully with the eraser end until the *pisote* seized the pencil with its forepaws.

"Well, Miss Monroe?" The comandante looked up suddenly. "What have you decided?"

"About what, Coronel?"

"About the safe. Half an hour ago you weren't able to say positively that you had locked the safe before your visit to the office tonight. Has your memory been refreshed by thirty minutes of reflection?"

"At the time, I was pretty sure that I'd locked it," the girl said. "I still have that impression—although now I know it must have been a false impression. I guess we get careless about habitual movements like that. Anyhow, I'm pretty positive now that I must have left the safe open, or at least unlocked."

"What makes you certain of that now, Miss Monroe?" The comandante lit a cigarette and came over to look down curiously at the nervous girl.

"Because the money was stolen," Muriel said.

"And it couldn't have been stolen by someone who opened the safe for that express purpose?"

"Not by someone who opened the safe by using the combination," the girl said. "There are only three of us who know the combination. If Mr. Perry or Mr. Alcott wanted to steal the money, they would have been able to do it at their own sweet leisure—and without killing Mr. Stilton."

"Suppose Mr. Stilton had surprised one of them at the safe?"

"That still wouldn't have been any reason to kill him. They both had a perfect right to be in the office and to open the safe. They're both trusted officials of the company. Mr. Stilton couldn't have seen anything wrong even if he had found either of them with the hundred thousand in his hands."

THE comandante nodded, squinting through the smoke of his cigarette.

"Now about this man Lane," he said. "You said he was with you both times you visited the office. Was he with you every minute of the time?"

"Practically," said the girl, uneasily.

"What do you mean by 'practically'?"

"Well, I sent him out of Mr. Perry's office while I was working the combination. He was out of my sight for only two or three minutes."

"It takes only two or three seconds to stab a man to death, Miss Monroe."

"But Mr. Stilton wasn't there when we first visited the office!"

"How do you know he wasn't there?"

"I didn't see him."

"You didn't see him the second time either, Miss Monroe—but he was there, and Lane saw him. How can you be sure Lane didn't see him the first time?"

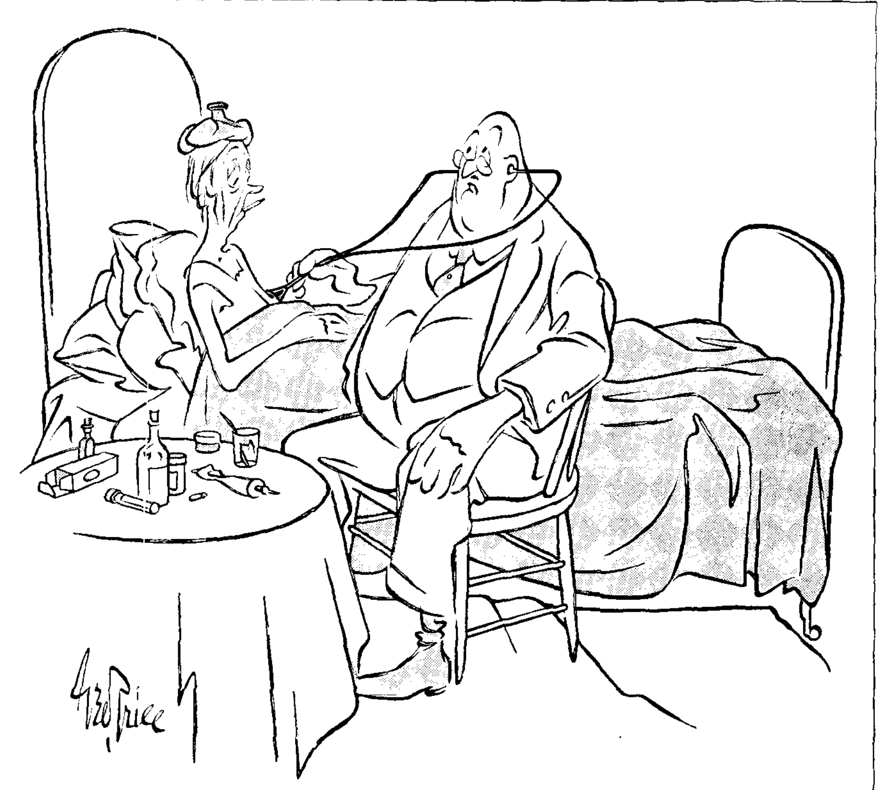
"I—I *am* sure. I can't explain why, but I am. Call it the old feminine intuition, if you like."

The comandante walked around behind his desk and sat down. He was smiling with tolerant cynicism as he placed his burning cigarette on the edge of an ash tray. He folded his arms and continued to smile at Muriel. He asked finally:

"What does your feminine intuition have to say about Lane disappearing from the face of the earth?"

"Have you located him on some near-by planet, Coronel?"

"I've located him nowhere—that's



"It's still booming like a drum, Mrs. Engel, but I'm happy to say that the cymbal accompaniment has disappeared"

GEORGE PRICE

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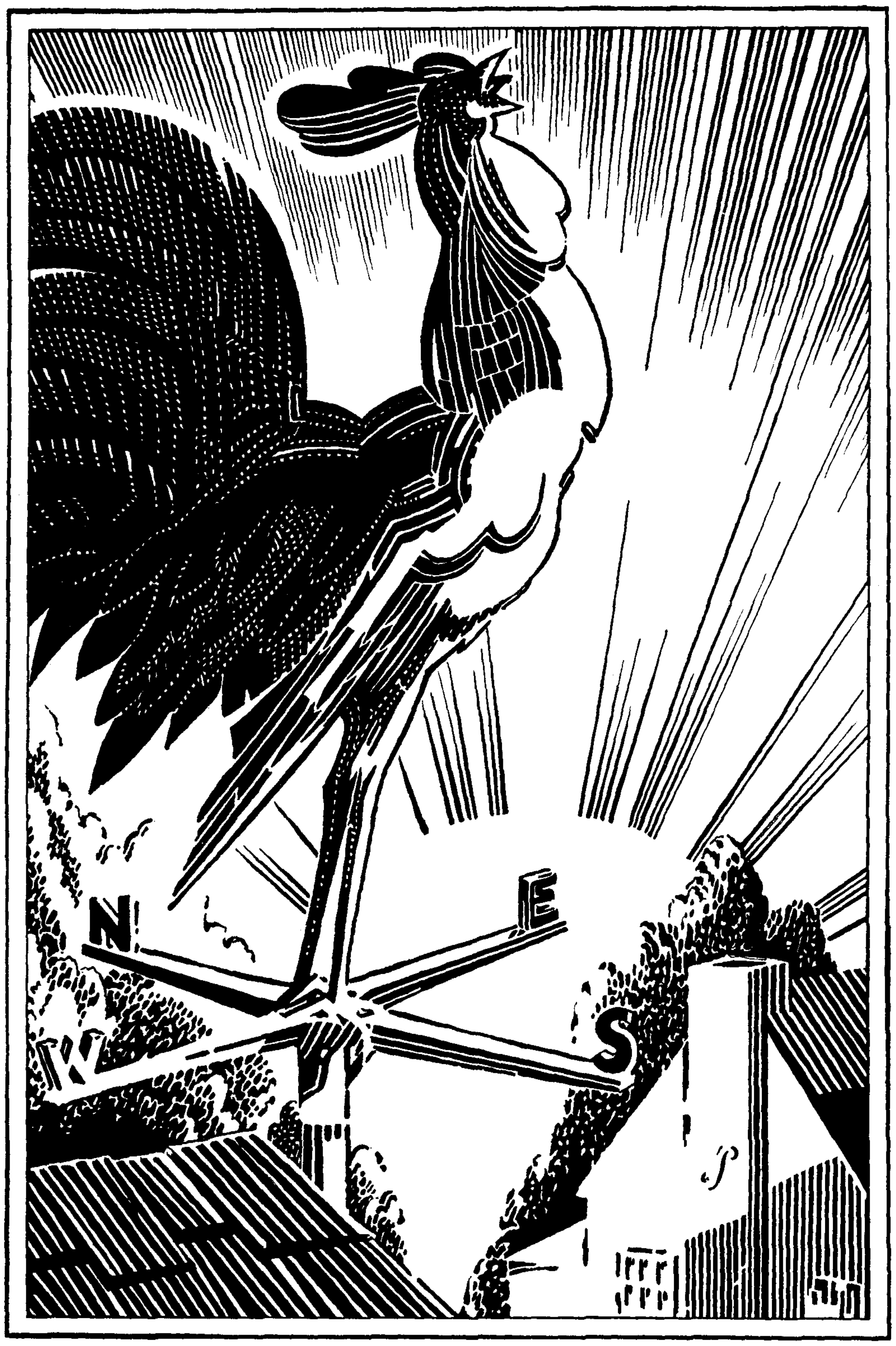

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just the point. He's not in Puerto Musa, or I should have had him here in ten minutes. He's not at any of the fruit-company farms. You told me yourself he made an unceremonious departure from your bungalow, once he had got his clothes. If he had nothing to do with the murder of Mr. Stilton, why has he gone into hiding?"

"I rather think, Coronel, that he will tell you that himself."

"Once he has had time to cache the hundred thousand dollars, perhaps." The comandante reached for another cigarette and passed his alligator-skin case to Muriel. She shook her head.

"Let me ask a question, Coronel," the girl said. "Why do you suspect Cecil Holliday?"

"I don't suspect him—particularly," the comandante replied. "Of course, I have to suspect everyone a little—even you, señorita."

"BUT you told Mr. Perry you were extremely anxious to question Mr. Holliday. You asked Mr. Perry to bring him here."

"Yes, I did. I wanted him to confirm Alcott's alibi."

"Alibi?"

"Why not? After all, Alcott has ten minutes to account for—the ten minutes he waited on the club steps while Perry went down to the small-boat landing looking for Stilton. They happen to be very important minutes, because in all likelihood Stilton was killed during that time."

"Unless he was killed before Adolf von Graulitz went back to Liberica," the girl amended. "Well, *did* Mr. Alcott sit on the club steps during the ten minutes?"

"That was his story. He said he sat there smoking, except for a minute or two when he strolled as far as the plaza with Cecil Holliday. The bartender at the club confirms the story; says he saw Alcott walk away with some man, but in the dark he couldn't recognize him. That's why I wanted to talk to Holliday."

"What did Cecil say?"

"He admits he stopped to talk to Alcott. He remembers trying to take Alcott with him to the Cantina de Mi Sueno. He's a little vague about some of the evening—drew a blank for part of it, unfortunately for him—but at least he clears Alcott."

A soldier came in, saluted, and announced that the North American vice-consul wished to see the comandante.

"Show him in," ordered Coronel Blanco. "Send Señor Perry in also."

An aura of antiseptics surrounded the lank, willowy figure of Bill Roland as he entered, followed by a trail of iodoform odors and Dave Perry. The door remained open. Alcott, Bannister and Holliday leaned forward in their chairs so they could see into the comandante's office.

"I've come directly from the hospital, Coronel," said Roland. "Or almost directly. I stopped for a moment at my home to scrub up a bit. One can't be too careful. I also had to lock Stilton's personal effects in my desk. And I've brought a message from Dr. Janvier. The doctor wants to know if you'll need Stilton's body for the inquest, or whether he should go ahead and have him embalmed."

"I don't believe the corpse will be of any further use in our inquiry," said the comandante. "The doctor's testimony will be sufficient for my purposes."

"I'll tell Janvier to get a hermetically sealed casket ready," Perry said. "We can ship the body north by the Bonaca tomorrow."

"Pardon me," said Roland, "but I'm afraid we'll have to await word before we make definite disposition of the body. I've radioed Mrs. Stilton, asking for instructions."

"*You* radioed Mrs. Stilton?" Dave Perry fairly shouted at Roland. He half arose from his chair.

"As U. S. vice-consul, it is my duty to notify the next of kin of a deceased American citizen. I thought at first that Mrs. Stilton might want to come down and take possession of the body, but it seems she's not in the Capital; she's in the States on vacation."

The telephone rang.

"Yes, he's here," said the comandante, and passed the instrument to the vice-consul. "It's the radio station," he added.

Bill Roland said "Yes" into the phone a few times, then hung up.

"Fast work," he said. "It's an answer to my radiogram already. Mrs. Stilton says to do nothing until her arrival."

Muriel Monroe sprang up.

"She can't come down here!" she cried.

"She's flying down," Bill Roland said.

"But she can't! She won't dare!"

"She will," said Dave Perry listlessly. "You've forgotten Geraldine. She wouldn't miss a chance like this."

Muriel went over to him, put her arm around his shoulders. Her eyes shone with a soft light—pity, admiration, a desire to comfort.

"Am I—have I by any possible chance committed a faux pas?" Roland inquired.

"No, no . . ." Muriel began.

Perry interrupted her.

"I'm going to tell them, Muriel," he said. "They'll find out soon enough anyhow. They're probably the only two people in the division who don't know it—and that's only because they haven't been here long enough. Hadn't you ever heard, Coronel, that Mrs. Stilton was at one time Mrs. Perry?"

"By George, I remember that!" exclaimed the vice-consul. "Funny, I didn't connect the names. Of course I was just a kid when the newspapers made such a fuss about it. She ran off with Stilton, didn't she? And you chased them to New Orleans?"

"That was a long time ago," said Muriel, her arm still around Perry, her gaze fixed on the comandante.

"Eight years," said Perry. "Nicaragua. . . ."

"He's forgotten all about it. Haven't you, Dave?"

"I had no grudge against Stilton. When we happened to come together again in the Puerto Musa division, we were—our relationship was quite cordial. We never discussed the former Mrs. Perry. That was quite easy, because she was never in evidence. She detested the tropics. She only spent a few months a year with Stilton in the Capital. . . ."

HE PAUSED. All eyes were on the comandante. Coronel Blanco was stroking the *pisote* with the long, well-manicured forefinger of his right hand, and did not speak for a full minute. When he broke the silence, he spoke softly, but the firmness of his purpose was evident even in the friendly gentleness of his words.

"I think, Mr. Perry," he said, "that you and I had perhaps better retrace the ten-minute walk you took on your . . . unsuccessful quest for Mr. Stilton this evening. It would be most helpful if we could find that fisherman you say spoke to you at the small-boat landing. Not that I don't believe your story, please understand. . . ."

"I quite understand," said Perry wearily. He got up.

"You may as well clear out, too, Bannister," the comandante said. "Holliday and Alcott, too. I'd like to talk to you for a moment more, Mr. Consul."

"You don't need me, Coronel?" Muriel asked.

"No, señorita. Good night."

Muriel hurried out. Dave Perry was

already out of sight. She supposed he had gone in the direction of the small-boat landing and started after him. She had not gone far when a white form materialized in front of her. She halted in sudden terror, her heart skipping several beats before she recognized the fluttering white cape of Adolf von Graulitz, who had stepped out from behind a palm tree.

"I am sorry I frightened you, Miss Monroe," said Graulitz. He bowed his formal apology.

"You appear to be making haste, Miss Monroe."

"I am in a hurry."

"May I accompany you?"

"I'm not in the mood for company tonight, if you don't mind, Herr von Graulitz."

"I am always at your service." Again Graulitz bowed. "Good night, Miss Monroe."

THE wan, half-strangled moon had at last sunk to extinction beyond the distant mountain wall. The wind, too, had given a final gasp and died.

Muriel Monroe, when she had come back from the comandancia, found the Hen House dark except for a light in the hallway. She called out as she opened the door. Getting no response, she went from one room to another; they were all empty.

Muriel didn't mind being alone, she told herself. She went to her closet and hung away her dress with the eight other evening gowns she had brought down from her last vacation in the States—eight glittering creations she had been hoarding to make company wives green with envy whenever they ventured to some social function in their pathetic commissary finery. Funny how all that seemed trivial now, how the whole world had changed completely in five minutes. Because Gerald Stilton was dead, it didn't matter that Mrs. Alcott should look tacky beside her, or that Mrs. Bannister should be sullenly silent with jealousy, or that Mrs. Somebody else should be sweetly catty in her sarcastic compliments. . . .

Muriel sat on the edge of her bed, rolled down her stockings, slipped the silken ribbons off her shoulders. She stood up, stepped out of the flutter of peachblow gossamer that settled about her slim ankles. She walked to her dresser, pulled on a bathing cap, and looked in the mirror to make sure the last blond ringlet was tucked inside the blue rubber. Then she kicked off her slippers and bounded into the shower.

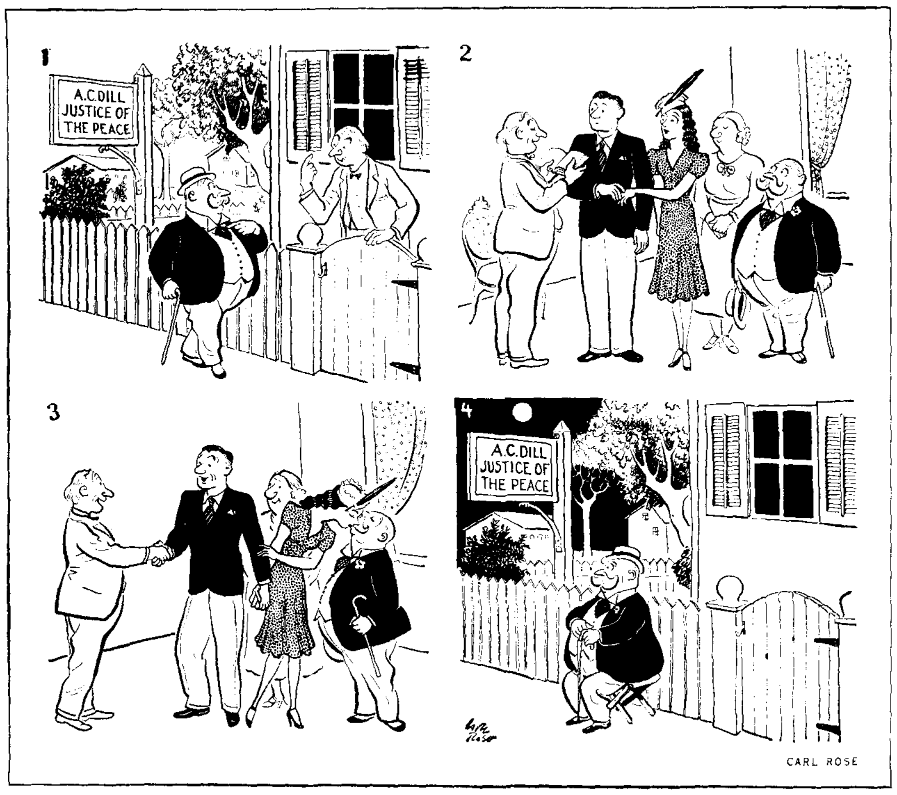
She closed her eyes, clasped her hands behind her head, and gave herself to the refreshing caress of the cool, tingling spray. She held her breath and lifted her chin to the thin fingers of water that brushed her face, her throat, her firm young breasts. After a while she turned her back, breathed deeply, and tried to absorb herself completely in the enjoyment of the cooling patter of water against her shoulders. It was no use. The silvery mist that splashed over her glistening body seemed not to touch her. Tonight, for once, hydrotherapy could not calm her jangled nerves, could only make her keenly aware that she was very much upset. And the fact that she should be upset by the death of Gerald Stilton, who meant less than nothing to her, puzzled and enraged her.

She turned off the shower and dried herself furiously—so furiously that before she was dry she was warmer than before. Even the comforting touch of silk on her skin had lost its palliative powers tonight; her nightgown was warm as she slipped it on.

She put out the light, lay down on the bed, pulled the thin sheet over her. She knew that probably she would not sleep, and for a moment thought of going into Nita's room for a bromide—Nita, for all her torpidity and languor by day, often resorted to sedatives by night—then decided that in her present state even a sleeping powder would do no good. She lay for a long time, listening to the distant howls of the payday drunks and the occasional burst of music from the cantinas, before she realized with a shock that she was thinking of Walter Lane more than of the death of Gerald Stilton, and that it was the thought of Lane that upset her.

Although she knew instinctively that this was true, she tried to rationalize another explanation. Even though it was impossible to become wrought up over the death of a cold-blooded fish like Stilton, it was the effect of his death on Cecil Holliday and Dave Perry that had touched her. That was it! Dave and Cecil were in danger . . . two men who were very dear to her . . . two men who were probably in love with her, each in his own way . . . Cecil Holliday respectful, worshiping from afar . . . Dave Perry as dependent upon her as a small boy and trying to hide it by being possessive and gruff, fatherly. . . . Either one of them might have killed Stilton. The thought made her shudder.

(To be continued next week)



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I'VE MADE BREAKFAST THE MOST
INTERESTING MEAL OF THE DAY!

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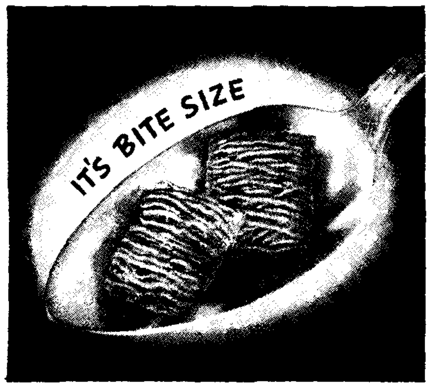
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston

Here's a new whole wheat cereal that tastes different...looks different and IS different!

To make fussy breakfast eaters sit up and take notice, serve Shredded Ralston . . . the new ready-to-eat cereal everybody loves at first taste. Its flavor, made by a new patented process, is new and fascinating. Its tempting, original bite size means there's none of the usual muss or crumbling. Made of healthful whole wheat, Shredded Ralston supplies vital food elements everyone needs to keep feeling fit. Try it!

The Whole Wheat Cereal millions eat because they like it!



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ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY
(Organized by Sears, Roebuck and Co.)

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ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY, Home Office 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Please send me rates and information regarding Automobile Insurance. [MAS]

Name__________
Residence Address__________
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Make of Car______ Type of Body______
Model______ Year of Model______
Name, number or series
Car Cost Me______ Purchased New or Used______
My Present Insurance Expires______
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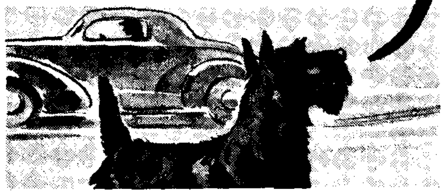
SURE—I USED TO CHASE CARS!

I had the habit — till the Boss read that Albert Payson Terhune article in the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK telling why I chase 'em and how to stop me.

The Boss is a swell guy — but he can't know everything, see? So — he gets the DOG BOOK and learns all about foods and medicines for me! All about training, and breaking bad habits.



Now I can take cars or leave 'em alone — and I haven't been off my feed for months. That BOOK'S got something. It's free to you at drug and pet stores — or with this coupon. Don't miss it!

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. GK-2, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______

The Run in Her Stocking

Continued from page 10

I'm dreadfully sorry, darling, but this afternoon I haven't a minute to spare. If only you'd let me know beforehand, but it's now quite impossible. The train from the country was late and I've had nothing to eat and it's three o'clock already and I have a fitting at half past, and then I must go to the coiffeur, you know what Sigismond's are like if you keep them waiting a moment, they simply go ahead with the next client. It's perfectly disgusting, and at five I must go to tea with the old Gräfin von Hauser. It's her birthday, you know, and she'd never forgive me if I failed to come. And I have to match the curtains, you know you said yourself the other day that this old stuff here is a perfect disgrace, and . . ."

"But I have something to show you," he cried in bitter disappointment, "something wonderful that will change our whole lives. Never mind about the cinema, we can go there another day, but this is different, I really think . . ."

SHE eyed him not unkindly—poor Florian, after all, he tried so hard; if only he wasn't so . . . "Well, I tell you," she said brightly, "I'll just pop in quick to the old Gräfin to wish her another eighty years of happiness, and then run away as soon as I can. There's sure to be a crowd there, so I'll be able to get away, and we'll have a cozy little tea together at half past five, and you can tell me all about it. But after that I must go and see about the curtains, and you know we're dining tonight at the French consulate."

He was furious but there was nothing he could do. Sophie gave him a birdlike kiss, slid into her caracul coat and stood for a moment at the mirror near the door to tip her small Paris hat at a more coquettish angle. Florian frowned at her dismally and saw that there was a long run down the stocking on her slim right leg. He opened his mouth to tell her because he knew she hated things like that. Then he shut it again with a snap. Serve her right, he thought, I'll tell her about it when she gets home and say, "You were in such a hurry, my dearest, that I didn't want to delay you for an instant."

But this petty revenge did not console him for the spoiled afternoon. He went back to his little study and looked gloomily at the mice in their cage and the deadly bottle beside it. "Should I try again with one or two of them? No, what's the use. . . . Oh, if only Sophie had waited; she is dreadfully inconsiderate."

He sat down and opened a book but did not read. She wasn't *like* this before, he thought gloomily, but the last three months she never had a minute to spare.

Suddenly, without his own volition, a picture formed in his mind. A balmy evening on the hillside above Vienna. A *Heurigen* party, the taste of sweet new wine, the lights of the city below, the golden moon on high and couples dancing under the colored lanterns on the café terrace—one couple, his wife Sophie and a tall young man in Tyrolean costume, buff and green. His face as he looked at her, her face as she looked at him, young Leutenburg, Carlo, yes, Carlo von Leutenburg. . . . Then other pictures, Carlo and Sophie at the opera, at the Drei Husaren, at a hunting party in the country—damn the fellow, they'd been meeting him everywhere, and he wouldn't be surprised . . . nervously he seized the telephone and dialed a number.

He talked some minutes in a voice that was honey sweet and put the receiver back with meticulous care. Just as he thought, young Leutenburg had spent that week end at his own aunt's house . . . with Sophie. He sat back scowling and a flood of other memories rose to swell his suspicion.

He seized his hat and coat and rushed out of the apartment. As he strode past a café, warm and already brilliant in the winter twilight, he thought for a moment to go in and pick up one of the pretty girls there and take her to see the new American film. Were the tickets in his pocket? Yes, and why not? He paused, then with a sudden revulsion of feeling tore the tickets in pieces and threw them into the air. "Women," he muttered savagely, "women . . . parasites, harpies, they are all alike." He walked on blindly, the prey to bitter thoughts.

Some time later he found himself outside the Dorotheum, Vienna's great municipal pawnshop, filled four floors high with the debris of shattered homes and all the pitiful jetsam of human lives and happiness. There is everything in the Dorotheum that has been bought and used by men and women, from the golden cigarette case with diamond monogram to frying pans and flatirons, moth-eaten carpets and well-worn baby carriages. Downstairs they hold auctions all day long of unclaimed property, whose owners are dead or gone or sunk too low to redeem it ever. Above are corridor after corridor, room after room, each full to the ceiling of goods in their various categories: furniture, boots, books, porcelain, tools, bicycles, carpets, sheets, beds, blankets, skates, lamps, utensils, crockery, silverware, but the gold and jewels are kept in safes in the basement.

Florian entered an auction room and sat wearily on a bench near the door. He was tired and, if the truth be told, a trifle ashamed of himself.

After all, why jump at conclusions? Sophie was always so gay and lighthearted, but that need not mean . . . why shouldn't she amuse herself sometimes? She couldn't go out alone, poor child, while he was busy in the laboratory. Besides—the thought caressed him like a warm bath—henceforth it would be different, once he had marketed the rodent killer, they could travel, visit Egypt and Florida, India and the magic isles of Australasia.

THE auctioneer's voice interrupted his dream of shining seas and azure skies. "I now come to the last and most interesting lot in this afternoon's assortment. I can say indeed that this ancient curio"—he held up a small green teapot—"is one of the rarest items that has ever been sold in Vienna. It belonged, I may tell you, to the collection of a famous diplomat, who represented our late emperor for many years in the Orient. It is not merely an example of fine Ming workmanship but . . ."

"Five schillings," said a fat man near Florian in a loud impatient voice. The auctioneer quelled him with a scornful look. "As I was saying, not only fine workmanship but a unique example of Oriental guile. This is one of the celebrated poison teapots used by Chinese emperors to dispose of subjects whose loyalty they suspected. It contains two compartments and inside the handle are two tiny holes that control the flow of air to each compartment. If you put your finger, thus, on the foremost hole, the contents emerge only from the rear compartment, as you see"—he poured a stream of green liquid from the teapot into a glass. "If, however, you cover the second hole, the liquid emerges from the compartment in front; just watch now"

After 26 years we repeat—

No Longer a Disagreeable Task
Sani-Flush, so easy to use, quickly cleans water-closet bowls, making them white as new—and it positively
cannot hurt the plumbing connections
Sani-Flush
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

• This advertisement appeared 26 years ago. Still today, SANI-FLUSH is the easiest and best-known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) Directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5c-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. . . . The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

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··STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.··

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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$100.50 UP
SOUTHAMPTON..ANTWERP
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COUGHS!
Get After That Cough
Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

—he shifted his finger and a stream of pink flowed down from the teapot's spout. "For this unparalleled curio I suggest the bidding should begin at a hundred schillings."

"I offer five," said the fat man defiantly, but someone capped it with seven, then ten, fifteen, twenty, and slowly up to thirty-five.

Florian watched with interest. The device was ingenious, like his beloved laundry chest. He tiptoed forward and peered at the little pot. By Jove, it was Ming, he was sure of it, of the Famille Verte, perhaps not of the best period but certainly authentic.

"Forty schillings," he said firmly. "Forty-five," cried a voice to his right. "Sixty," Florian retorted with a scowl so determined that the opposition was routed at once.

Florian was delighted with his new purchase; it was just what he had been wanting because he liked Indian tea and Sophie preferred the lighter brew of China. Now they could both be served, simultaneously; he would use it this very afternoon for their little tea party.

HE STOPPED at the corner of the Ring and bought a pound of the small sweet flaky cakes that Sophie adored, and hurried home in the best of humor.

With loving care he set out the delicate egg-shell porcelain from the sitting-room cabinet and piled up the cakes in a little silver basket from the sideboard. It was five-fifteen already, she would be home in a minute. Sure enough, as the kettle began to boil he heard Sophie's key clicking in the lock and went gaily out to meet her.

"Tea's just ready and I bought the most inter . . ." He stopped as if a club had hit him and stood still. Sophie was not alone. Behind her in the passage he saw a tall, slim masculine figure and a vapid smile.

"I brought Carlo," she said brightly, "the poor dear was so bored by all those old tabbies at the tea party, I simply had to rescue him. Put your hat and coat here, Carlo. Oh, Florian, I've had a perfectly awful afternoon, just one thing after another. I'm perfectly exhausted."

Jealousy is perhaps the worst of human emotions for the one who nurtures it like a viper in his bosom. It is so painful and pitiless and, if expressed, so futile and ridiculous. It gripped Florian now in its venomed teeth, but behind him there were long generations of courtesy and self-restraint. Although the words almost choked him, he welcomed his false friend and spoke lightly to the wife who, he was certain, had betrayed him.

He was sure now of their guilt, he knew it in his bones, and at once there came further proof to confirm his inner certainty. He watched Sophie closely as she laid her hat aside and smoothed her shining locks. He could not be mistaken, he could swear that her hair had not been dressed today. "I thought you were going to Sigismond's," he said casually, "but I telephoned there to ask whether you would like some chocolate as well as cakes, and they said you hadn't come."

She looked at him wide-eyed and replied quickly, "Oh, I was kept so long at the fitting, and you know what Sigismond's are like, I told you they will never wait for a minute, so I must go there tomorrow instead. But, Florian, you've only put out two teacups. I will get another for Carlo."

She jumped up from her chair and went hurriedly to the cabinet. As she bent to take a cup Florian saw that there was a run in the stocking of her right leg. That settled it beyond doubt; remembrance stabbed him like a knife. When she had left the house two hours before, the run was on her other leg.

For a second Florian felt the relief of a prisoner in the dock when after long delay the jury files back into the courtroom and the foreman stands and answers the judge's query with the grim word "Guilty." At once his mind was set, he knew what he must do.

With silky politeness he led the conversation as he pleased. The *Heurigen* night on the hillside, the hunting party, the opera ball and other occasions when the two had met before his eyes, and all the time he watched and listened to note how each word they said, each look of their eyes revealed their guilty secret.

"How stupid of me," he cried, "I've forgotten all about the tea; I prepared it in the study and the kettle must be boiling. He passed into the study and made tea in the two compartments of the Chinese teapot and in the front one poured with steady fingers the contents of the little bottle of poison. He returned to the sitting room.

"Look, Sophie, what I bought this afternoon. It's an authentic Ming piece, Famille Verte, and I think a good period. I bought it especially for you."

He savored the irony of his words as he poured the tea into their two cups, keeping his finger on the foremost hole inside of the teapot's handle, then slipped it backward, unperceived, for his own consumption.

Was Sophie nervous, he wondered, as she chattered so fast and so brightly about Gräfin von Hauser's party? At all events, it did not matter now, they had swallowed enough of the poison, no power on earth could save them.

His heart was purged of passion and the pain of hatred. He felt indifferent and remote, like some ruler of the nether world who had passed judgment on two sinners far below his feet. Remote and cold as if his hands and feet were frozen, but they did not hurt him. Indifferent even to the picture of Sophie leaving the apartment with a run in her right stocking. Yes, surely, it was her right leg all the time, and he had . . . or was it the left leg, after all? He felt cold and did not care.

"Oh, Florian, what's the matter?" cried Sophie suddenly. "Your face is so pale and your eyes are so fixed and strange. Do you feel ill, my darling?" Her voice was faint in his ears, and his last conscious thought was that his finger should have closed the second hole in the teapot's handle to release the poison from the front compartment. . . .

TWO weeks later I met Sophie von Kindermann near the Bristol Hotel. She was looking at a diamond necklace in a shop window. Her eyes were as fresh and blue as the violets on her collar.

"You're just the person I want to see," I cried. "I've been down to Budapest, only got back this morning, and I met there an American who is willing to handle Florian's rodent killer if it's really as good as he thought it was. Will he be at home this evening? I want to see him at once."

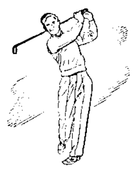
Sophie giggled bewitchingly. "It's better than he thought," she answered. "We've tried it lots of times at home; it kills mice and rats too, like magic." She paused, then added, "But you'll have to give me a message because Florian can't see anybody, not for at least two weeks. You see"—she bit a lip with small white teeth—"you see, poor Florian drank something by mistake, which disagreed with him frightfully, he was frightfully ill one night and I was perfectly terrified. And afterward—well, he came out all over in big red splotches; he looked like nothing in the world. It's better now than it was, and the doctor says he will be all right again in a week or two."

"Good heavens," I said, "how horrible! How on earth did it happen?"

Sophie shrugged her shoulders. "You know the poor darling," she murmured, "just *schlamperei*, that's all."

Johnny Farrell

Tells How His Deep Sleep Secret Helps Win Golf Tournaments THE NIGHT BEFORE



JOHNNY FARRELL, whose phenomenally accurate putting has made him one of the greatest golfers of his time, says:—

"Golf isn't a game of strength, but rather one of perfect *control*, requiring keen judgment plus *precision*. You learn these things by endless practice during the day—but you *keep* them by sound, regular sleep at night. That's why I say that many of the most important tournaments I ever played were really *won the night before*—with the help of *Ovaltine*.

"It was when I was under unusual tension during a tournament that I first began taking *Ovaltine* to help me get to sleep. It worked like a charm and has been a regular standby with me ever since. Because steady nerves and a cool head in the morning can make all the difference between WIN or LOSE in golf—or anything else."

Thousands of People in All Walks of Life are Now Adopting This Deep Sleep Secret—for Clear-eyed "Morning Freshness" and Energetic Days

HERE'S that new "sleep insurance" idea so many people are following nowadays:—a cup of hot *Ovaltine* taken every night before getting into bed.

They take this *protecting* food-drink not merely to avoid nerve-wracking tossing and turning at night. But, more importantly, for the clear-eyed, energetic days that follow sound and *restful* sleep!

For of all the things that influence our lives, nothing is more vital than sleep! Loss of it can lead to shaky nerves—to sluggish bodies and *minds!*

On the other hand, many of the most important business and social "victories" are won in advance—as the result of deep, refreshing sleep *the night before.*

Physicians will tell you this is so. And more and more people are coming to realize it every day. That's why the Ovaltine "sleep insurance" idea has spread so rapidly among people in all walks of life.

41% OF PEOPLE UNREFRESHED UPON AWAKENING!

In an investigation reported in a medical magazine, 41% of the people questioned said they felt unrefreshed on arising—indicating that they did not get the *maximum* benefit out of their sleep.

In a 3-year scientific sleep study, it was found that taking Ovaltine regularly at bedtime tended to cut down tossing and turning and give a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning.

How Ovaltine Acts

(1) *Ovaltine* is *not* a medicine. Helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension" in a purely *natural* way.

(2) It provides certain food elements needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability that, according to some authorities, may cause night-time tossing.

Also important—*Ovaltine* helps replenish worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells during sleep, and furnishes "protective" food factors:—minerals, proteins and Vitamins A, B, D, and G.

That's why so many people awaken more completely *refreshed* after a night of "*Ovaltine* sleep." Not "dopey" as after taking drugs. But wide awake and vital—alert and "on their toes." They *get MORE out of sleep!*

So—for sleep that really *rests* you—get acquainted with *Ovaltine*. You simply mix it with milk. For sale everywhere.

NOTE: Ovaltine was originated in Switzerland, now made in the U. S. A. Created as a restorative food for convalescents, it is used in 57 countries today. Doctors approve it. And over 1,700 hospitals serve it in America alone!

2 NIGHTS' TRIAL CAN

OVALTINE, Dept. S9—C—2,
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your trial size can of Ovaltine—enough for a 2-nights' test. I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. (1 to a person).

Name..

Address..

City.............................*State*.....................

OVALTINE

promotes sound, natural **SLEEP**

You Can Take It With You

Continued from page 18

stalwart Richard Hardaway, who three years ago was informed by the White House what Mr. Roosevelt likes to eat. Says he: "The President likes simple food, nothing fancy. Usually he orders à la carte. Sometimes he takes the whole dinner."

From tall, solemn Mr. Tuzik we learn the President dines at a small table in his private car. A lanky waiter balancing a tray rushes by with a lone slice of vanilla ice cream—a Roosevelt favorite.

In the next car we find Marvin McIntyre seated in a compartment that he calls "the workshop." Dossiers and files are spread on the table. McIntyre's assistant, Henry M. Kannee, is sorting letters for the President to sign.

Meet the Ringmaster

"Got 'em ready?" Mac says in a deep husky voice that seems to come from a tuba. His coal-black eyes twinkle behind a veil of fatigue. This frail man (he has a stomach ailment that necessitates his taking hydrochloric acid in water with every meal) reaches for a telephone.

It is the first telephone we've ever seen on a train, one of the few in the country. All the cars are connected by phone. Mac speaks to the President:

"Hello, boss, those letters're ready to sign . . . okay," he rasps, rising with the letters.

Marvin McIntyre is an emaciated one-time city editor and amusement-park press agent who has known F. D. since he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. At the White House and on the train he acts as a buffer between the President and political hangers-on. He's ringmaster of the troupe and wields much power.

We decide to follow him. But a Secret Service man on guard in the alcove at the end of the corridor stops us dead.

"No one allowed in the President's car now. Regulations."

This dark-visaged St. Peter in a natty business suit is not the kind of man to waste time arguing. We retreat, and notice a few of his S. S. colleagues off duty playing bridge in the rear compartment.

We find Henry Kannee, who calls his boss "Mister Mac." He used to be a shorthand reporter in New York. A serious, sober young man with faultlessly brushed brown hair, he will talk your leg off about his amateur inventions if you let him.

Kannee's job is to give the press official reports of everything the President says. Roosevelt often varies from the text of his prepared speeches, as on the Maryland primary "invasion" when he threw aside the counsel of his advisers and endorsed Candidate David Lewis by name, though the advance text did not mention Lewis by name. Kannee also reveals it is he who opens the pouch.

The pouch, it develops, is a tan pigskin sack in which travels the President's daily exchange of correspondence with the White House. Responsibility for this important link with the home office rests on Herbert Theurer, a keen, genial, middle-aged postal inspector. Into the pouch every night goes a sack of signed Acts of Congress, letters, decrees, and private memoranda. We look up Theurer. He's smoking a cigar in the club car.

Theurer's job is to get that pigskin over the goal line, Washington, in the shortest possible time. If the President is on the Cruiser Houston or Indianapolis in the Caribbean, Theurer arranges for a Navy seaplane to drop alongside the ship in the evening and fly it to a Navy land base where the pouch is transferred to regular air mail and delivered the following morning. If Roosevelt is in the middle of a Nevada desert, the pouch is whisked off at dark by motorcycle or auto to the nearest airport, regular or emergency field, and a transcontinental plane drops from the sky on a special stop to hurry it east.

We meet a representative of the railroad, aboard for the whole trip. We learn that he will manage everything, no matter what road we go upon. He has a telephone leading to the engineer in the cab. "This trip isn't run on the minute, it's run on the second."

The President likes to travel slowly, not over fifty miles an hour. The train goes even slower at mealtime so as not to shake soup into his lap. Schedules have been rearranged to let the special have a clear track. A complete inspection of rails, bridges, signals, switches, has been made especially for this trip. Rail employees sigh with relief when the train passes their sector safely.

We are told the President must pay one fare plus Pullman, as must all the other passengers. There are some small extra charges for special switchings from one road to another. No tickets are seen. The White House "boss" and his outfit are billed by mail. Others pay cash, on the train.

Though an ordinary citizen—if he had the money—would have to pay $75 a day for the use of private cars, the White House is exempted. For an average special train of ten cars that means a neat saving of $750 a day to the government.

In addition to the private-car charge, the railroads usually charge 100 fares for a special train. If the presidential troupe numbers less than 100, the railroad takes the loss, collecting only as many fares as there are passengers.

Since most of the party pay their own fares (newsmen, radiomen, politicos, and so forth), and the immediate White House family seldom numbers more than twenty, the net effect is a private train for the President at twenty or less fares.

Charge It to Prestige

This explains how F. D. R. is able to travel so much yet still remain within his $25,000-a-year travel and entertainment allowance. The railroads lose, the government gains.

The White House tries to divide its business equally among the roads, for although they always show a loss, they consider it a great honor to carry the President and, in fact, are jealous of one another.

By now we have met practically everyone except Colonel W. E. Starling, head of the Secret Service and an unseen but important cog in the machinery of the White House on Wheels. We find him in the compartment of the car just ahead of the President's, a big military man who fairly exudes authority.

His is an enormous task. He protects the President from danger, but for all the money in the U. S. mint he wouldn't tell you how he does it. Nevertheless, this is the way it's done:

First in the basement of the White House his men search cabinetfuls of crank letters sent the President. Some days before the train left Washington an advance guard was foraging on ahead for these potential malefactors and placing them in safekeeping.

Telegrams to local and state police have placed patrols to guard stations and line routes of auto travel. If the President detrains, a squad of his own men will accompany the President in

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unless I get
Ticonderoga
Pencils!
The entire
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insists
on them.
So send
them
NOW!"
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In offices where Ticonderoga Pencils are used *every-one* agrees that no other pencil will do. *Actually* their smoother leads cost *less* for the long run! In 5 degrees. ***No. 2-5/10***—the ***firm*** favorite; ***No. 2***—the choice for ***soft; No. 1***—***very soft; No. 3***—***medium;*** and ***No. 4***—***hard***—***5¢ each.***

Get your stationer to quote in quantities.

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LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF
MILLIONS USE IT!

That's what users have been doing for 25 years—and wasn't it Uncle Abe who said: "You can't fool 'em all, all the time." So there must be something to this Lucky Tiger business.

Lucky Tiger Made to remove loose dandruff—To check excessive falling hair—To allay that annoying scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations and to groom and beautify the hair.

Get a bottle at your drug or 10¢ store and applications at your barber shop.

Memo **A NEW LUCKY TIGER *WITH OIL***

A New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL is now being made for excessive dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay for packing and postage.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 98, Kansas City, Mo.

BOYS Earn prizes and make cash profits by delivering our magazines to customers whom you secure in your neighborhood. To start, send your name, age, address to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-254, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Do this *today!*

GIVE YOUR THROAT THIS MEDICATED BATH...

To Relieve
IRRITATION
Coughs due to Colds

When your throat's troubled with huskiness, dryness, a cough due to a cold . . . let a Vicks Cough Drop dissolve naturally in your mouth. This bathes the tender throat tissues with soothing medication for 12 to 15 minutes. Relief comes fast . . . because Vicks is medicated, *medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub, family standby for relieving discomforts of colds.

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ADVISED BY NOTED OHIO DOCTOR

If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimply skin—DON'T take harsh cathartics—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice).

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. And WHAT'S IMPORTANT: they ALSO stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

an open ten-passenger automobile concealing an arsenal of guns and bombs.

On the train with the President rides a detail of Secret Service men, automatics bulging beneath every coat, lithe, athletic fellows in their thirties, sharp-eyed and burning with alertness. At every stop, no matter how brief, they pop off the train onto the platforms to guard the doors. In stations the curtains on the President's car are drawn. On the back platform stands Thomas Qualters, thickset personal bodyguard, and a Secret Service man.

Life on the train goes merrily on, day after day. Wherever the President stops, great crowds gather to see him. Bands play "The Star Spangled Banner" from morning to night, from one end of the nation to the other. Dams are inspected, bridges dedicated, monuments consecrated, politics hashed, fish caught (a few).

Between speeches and fish the President disposes of business as fast as it comes along, writes new speeches, reads up on local history, telephones Washington, sends telegrams, keeps his finger on the pulse of the nation, or sits in his armchair and waves to some lone farmer on the prairie.

The Inner Sanctum

Some nights he spends on the train. He sleeps like a log wherever he lays down his head, whether in the White House, aboard a bounding ship, or on his Pullman pillow. As the journey flows onward and onward he never seems to tire, though his staff and the correspondents are hanging on the ropes after a few days.

Sometime en route we will have a chance to inspect his private car, "The Pioneer," an old-timer. It is far from elegant.

At the forward end is a microscopic pantry done in nickel. Next comes an oak-paneled dining room about eight feet square in which sit a stiff little table and eight upholstered straight-back chairs.

Next is a stateroom reserved for Mrs. Roosevelt or Son James, in which are a bed-size berth, a small bureau and washbasin.

Then we come upon the President's chamber. In it is a similar berth covered with a green satin bedspread. There is a lavatory not much bigger than a telephone booth, finished in white enamel, connecting with his bedroom.

Next come two small compartments, used for offices, and finally a small observation room furnished with a two-seater divan and a pair of easy chairs.

The President rides in the observation section most of the time, dictating, reading books or newspapers, or merely letting his eyes enjoy the sweep of America.

This car is the private bailiwick of Harry Lucas, who, like every other porter on the train, has been taken off his regular run. Lucas, as he is called, came all the way from Atlanta to serve the President.

Lucas was a White House messenger for a while and through this contact got the job—"Politics," whisper his jealous rivals. His coal-black face grins as wide as a slice of his native Georgia watermelon when Mr. Mac hands out the tips after each trip.

Most frequent presidential trip is to Hyde Park, to his mother's home beneath the giant elms on the banks of the Hudson. Because he has been commuting there so regularly he has set up a semipermanent office at nearby Poughkeepsie. Let's go there.

We find the Temporary White House in room 227 of the Victorian Nelson House. Beds are pushed back in the main office to make way for tables and desks loaded with typewriters and documents. In a bureau drawer is the stationery. In the big oak chests are files.

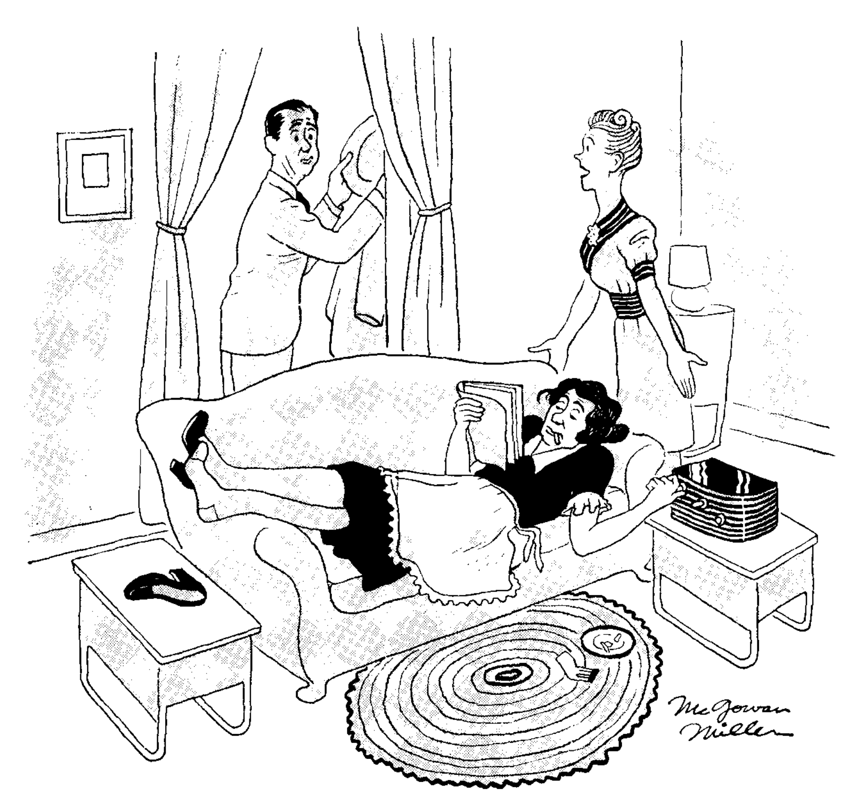
Everything is in readiness. The telephones and telegraph companies have installed wires and switchboards. Miss Hachmeister sleeps in a bed in one corner of the telephone department.

At 9 A. M. the staff is at work.

"Temporary White House," says Hack as the first morning call comes in and the day's business is begun. It will continue until after midnight.

Doc Smithers, wearing a pea-green sweater, is at his telegraph key in one corner. Henry Kannee is busy sorting mail. Miss Barrows is calling to Mac in the next room as he brushes his teeth, "How do you address a Methodist bishop?" Mac sticks his head around the corner and says, "Dear Bishop."

The spirit here, as at all temporary



"Since Della got this new remote control for the oven, I can't do a thing with her!"

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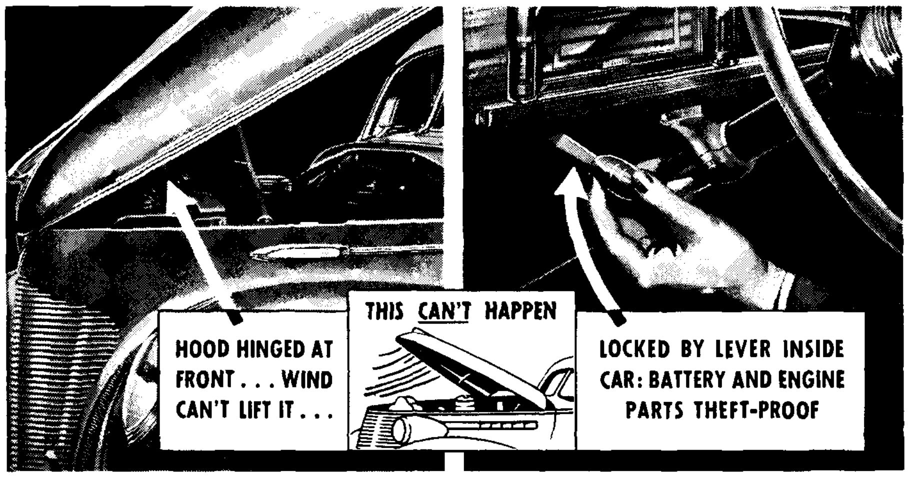
HOOD HINGED AT FRONT . . . WIND CAN'T LIFT IT . . .
THIS CAN'T HAPPEN
LOCKED BY LEVER INSIDE CAR: BATTERY AND ENGINE PARTS THEFT-PROOF

NOW! A DELUXE HUDSON 112 PRICED DOWN WITH DELUXE MODELS OF THE "OTHER THREE"

$745 and up for 86 H. P. Hudson 112 De Luxe; $823 and up for Hudson Six—96 H. P., 118-in. W.B.; $919 and up for Country Club models—101 and 122 H. P., 122 and 129-in. W. B.

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• Why are Arrow Ties so prized? 1: Arrow Style Scouts scour Europe for *new patterns*. 2: Arrow fabrics are the kind you get in *costlier* ties. 3: Arrow's *resilience* assures perfect knots! Get some at your Arrow dealer's *now!* Great values **$1.00** and $1.50.

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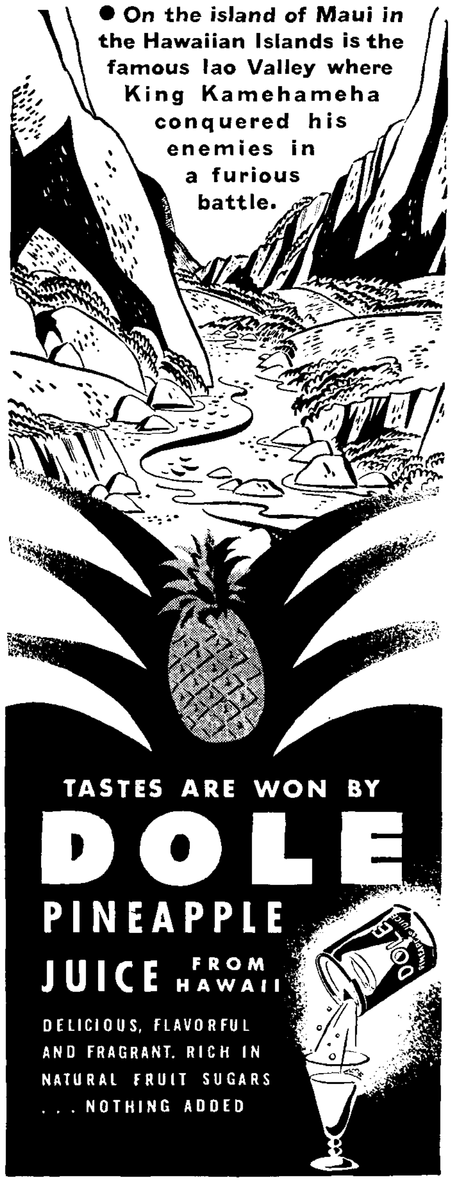

● On the island of Maui in the Hawaiian Islands is the famous Iao Valley where King Kamehameha conquered his enemies in a furious battle.

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DELICIOUS, FLAVORFUL AND FRAGRANT, RICH IN NATURAL FRUIT SUGARS . . . NOTHING ADDED

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Please send me, FREE of charge and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel and institutional field. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked above.

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White Houses, is informal, yet hanging over all the staff is a sense of heavy responsibility.

A direct telephone line connects the Temporary White House to the President's tiny office six miles away. There the lights often shine late at night as he works with one or more of his secretaries.

Getting Away from It All

The President's little office in one wing of the old mansion is most unpretentious. Light streams through a paneled white-curtained window at his right or from a tarnished gooseneck lamp on his desk. Two telephones stand on a bookshelf at his right.

He sits at a simple walnut desk in a black leather-backed swivel chair, cigarette holder cocked in a corner of his mouth, smoke spurting from his lips in a continuous blast. Here he makes history.

All day long, with perhaps an hour's drive after lunch, the President conducts the nation's business, telephoning, seeing visitors, writing.

Outside his door, patroling day and night, are the silent Secret Service men, augmented by khaki-clad New York State troopers.

At Warm Springs, Ga., the setup is much the same as at Hyde Park. The Temporary White House operates in two rooms in Kress Hall, a newly fireproofed two-story building that was once an old hotel. It is a short distance from the President's little white clapboard cottage among the pines.

At Miami the President usually stops at the Miami Biltmore Hotel, which, because the golf course is right outside the door, is a favorite with the troupe. They can be summoned back from the links quickly by a prearranged signal—a white towel hung out the White House window.

In Washington some administrationites criticize the President's frequent jaunts—he has traveled 140,000 miles, far more than Taft's record 114,000, and has been away from his office more than one fourth his term. One high-ranking official complained, "When I want to see him about half a dozen major projects, I'm forced to condense it all into a thirty-minute conference. Five minutes a project isn't enough."

White House aides reply that at his various retreats the President is not pestered by visiting firemen, lodge chairmen, ladies' societies, and lobbyists who haunt his doorstep day and night. The President prefers to study business questions through condensed reports instead of windy interviews. Also he is relieved of social obligations such as state dinners and so forth, and has more time to devote to matters that he considers more important. The President's answer is that he gets more accomplished away from the White House than in it. Besides, says he, you can take it with you.

You're Not the Type

Continued from page 24

the whole town talking honey-chile and you-all. She is beautiful of course, which isn't important, but she has laughing, friendly eyes and a quick smile that she often directs at herself, and these two are important because they are not female attributes common in the New York theater. She is Phi Beta Kappa from Randolph-Macon in Lynchburg, Virginia, suh, and she holds a master's degree in psychology from Columbia University. She always thought herself to be a dramatic actress and she turns out to be the finest comedienne of the season. She worked for years to get rid of her Southern accent so she could play all kinds of parts and her big chance came in a play where she has to be as Southern as Union Springs, Alabama, where she used to get her mail.

She hit New York in 1930 but the only part of New York in which she was interested was that university section known as Morningside Heights. All she wanted out of New York was a master's degree from Columbia and eventually a job either teaching or practicing child psychology.

She didn't know much about Eva Le Gallienne but she could quote pages from Scott Nearing's Solution of the Child Labor Problem. She had never seen the script of a play but she knew John Dewey's Moral Principles in Education. She was vague about make-up but she could discuss the Montessori theory in regard to the relationship between sensory-motor activity and growth, and Henri Joly's Psychologie des Grands Hommes was a breeze for her. But she still had that very pronounced Southern accent.

Helen decided to do something about her accent. She hated destroying a heritage of her Southern birthplace but psychology was to be her career and she had to equip herself for it. So she enrolled at a dramatic school just to learn English as it is spoken in New York. That of course was a fatal step. The stage bug bit her and after that psychology never had a chance. It was a long time, however, before she knew that she was bitten.

Down in Union Springs, Daddy Claire was not doing so well with his pecan plantation, and Helen thought that it was about time she took up the economic burden. Obviously she could only take a job that wouldn't interfere with her work at Columbia. Just as obviously the stage was the place. The hours were swell. They never had morning shows. Helen heard that they were looking for two small young girls to play the part of two small boys in Eva Le Gallienne's production of Peter Pan. She applied for the job but was told that there was a waiting list of something like eleven thousand ahead of her.

"We might get you a job as usher, though," the casting director said.

The night before the show opened they called her. It was hardly a propitious beginning for a budding actress—ushering in a theater. It was, however, her first professional appearance and the stage bug began to bite mighty hard.

The Necessary Toe Hold

A few nights later Fate took a hand by tossing a cold at one of the small boys in the play. Flashlight, programs and all, Helen ran backstage to see if she couldn't get the job. Much to her surprise she did get it and now she was off. It was only a step from there to playing the lead in Kiss the Boys Goodbye. Of course it was a big step and it took seven years and there were numerous heartbreaking detours and a lot of hard work and a little hunger and some winters when she'd have to make believe that she was way down South again in an effort to convince herself that she wasn't really freezing cold. She played in summer stock here and there and every winter she'd try to crack Broadway. For a long while Broadway was indifferent to her.

"I used to hear, 'You're not the type,'

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Reset loose BATHROOM FIXTURES, such as towel racks, glass holders or soap dishes in plaster, wood or tile—with PLASTIC WOOD! It handles like putty—hardens into *waterproof* wood. Get it today at paint, hdwe., 10¢ stores.

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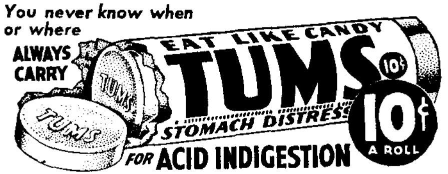
You never know when or where

ALWAYS CARRY



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Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

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Worms can cause it! Use GLOVER'S Worm Medicine (capsules or liquid). Popular for over 60 years! FREE Dog Book—write GLOVER'S, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES

Pride and Plenty

HERE is a letter from a charming woman living in Utah. It will give you some idea of how she handled her money problems. She writes:

"You have helped me find happiness and my purse has been enriched by $400 during the year. Where else could a busy mother find so much with the expenditure of so little time?"

Have you suffered that helpless feeling which no money brings? If so, why not give yourself a chance—join this money-making Club for girls and women. Just send a post card or a letter today to

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. 81
250 Park Avenue
New York, New York

fifty times a season," Helen says now. "Once a play was being cast and they needed three girls. One was a dumb girl, the second an intelligent girl, and third just an average girl. I tried for each part and each time they said 'You're not the type.' "

It was the radio that paid for her milk and crackers those days. They were casting for a radio play and she got the job. She was a Russian spy in the little number.

"I liked it because they never said, 'You're not the type,' although quite obviously I wasn't the type to play a Russian spy."

She did very well with radio. One winter she was in fifty-five radio plays. Meanwhile she had her M.A. degree up on the wall and she was doing some work at recreation centers and she was still teaching a little on the side and still riding those subways. Two years ago her first break came—but it wasn't on the stage. Movietone news was looking for a girl to be its voice of fashions, a pleasing voice that would comment on clothes. Truman Talley, guiding genius of Movietone, gave her a test and hired her right away. This gave her a steady income and it didn't interfere with her attempts to find a stage part.

Helen had to report for work at midnight. She still does and it is her voice you hear telling about this fur coat or that. Her Movietone work helped her considerably. Within a year she had just about lost her Southern accent. She had one or two fairly unimportant parts in good plays and one or two important parts in bad plays. But she still couldn't really get anywhere. She kept hearing, "You're not the type."

And Back Came the Accent

Then they began to cast Kiss the Boys Goodbye. She was one of many interviewed by Producer Brock Pemberton. She showed up looking very pert and smart in a well-tailored outfit and Pemberton took one look at her and she was sure that he was about to say, "You're not the type."

But he gave her a script and told her that she could give a reading the next day. Until now Helen had thought only of the part she was after; she had never thought of trying to sell herself to a producer. Her way hadn't worked. This time she'd try something else. She knew that the well-tailored suit had been a mistake. She knew that to impress Pemberton and Playwright Clare Boothe she would have to look like the Cindy Lou of the play. That night Helen took the subway and traveled down to 14th Street, headquarters for inexpensive dresses. She looked at a great many and finally wound up with a little printed chiffon (price $6.59), a flowered hat (price $1.35), and she bought herself a lot of net ruffles and some black velvet (price $1.23).

She stayed up late that night sewing the black velvet on the hat and a double row of net ruffles on the dress and when she tried it on—she was Cindy Lou. She was demure, a little frightened, a girl from the small Southern town—she was, in fact, Helen Claire of seven years back.

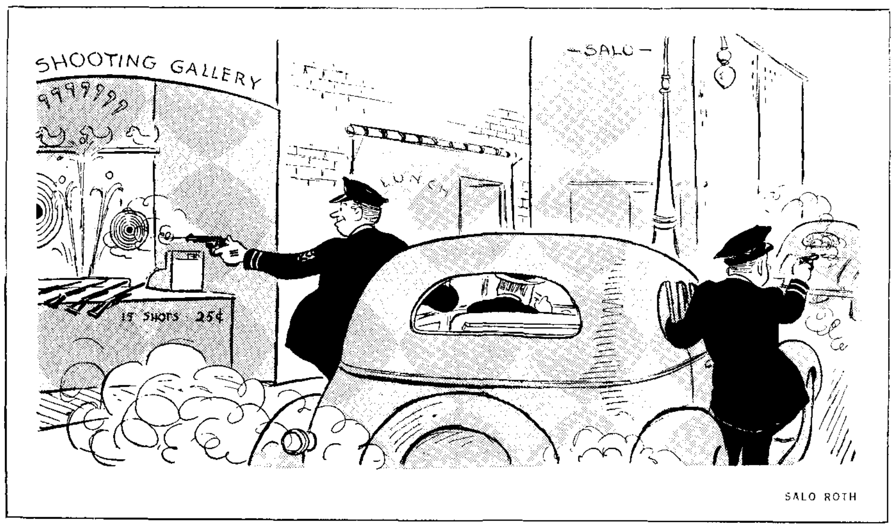
"I was so accustomed to being told, 'You're not the type,' " Helen says now, laughing, "that I fully expected to hear it again. I walked into the theater in my printed chiffon and I was laughing inside. I probably wouldn't get the part but I'd have a lot of fun. I'd throw the darnedest Southern accent around that stage anyone had ever heard. I'd be the sweet little Southern dream girl all right."

She went through her reading of the part, giving it plenty of "you-all" and "honey-chile." Then she was finished. On the way out Miss Boothe said, "That was very nice," which Helen thought was better than, "You're not the type."

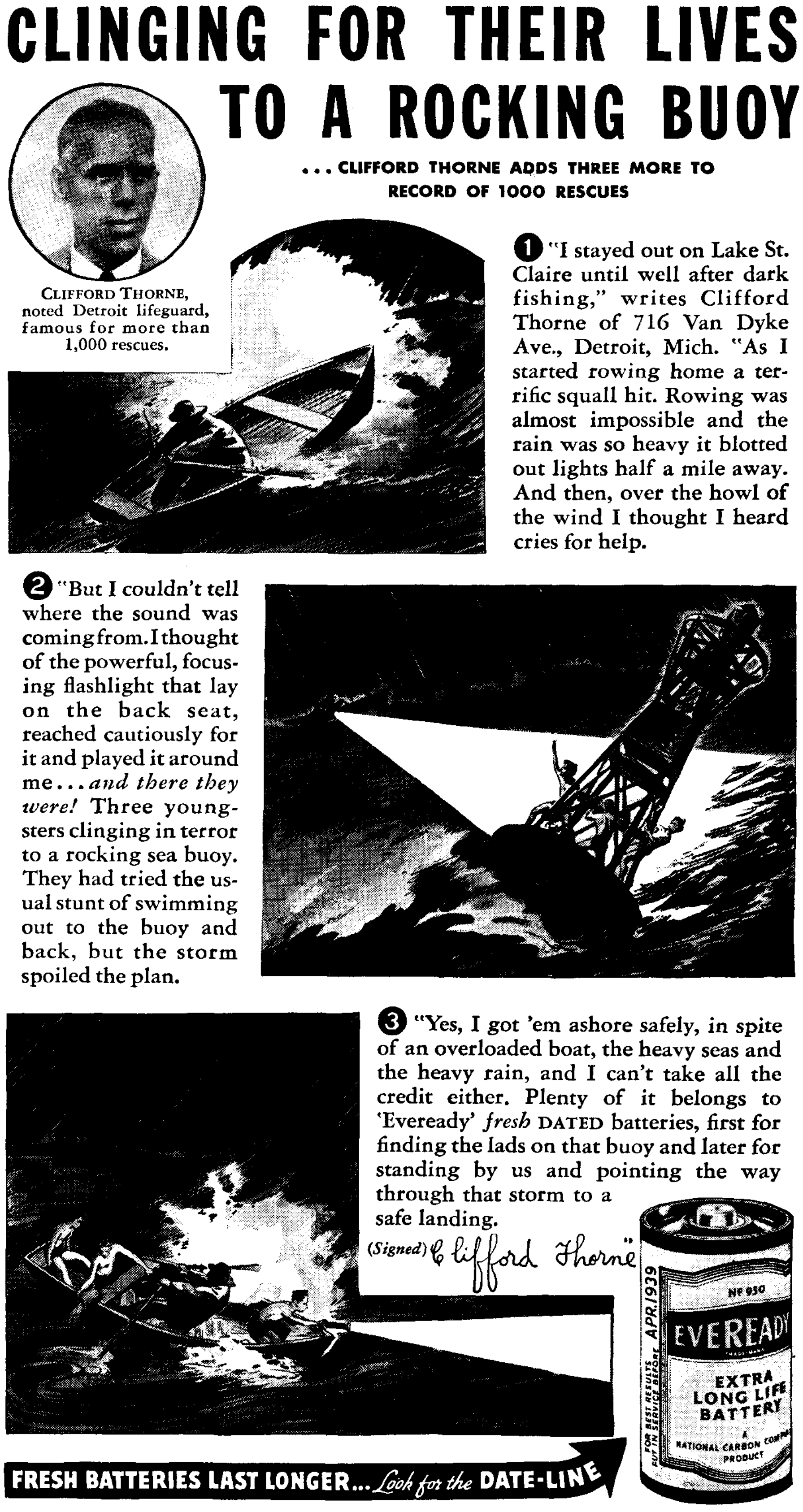
The next day she got word that rehearsals would start immediately and that she was the tentative selection for the part. She still didn't believe it. Rehearsals began and Helen was smart enough never to step out of character. She wore that Southern accent that she had been trying for eight years to discard even off stage. She bought a few pink-printed dresses and she stayed in character twenty-four hours a day. She was Cindy Lou off stage as well as on and, of course, by now Miss Boothe and Producer Pemberton were delighted (though Helen says now that Producer Pemberton was never really fooled). Here they had a sure-enough real Southern girl, the girl Miss Boothe had visualized when she wrote her play. Helen didn't drop her pose until a few days before the play was to open. By then she knew she had the part cinched. Then came that memorable opening night and if you don't believe that she was terrific I refer you to the New York papers. There you'll find that the reviewers, without a dissenting voice, had thrown hats in the air for La Claire.

Well, that's her story. Where she goes from here I do not know. Neither does she. Present plans call for a tour of the South with Kiss the Boys Goodbye and our Helen will sho' nuff show Dixie a Southern accent, suh, like no one ever saw befo'. Today, Helen lives with her very lovely mother in a penthouse in Manhattan and there on the bookcase over her psychology books is a picture of Great-Great-Uncle Patrick Henry Clay Coleman in his uniform as a Confederate colonel. Uncle Patrick Henry would be mighty distressed to hear his great-great-niece talk these days. You can't find a single bit of Dixie in her accent until she steps on the stage each day—then, lawdy, how she lays it on.

P. S. Note to David Selznick. My goodness, David, what more do you want for Gone with the Wind? This girl has more crinoline and old lace in her voice and her manner than Scarlett O'Hara ever had.



SALO ROTH


CLINGING FOR THEIR LIVES TO A ROCKING BUOY

. . . CLIFFORD THORNE ADDS THREE MORE TO RECORD OF 1000 RESCUES

CLIFFORD THORNE, noted Detroit lifeguard, famous for more than 1,000 rescues.

❶ "I stayed out on Lake St. Claire until well after dark fishing," writes Clifford Thorne of 716 Van Dyke Ave., Detroit, Mich. "As I started rowing home a terrific squall hit. Rowing was almost impossible and the rain was so heavy it blotted out lights half a mile away. And then, over the howl of the wind I thought I heard cries for help.

❷ "But I couldn't tell where the sound was coming from. I thought of the powerful, focusing flashlight that lay on the back seat, reached cautiously for it and played it around me . . . *and there they were!* Three youngsters clinging in terror to a rocking sea buoy. They had tried the usual stunt of swimming out to the buoy and back, but the storm spoiled the plan.

❸ "Yes, I got 'em ashore safely, *in spite* of an overloaded boat, the heavy seas and the heavy rain, and I can't take all the credit either. Plenty of it belongs to 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, first for finding the lads on that buoy and later for standing by us and pointing the way through that storm to a safe landing.

(Signed) C. Clifford Thorne"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

Write Today FOR BOYS Many Big Prizes and Cash Profits!

Earn this beautiful wrist watch, a speedy bicycle, or any of 300 other big prizes. Make MONEY, too. It's easy. Just deliver our magazines to customers you obtain in your neighborhood. To start send name, age, and address on penny postal card to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-255, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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It's good sense to relieve a cough due to a cold with Smith Brothers Cough Drops.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

TRADE MARK

When the Stars Crashed

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

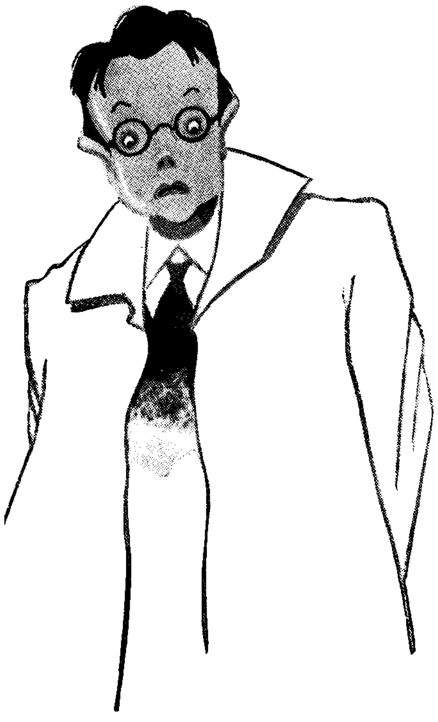
I'M IN love with an astronomer. So help me, I am. Why, oh, why couldn't it have been a butcher, a baker or a candlestick maker? Anyone but Dr. Philip N. Reeves? It is now ten minutes of four A. M. I haven't slept a wink. Excited, that's what you are, Miss Humaston. All starry-eyed and tremulous at 3:50 o'clock in the morning. Like a boarding-school girl with her first crush, like a dime-store girl in love with Eddie the soda-jerker. And you an M.A. with the title of observatory research assistant—you dimwit.

Twinkle-twinkle, Little Starry-Eyes. A fat lot of good it's going to do you. Where is your dearly beloved now? Why, he's up yonder in the observatory dome. He's been there since midnight with his big brown eyes glued to that damned spectrograph. And is he thinking sweet thoughts of you, Miss Humaston? Not by a million parsecs, not on your Cepheid variable star! Dr. Reeves is studying the nebula entitled the Great Spiral in Andromeda. Yes, teacher, I know. Good old 30 Doradus is eighty-six thousand light years from this earth.

That's where my handsome boy friend is—far, far away in the Great Spiral. Far from the madding crowd and the biological urge, Miss Humaston. Phil honey jest don't live here any more. So why are you trembling? So why all the sleepless nights?

Ah, it's because you get to see him every morning at four o'clock. Every morning at four o'clock it is your precious privilege, Miss Humaston, to climb five and a half flights of dark, cold stairs and take your routine schedule of star photographs with the big telescope.

And what is your reward, Miss Humaston? Why, a glimpse of *him*. Just a glimpse, though. He doesn't want you to arrive in the dome a second before 4 A. M., as that would disturb his train of thought. And as soon as you come close, he gathers up his papers and scampers out of there as if the plague had arrived. And a stirring sight he is, too—eyes red from strain, a two or three days' growth of beard, and the rest of him muffled in that ghoulish monk's costume . . .



"I—er—have a theory that might explain all this—"

"Miss Humaston! Three fifty-five!"

"Right-ho. Thanks!"

. . . Be still, my heart. Here I go to take another fleeting look at Star Rover Reeves. I'm in love with a monk, that's what I am. I've fallen in love with the Mighty Monk of the Great Spiral. Whoa, this can't go on. It's not going on, remember. You're to resign, you know. You've had a year and five weeks of this and you can't take any more. You're going back to New York and fall in love with a butcher boy . . .

"Good morning, Miss Humaston!"

"Good morning, Dr. Lashly."

. . . I always bark my shin on that step. Well, only two more flights to go. Other observatories have elevators, but we save our dough for a new 200-incher. What do I mean "We?" I'm out of it. I'm going to resign just as soon as the director wakes up. I truly am. I can't stand any more of being ignored by that man. If he'd only look at me . . .

"Hey, Snowball . . . pssst . . . is my watch right? Three fifty-nine?"

"On the dot, kid."

. . . I'm going to tell him! I'm going to march right in there and say: "By the way, Dr. Reeves, I'm resigning. Yes. Bad heart. The medicos don't give me long to live. Well, cheerio, Dr. Reeves!" Maybe that'd wake him up. Maybe he'd come back from extragalactic space and fall in love with me. No. It's no use.

"Good morning, Dr. Reeves!"

"Hunh? . . . Oh . . . hullo."

"It's four o'clock!"

"Hunh? Already? Oh . . . well—"

"I've got plenty of time this morning. Couldn't I fix you some breakfast?"

"Breakfast? Thanks, no . . . Dr. Logan up yet?"

"No . . . never before seven, Dr. Reeves."

"I'll get him up . . . calculations to check—"

"Dr. Reeves!"

"Hunh?"

"I'm resigning today. Going back to New York."

"You are? Why?"

"I'm going to marry an organ-grinder and return with him to Italy."

"Italy . . . oh, yes . . . study . . . sorry to see you go, Miss Humaston."

"Thank you, Dr. Reeves."

"Italy . . . h'mn . . ."

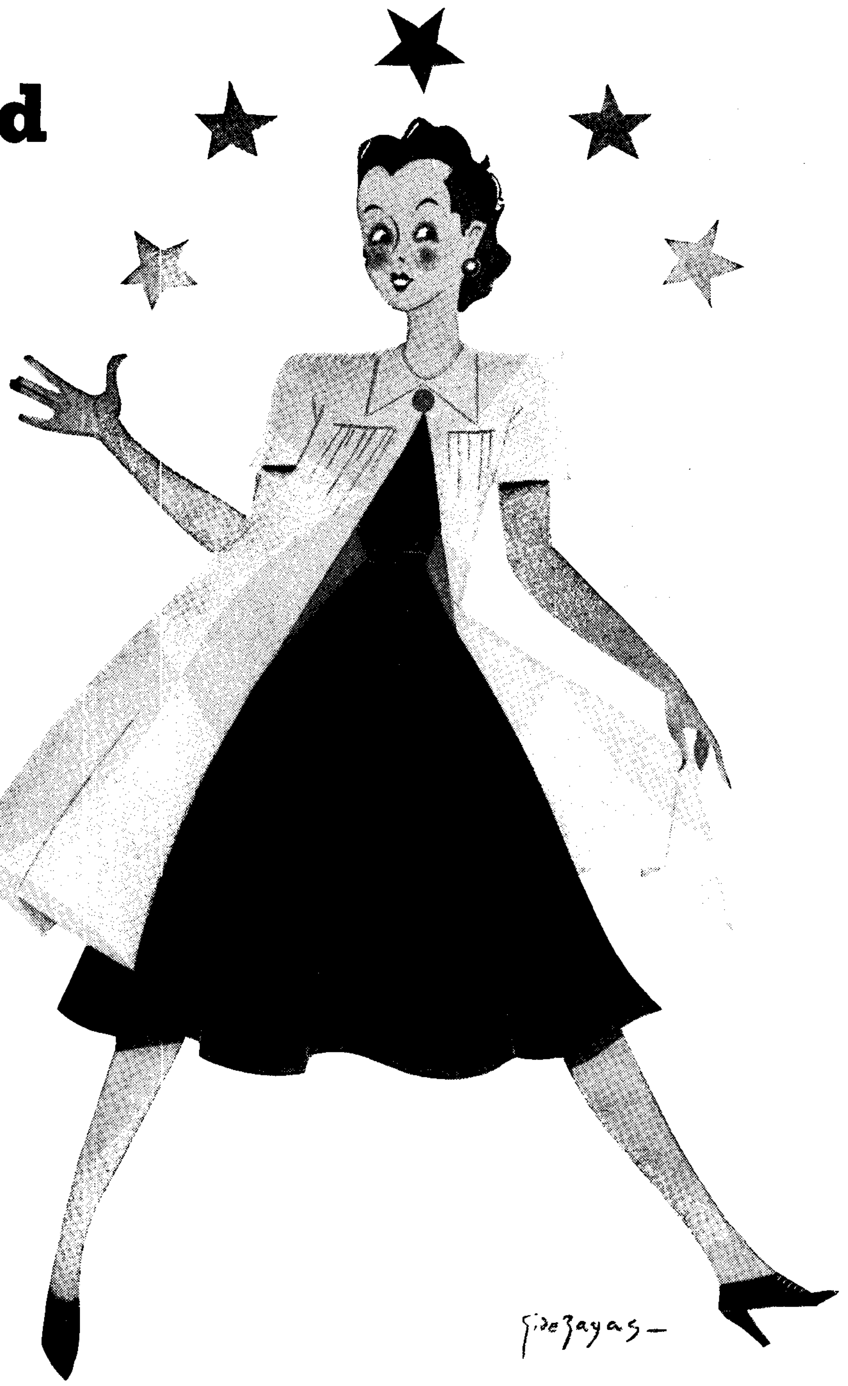
. . . Oh, I could kill him! I could run right after him and grab him by the neck. Whoa. I mustn't cry. I've got to take twenty-four exposures of Messier 13. . . . I'm a scientist. . . . I'll take these damn' pictures if it chokes me . . . then I'll go to my room and pack . . . and leave this place forever . . . forever. . . .

"MISS Humaston! Miss Humaston!"

"Yes . . . sorry . . . must have gone to sleep . . . what time is it?"

"Nine-thirty. Dr. Logan wants to see you in his office right away. The whole staff is there! Something is wrong in Messier 13—"

"Wrong?"



"Be still, my heart. Here I go to take another look at Star Rover Reeves"

"Two of your pictures caught it! Looks like a collision of stars! Too big for novae flashes . . . it's a major catastrophe—"

"Gee!"

. . . Am I famous? Is this what I get instead of Phil Reeves? Have I discovered a comet? Maybe a couple of binary stars smashed. Why can't I get excited? Why don't I care? . . . Aw-aw, the whole staff *is* here! *He's* here . . . see him, Miss Humaston? He's looking at your pictures of Messier 13. He's shaved too. He looks excited . . .

"Miss Humaston . . . ahem . . . this streak of light here in your exposures No. 17 and 18 . . . how do you account for it? Was there something wrong with your technique?"

"I—I don't think so, Dr. Logan."

"Then, gentlemen, we have a stellar cataclysm to investigate—"

"One moment, Dr. Logan—"

"Yes, Dr. Reeves?"

"I . . . er . . . have a theory that might explain all this phenomenon. I'd . . . uh . . . like to speak with Miss Humaston . . . uh . . . er . . . privately, first."

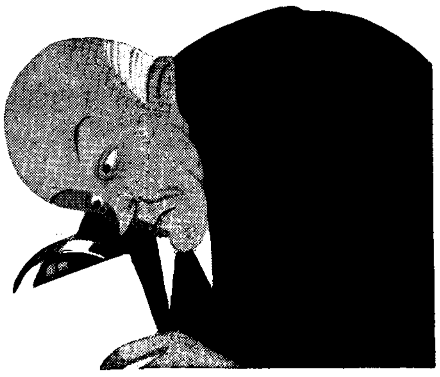
. . . Pinch me, Angels! Here we are in private, alone at last in a lecture room. Star Rover Reeves is *blushing* . . . Shhhhhh. . . . Now he speaks:

"Uh . . . Miss Humaston, when you told me you were leaving the observatory I was momentarily preoccupied. But as soon as the significance of this fact sank in . . . why . . . uh . . . it seemed to provoke a strong emotional reaction in me. I . . . uh . . . rushed back to the dome to speak to you. I approached you there in the darkness and put out my hand . . . an unpardonable carelessness. Some stray beam of light must have glanced off my cuff link and entered the field of your plate—"

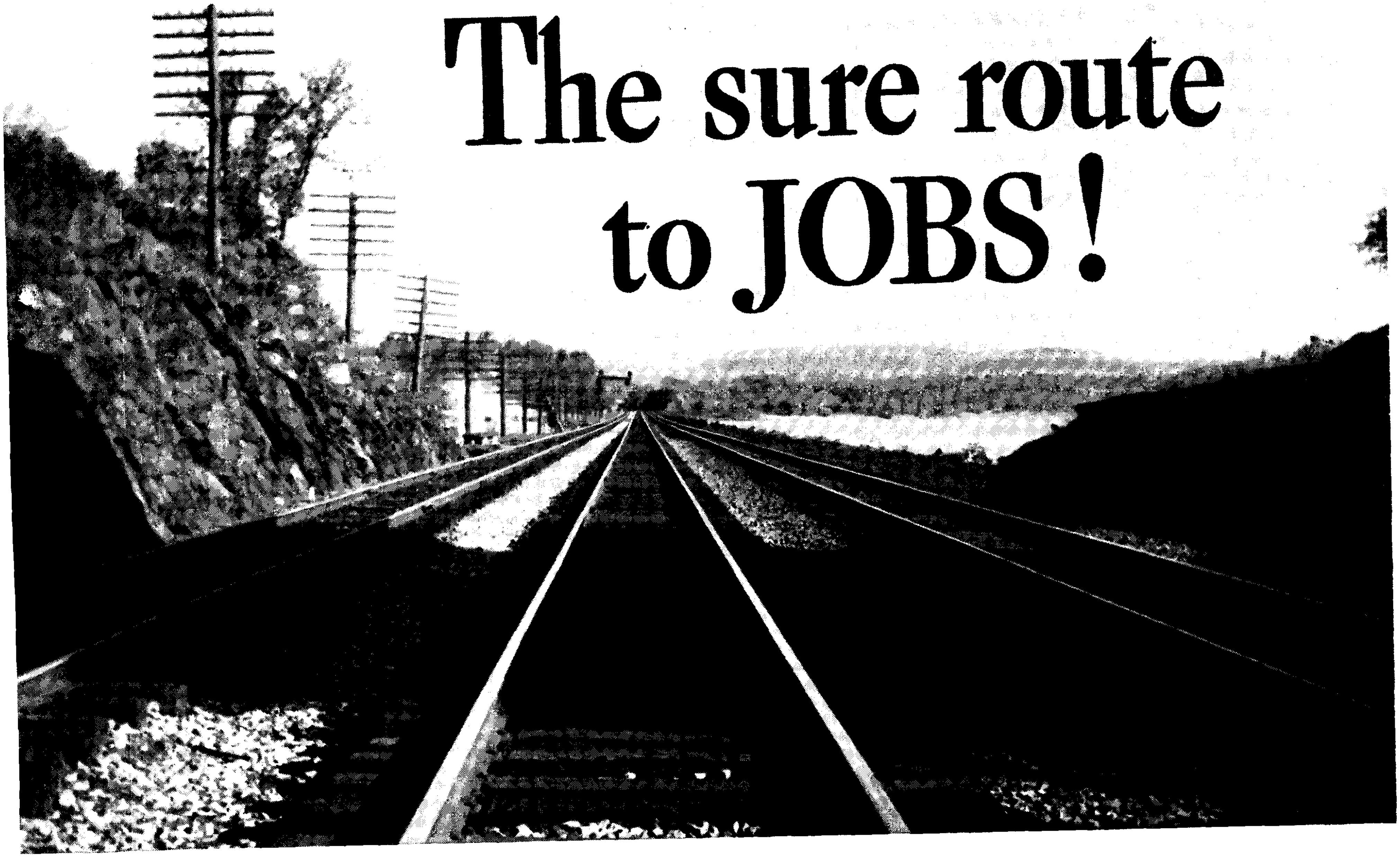
"Why, Dr. Reeves! I didn't see you—"

"I . . . uh . . . withdrew very hastily. Miss Humaston. I . . . uh . . . wished to correlate my thoughts—"

. . . He's admitted it! He put out his hand to touch my hair and stars collided in Messier 13. He doesn't want me to go to Italy. He's opposed to my marrying an organ-grinder, now that he thinks of it. We're going in and apologize to Dr. Logan and the staff for messing up those camera plates and tell them it's a romance, not a cataclysm. Hurray for astronomy! I'm dancing on a large Magellanic Cloud right now!



"Gentlemen, we have a stellar cataclysm to investigate!"



The sure route to JOBS!

LET'S lift up our eyes from the short range view of America.

All of us have been living through difficult times, but anyone who knows the spirit that built America knows that these times must pass.

And just as transportation originally built America, so railroads, as the nation's basic transportation system today, must be ready to carry the banner of future advance.

As all experience shows, *a railroad is never finished.* To keep its service abreast of the times — to step up its schedules with safety — to keep the cost of transportation low — it needs continuously to replace the old with the new.

What that can mean in jobs and purchases will be seen by such a modest estimate as this:

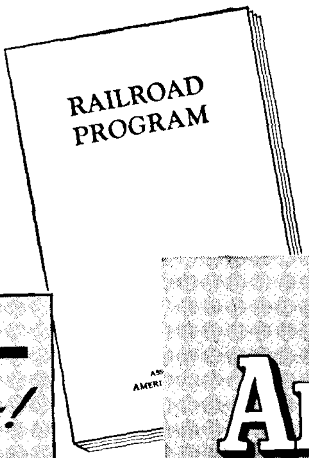
To replace 5% of the freight cars in service would call for 88,326 new freight cars every year, and to build one freight car provides 1,987 man-hours of work.

To replace 5% of all locomotives in service would call for 2,234 locomotives — each providing work for 50 men for one year.

To continue the work of reducing grades, straightening curves, building stronger track, installing safety signals, and the like, at the same rate as in the years from 1926 to 1936, would call for somewhat more than $300,000,000 a year.

Here is a rebuilding program which would set axes ringing in the forests and coal and ore rolling from the mines, which would keep men busy in the ruddy glow of the steel mills — a program which would help farmers, labor, shippers, and be a real contribution to national defense.

The American railroads are ready to press forward with this program, if they can get the means — with the same spirit that has brought such tremendous strides in the past, and now provides the finest transportation in the world.



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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

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when you brush your teeth!

IT IS A TRADITION of the House of Squibb that every product bearing its name must be of the greatest possible benefit to the user.

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Buy Squibb Dental Cream or Tooth Powder today. Both excel in cleansing and polishing. Brush your teeth at least twice a day.

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Acid-Neutralizing

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BB Denta

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Lady Ventilator

Continued from page 22

hoarsely. "Tomorrow, now, Barry has his press preview and it is you that Mammoth Pictures Incorporated must thank!"

Alec nodded modestly. If Mildred had only one-tenth the gratitude that Mr. Steinberg exhibited— He was whistling as he went out the door.

He was still whistling at eight o'clock as, seated in his office, he checked off the studio calls for the next day. Grandeur was using four hundred Arabians, no small order in itself. He had just cleared his desk when, of all people, Mr. Barry Harper appeared in the doorway. He was accompanied by a smoldering party who could be none other than Miss Sandra Noren, Mr. Harper's widely heralded romance of the week.

Alec stared at his late rival. "Is—is something wrong?" he asked weakly. "I was certain it would fit!"

"It was fine!" Mr. Harper said hurriedly. "Perfect!" Then, clearing his throat, he nodded at the lady. "We just dropped in on a personal matter, old man."

"Yes?" asked Alec, feeling more confused every moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Harper, striving for a little of that Robert Montgomery lightness. "It happened I had a date with Sandra on Friday night and I had to break it to go out on that little stag party with you."

"Stag party?" Alec's voice was as blank as his face.

Barry slapped his back. "Always gagging!" he said boisterously, at the same time sneaking an apprehensive look at his smoldering lady. "Sandra was a little upset, Alec, and insisted on our dropping in so you could verify the whole truth. That's the McCoy, isn't it, old man?"

ALEC nodded slowly, hypnotized by *the heady realization that even* Dream Men had their doubting ladies.

"That's right," he said stoutly. "We were just out cutting up a few touches, Miss Noren."

The lady studied him a moment. Then, satisfied: "Let's go, Barry," she said, sweeping her minks about her. "I'm sure anything you did with Mr. Summers was highly respectable."

Barry nodded eagerly, giving Alec a heartfelt smile of eternal friendship. They turned to the door then only to be confronted by a wild-eyed young woman who was clutching something that looked like a peeled frankfurter with ears. Mr. Harper gave her one of his nicest smiles and, bowing, followed Miss Noren from the room. Gaping, Mildred stared after them a moment and then her volcanic gaze came back to Alec, who was still shuddering at the sight of the naked Pekingese. It was all up, he thought dully. He should have had sense enough to dognap Barney until he could explain all.

"So?" Mildred cried, "it's not enough that you turned Barney into a wig! You and your aunts from Portland!"

"Let's not be hasty about this, Mildred," Alec said desperately. "I—"

"I heard every word of it!" she screamed. "Here you've been running around with Barry Harper and were too jealous even to admit you knew him!"

"That's not true!" he said.

"Don't try to lie out of it, Alec. I can believe my own ears, can't I?"

Alec's eyes took on a glazed expression then and Miss Evarts' tragic glance reverted to the naked Pekingese who was now yapping at Mr. Summers. "Doing this to Barney!" she wailed.

Alec could only look at her helplessly, vainly trying to bring up the words that would explain Barney's being minus hair. But it was no use. The words simply wouldn't come.

"I'm through!" Mildred cried wildly. "I'm through with the salon and you and your heartless sense of humor!" Tears were openly falling now. "Bringing me my—my own dog's hair to make into a wig!"

The frantic Mr. Summers regained his voice at that. "You have to believe me!" he shouted. "I only did it for that precious Barry Harper of yours! The studio—"

"Oh," gasped the horrified Miss Evarts. "You—you Judas! You'd even double-cross your best friend to save your lying face! Barry Harper needs nothing from you and we both know it!"

As she slammed the door she got in that final, feminine touch. "If I lived to be as old as Sandra Noren I'd never forgive you for this!"

THAT hardy clique of magazine and newspaper correspondents gathered around the lengthy bar that had been set up on stage 12 in honor of the launching of Mr. Barry Harper were surprised to discover a new press card in their midst. A spade-bearded gentleman with raven-black hair and bushy eyebrows that contrasted strangely with his blue eyes was standing there moodily consuming bourbon highballs. This beaver party ignored the well-meant overtures of his brethren, preferring the muttering countenance that confronted him in the mirror.

Mr. Steinberg, passing the bar, *stopped dead in his tracks at the sight of* the stranger in the frock coat and high stiff collar. "Who gives?" he asked blankly. "Like a diplomat he looks!"

Hank Wolfe, the head of the press department, shrugged. "He showed up with the others," he said. "As far as we could make out he's here from some Paris papers."

Mr. Steinberg immediately bore down on the stranger. "Greetings!" he shrilled. "Even in France they hear of our pictures, yes?"

Mr. Alec Summers gulped and turned slowly, hoping that his beard would stay on. For three hours, grimly intent on revenge at all costs, he had labored before the mirror. He, Alec Summers, had at last sunk so low as to be made up like a common actor. But now, staring into the beady eyes of Mr. Steinberg, he was glad of it. The Rubicon was definitely in his lap.

"*Bonjour,*" he faltered, summoning his high-school languages. "*Bonjour, amigo!*"

Mr. Steinberg recoiled. "Such English he speaks!" he deplored. For one heavy moment he stared at that beard and eyebrows and then, shrugging, turned away. "Such people we got to have here," he admitted to Hank Wolfe. "After all, foreign grosses we got to remember, too."

Alec, weak and perspiring under his Latin 24 make-up, turned feebly to the bar. Free to resume his study of the goatlike features in the mirror, he decided broodingly that his original plan was still best. Barry Harper must be exposed as the stand-in for a heel that he was! So, when the festivities and the Dream Man's manliness were at their height, he would quietly step up and—just like that!—rip off his chest.

Even if he were exposed, he could always go to Tahiti or some place, content in the knowledge that certain mirror fighters had been paid off in full. Never again would Mr. Harper be a nightmarish personality who involved innocent parties to save his own romances. He would be destroyed by the very hands that could have saved him!

The thought was so utterly satisfying that he ordered another highball. He was still sipping it, feeling more and more like a little something that Karloff had created out of a test tube, when Mr. Harper, neatly attired in a silk dressing gown and casual scarf, entered. It was a good entrance, punctuated by airy waves to familiar faces among the press.

As even the most blasé newspaperman is reluctantly impressed by the sight of twenty-five hundred dollars a week on the hoof, there was a lot of silence as Barry rehearsed his first scene. When all parties were satisfied, the cameras were unwrapped and they took it in two. The take safely in the can, Alec began edging his way toward the principals.

ACCORDING to Mr. Steinberg's carefully conceived scenario, it was on the next shot that Barry was to tear off his robe, revealing all as he challenged the heavy to fight like a man. Alec, watching them arrange that setup, flexed his hands. At the first sight of that chest Mr. Harper's doom would be sealed.

It was then that he was suddenly, horribly conscious that someone was staring right through him, beard and all. He fingered his collar, casting a glance over his shoulder as he did so. He gave one un-Gallic groan then and froze into a pointer pose, staring straight ahead. Miss Mildred Evarts, late of the Summers Salon, was standing beside him.

When Miss Florrie Magee, whom she had been out querying about a ventilating position at the studio, had suggested they drop down on the set and view their common idol, Miss Evarts had eagerly agreed. But now Barry Harper was completely forgotten as she stared at that spade-bearded gentleman beside her. As she took a tentative step forward, eying that hairline, she jostled the beavered gentleman. He bowed, carefully avoiding her eyes.

"*Pardon, madame.*"

Mildred nodded slowly, grim little lines forming around that lovely mouth. "There's no use in your trying to ignore me, Alec! I made that beard myself!"

Alec winced visibly but still made one desperate goal-line stand. "Shh!" he whispered. "Madame does not understand peectures they are making!"

"Don't shh me!" she cried. "What are you doing here wearing a muff?"

"Quiet!" roared the director. "This is a take!"

It was. Mr. Harper rushed into the shower room, seeking his adversary. Spying him, he gave out with a hoarse cry and peeled off his robe. An ecstatic gasp went up from the lady reporters as they saw that lovely, tawny chest. The gasp ruined the take but no one cared. Mr. Harper had at last answered his critics.

Only one of all the ladies present was strangely silent at the sight of such profuse masculinity. Even as Alec had tensed to spring into action he had felt Mildred suddenly go limp in his arms. Now, her face white and drawn, she was staring off at Mr. Harper.

"Oh, Alec," she moaned, "he's wearing Barney for a chest!"

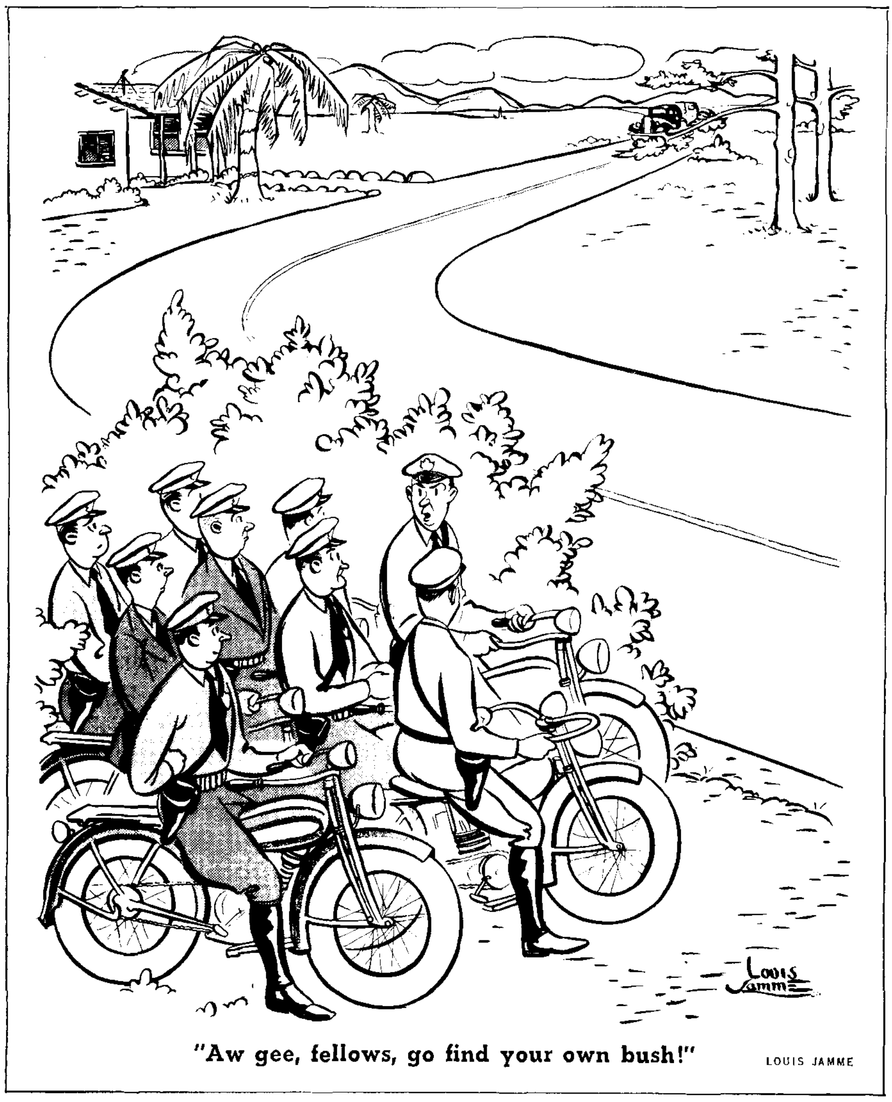
Alec displayed unexpected wisdom then. He didn't say a thing.

After a moment Mildred looked up at him, wanly focusing her gaze like someone struggling out of an anesthetic. "You *were* telling the truth," she said unsteadily. "You were trying to help him, weren't you?"

"Of course," said Alec, coloring a little. "But only for your sake."

It was the right speech. Mildred, clinging to his arm, turned toward the door. "I could never feel the same about him again," she said faintly. "Take me away, Alec."

"Gladly," said Alec, wondering if Tahiti would be far enough.



"Aw gee, fellows, go find your own bush!" LOUIS JAMME

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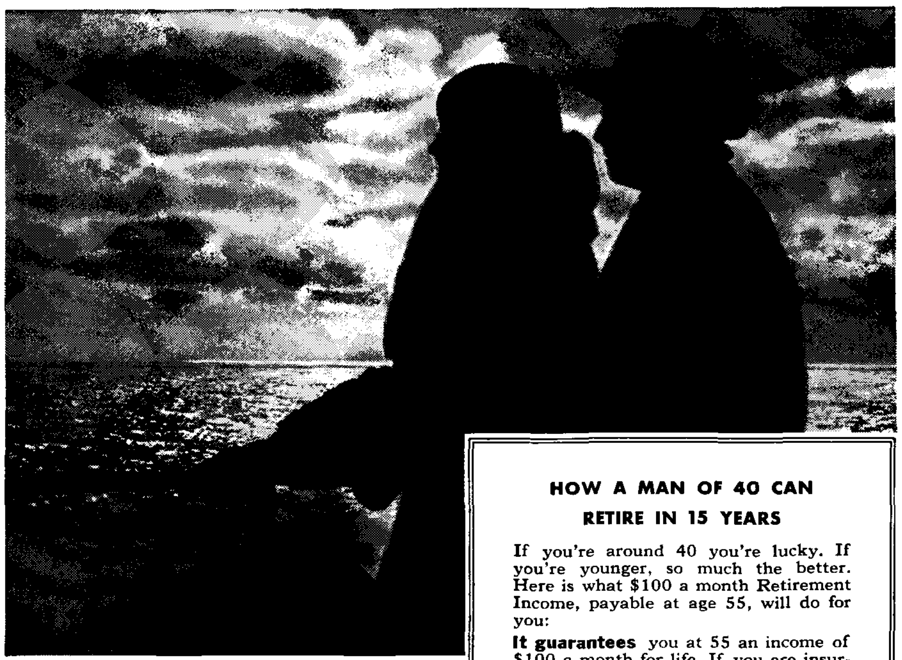

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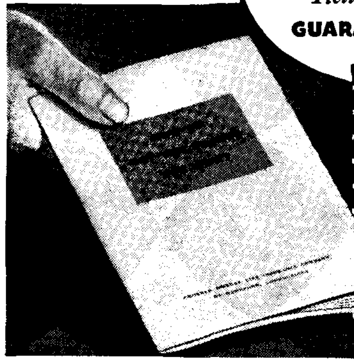

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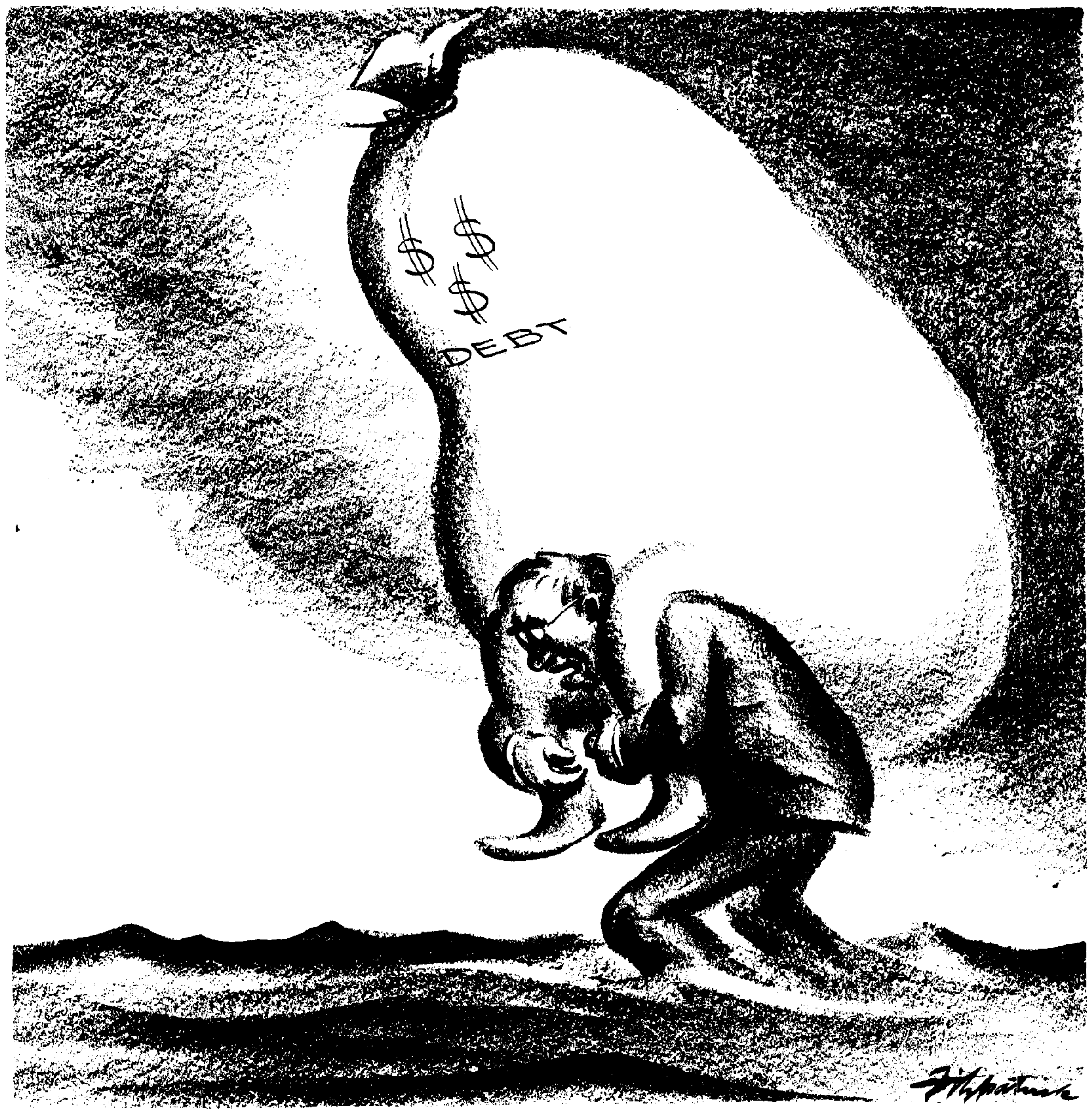


The Answer is Yes, Mr. Eccles

MARRINER S. ECCLES, chairman of the board of the Federal Reserve System, recently wrote a long and fire-fringed letter to Senator Harry Byrd (Dem., Va.) in defense of federal government borrowing and spending for business recovery; a policy in which Senator Byrd has often urged caution.

Mr. Eccles eventually worked up to this snorting climax in his remarks to the gentleman from Virginia: "Finally, is it of no significance that as a nation we owe our debts to ourselves and not to a foreign country?"

The answer, Mr. Eccles, is yes. It is of no significance, or of practically none, that we owe these debts to ourselves and not to a foreign country.

Somebody ought to put that down in black and white, and explain why, and a lot of Americans ought to paste it in their hats or their scrapbooks for ready reference—which of course is what we're hoping a lot of Americans are going to do after reading this editorial.

In the first place, there is no magic about owing debts—this kind of debts—to ourselves. That doesn't make them any the less debts. We shall have to liquidate them some day. Up to now, only three ways of liquidating them have been thought of by anybody. Those three ways are taxation, inflation or repudiation.

It is hard to say which of the three will be the most disagreeable, or the least. The main point to bear in mind, though, is that we can't escape those debts we have been rolling up in the hope of priming the pump for a long, steady flow of good business.

In the second place, it is not accurate to say flatly that "we owe these debts to ourselves." To be made accurate that statement needs to be qualified. And the qualification is so drastic as to change the whole picture which that poof-poof phrase about owing the debts to ourselves flashes into your mind.

The truth is that all of us owe these debts to a few of us.

To finance the deficits (cumulated to more than $21,000,000,000 in the last nine years), the government has borrowed. That means the government has issued bonds. On those bonds it must pay interest to the bondholders. To get the money to pay this interest, it taxes the people—all the people, directly or indirectly. You help pay whether you know it or not.

The "owe it to ourselves" thinkers argue that the money is (1) taken from the people by taxes, and (2) returned to the people in bond interest payments and that therefore no real economic jolt has been dealt out anywhere.

As a matter of fact, the people do *not* get all the money back in bond interest, or anywhere near all of it.

Here is the why of that: If the bulk of these bonds were taken by mutual savings banks and insurance companies, the money borrowed through those bonds would indeed be owed to large numbers of us, because large numbers of us "own" the savings banks and insurance companies by virtue of owning savings bank deposits and insurance policies. But those bonds are in fact taken, most of them, by the commercial banks—and the commercial bank stockholders among us are few and far between.

The commercial banks were holding $19,000,000,000 of this paper last September—latest figure available at this writing. Nobody but these banks' few stockholders collects the interest payments on the bonds held by these banks—interest payments which have been taxed out of all of us, directly and indirectly. So, as regards financing the deficits by stuffing the commercial banks with bonds, the government is merely funneling widespread tax payments into a small number of pockets.

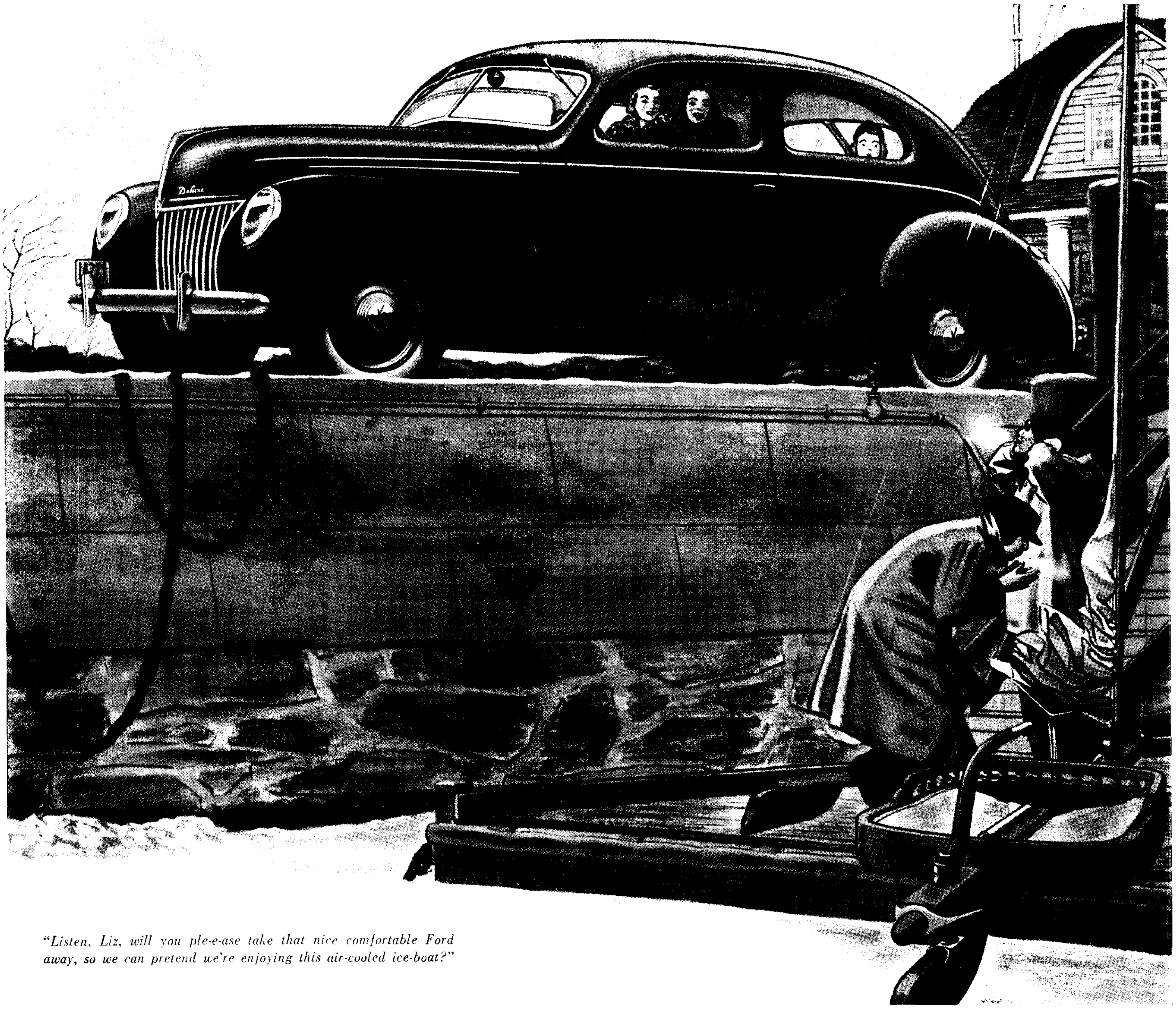
As the debt grows, more and more money has to be taxed out of all of us to service the debt. The economic consequences are many and serious.

But perhaps the most dangerous feature of the whole business is this persistent endeavor, by Mr. Eccles and persons who think as he does, to talk Americans out of worrying about the national debt. If they succeed, they will change us over from a nation of solvent-minded people to a nation of dead-beat-minded-and-proud-of-it people.

The national debt *is* something to worry about. The piling up of much of it seems to have been unavoidable, but even so it *is* damnably hard luck that it had to be piled up. It *is* going to have to be worked off somehow, sometime—and we mean worked off. It *does* cost us plenty in taxes now. It *does* ride like an Old Man of the Sea on the back of our still staggering and weaving national economy.

These are facts, unless the arithmetic book has been repealed. All the happy thoughts and happier prattlings of the "owe it to ourselves" skull busters cannot soften those facts or conjure them away.

One thing we do owe, though. That is a rich, ripe baritone Bronx cheer, and we owe it to the "owe it to ourselves" crowd every time they try to heap those horsefeathers over our intelligence.



"Listen, Liz, will you ple-e-ase take that nice comfortable Ford away, so we can pretend we're enjoying this air-cooled ice-boat?"

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For quick, straight stops—enjoy the security of Ford hydraulic brakes. For luxurious travel over any road, learn the meaning of triple-cushioned comfort—a scientific combination of new soft seat construction, resilient transverse springs and hydraulic shock absorbers.

But—a Ford car is more than a collection of features. It is essentially a soundly designed, soundly built car—a value far above its price.

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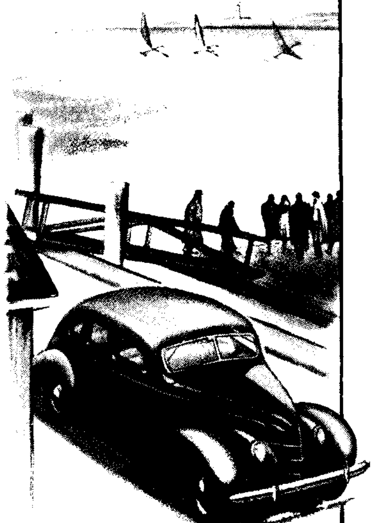
Whether your taste runs to the Ford V-8, or its De Luxe companion, your Ford dealer is glad to serve you.

Ford Motor Company now offers Ford, Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Lincoln motor cars.

Shown above: The De Luxe Ford V-8 Tudor Sedan. *At right:* The Ford V-8 Fordor Sedan.

Ford exhibits at Two Great Fairs this year, New York and San Francisco.



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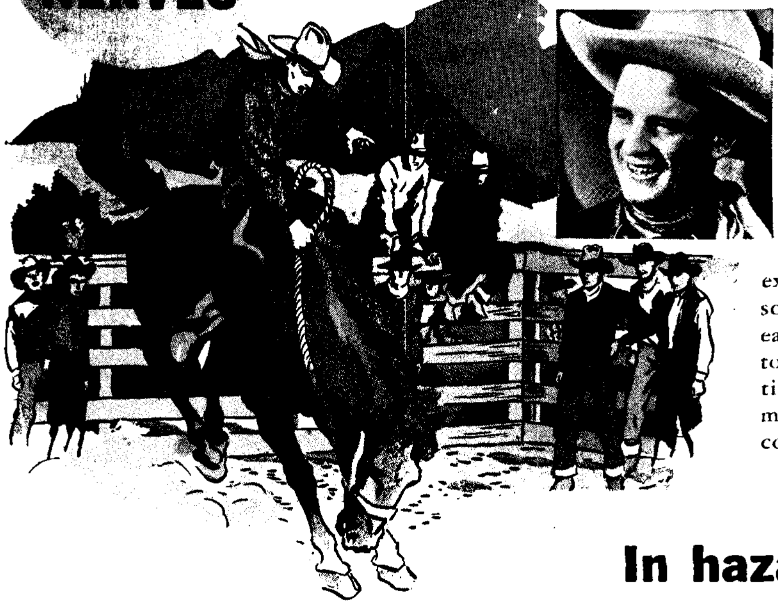
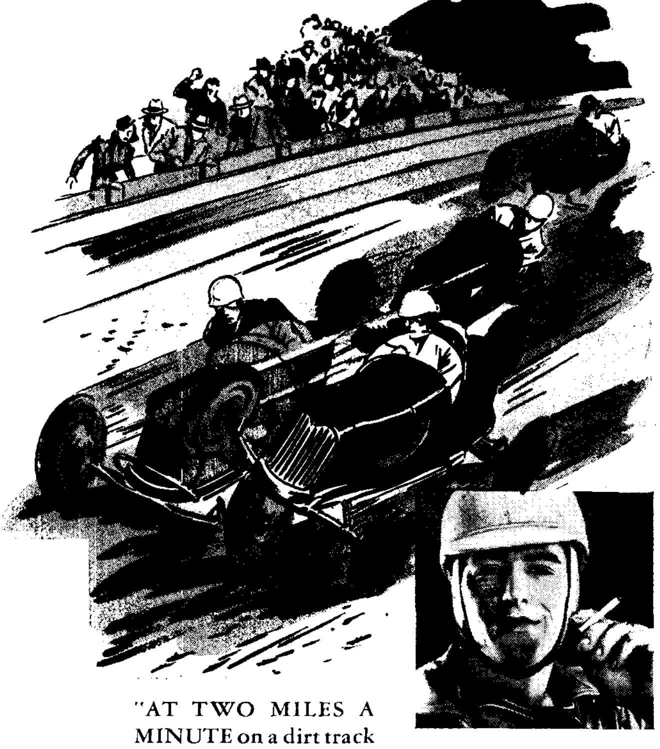
WATCH YOUR NERVES

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL



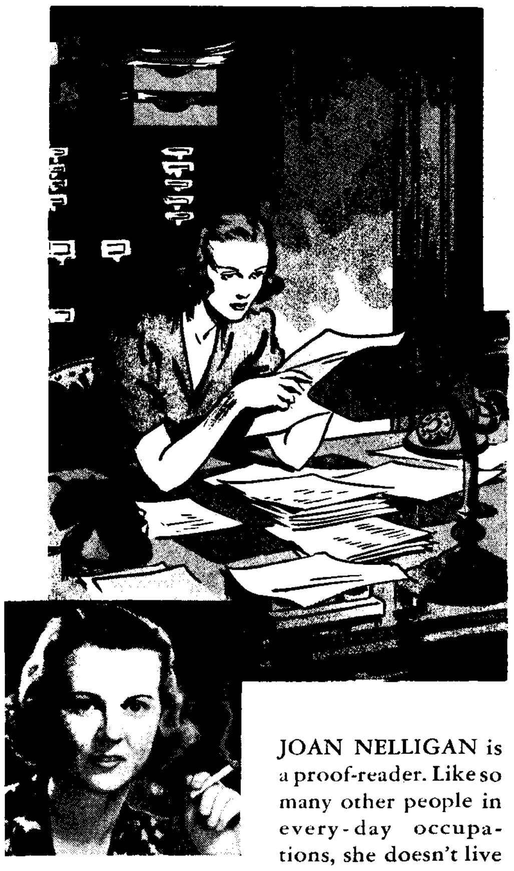
BAREBACK RIDING TITLES fall to rodeo star Carl Dossey (*left*) because of his splendid muscular control and the fact that he keeps his mind one jump ahead of the "bronc." But that means plenty of good old-fashioned nerve strain for Carl. "It's tough, exciting work," says he, "that would soon get my nerves jittery if I didn't ease off regularly. It's a rule with me to let up — light up a Camel every time I get the chance. Camels are mighty comforting to the nerves. Most cow-punchers I know go for Camels."



"AT TWO MILES A MINUTE on a dirt track anything can happen!" says Ernest Gesell, Jr. (*above*), who won a National Circuit Championship in midget auto-racing. "Skids, rolls, crashes put a big strain on my nerves." Naturally, Ernie values steady, healthy nerves. And it's a rule with him to give his nerves frequent rests—to let up—light up a Camel. He adds: "A pause with a Camel gives me a wonderful sense of well-being. It's a grand way to sidestep that jittery feeling."

In hazardous jobs—in every-day "grinds"—smokers say

"CAMELS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES"



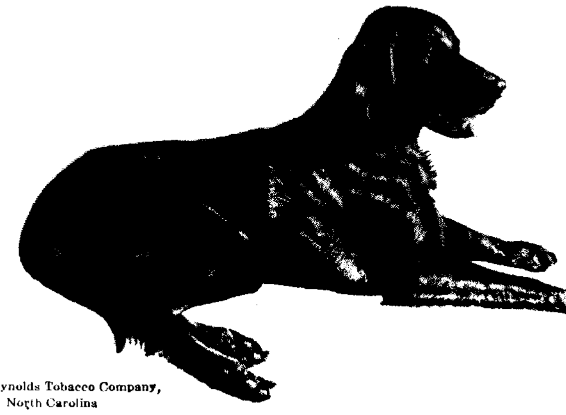
JOAN NELLIGAN is a proof-reader. Like so many other people in every-day occupations, she doesn't live a hazardous life, but there's plenty of nerve strain in the kind of close work she does. She concentrates intensely to keep mistakes from getting into print. Her rule for resting her nerves is this: "When I feel 'nerve fag' coming on," she says, "I let up—light up a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves, I find. I can smoke as many as I please. Camels are so mild, and they never tire my taste!"

TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLION miles of flying without an accident—the first pilot to fly the air mail *at night* (he navigated by road map and flashlight). Meet Captain James H. (Jack) Knight, United Air Lines, whose record speaks volumes for the way he takes care of his nerves. "I make it a firm rule to keep my nerves from getting strained and jumpy," says Captain Knight. "Every opportunity, in the air or aground, I let up—light up a Camel. Camels are really soothing—a grand smoke!"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



(*left*) A GORDON SETTER is pictured here—a handsome, muscular dog to be proud of. It's a thrill to watch his swift, flashing action. And it's a valuable lesson to observe that after strenuous activity, this dog suddenly halts . . . *relaxes!* Though his nervous system is complex, high-strung like our own, the dog responds quickly to the instinctive urge to rest. We don't usually look after our nerves that well. Perhaps you have often willed yourself on . . . hour after hour at a task . . . ignoring nerve strain. Try breaking that nerve strain occasionally—pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic.

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